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THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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No. CCCXI.

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THE seventeenth century must be regarded as the most memorable in the history of science; our own age has been remarkable for the skilful application of scientific analysis, but it has not produced a Bacon and a Galileo, a Harvey and a Newton. Between 1600 and 1700 theoretical knowledge received an increase far outweighing in importance the sum-total of what has been achieved between 1700 and the present time. The definitive acceptance of the true theory of the world, and its triumphant establishment on a basis of universal and harmonious law; the constitution of physiology as a science by the great discovery of the circulation of the blood; the vast stride made in mechanics by the clear recognition of the laws of motion; the knowledge of the fundamental truths relating to light and colour; the foundation of the sciences of magnetism, electricity, and chemistry, are all due to that period. The nineteenth century is not more pre-eminent for the invention of mechanical agencies by which the external conditions of human

life have been revolutionised than the seventeenth for the production of those momentous 'aids to sense' *—the telescope, microscope, barometer, and thermometer—by which an indefinite series of new worlds have been annexed to the domain of human intelligence. In the abstract region of mathematics, the performances of the epoch under consideration are equally remarkable. By the invention of logarithms, calculation was hardly less expedited than communication has been in our time by the discovery of the electric telegraph; while the differential and integral calculus, through the enormous increase of power conferred by it, might not inappropriately be termed the steam-engine of the intellect. Yet, notwithstanding the utilitarian character of the prevalent philosophy, inventions of practical utility remained comparatively rare: and no advance, corresponding in any degree with that accomplished in science, was made in the comforts and conveniences of everyday life. Thus, by a singular irony, a generation which sought in its experiments 'fruit,' found 'light;' while our own age, which, with the dying Goethe, demands 'more light,' has received instead 'fruit' not always sweet to the taste.

To Englishmen the seventeenth century is rendered of peculiar interest by the circumstance that, during its course, the centre of scientific progress was shifted, through the overwhelming force of genius, from the Continent to this island. When it opened, our countrymen were in the position of disciples; when it closed, they were recognised as the teachers of Europe. The advance made in the interval was enormous. In 1600, Tycho Brahe was still inculcating at Prague the geocentric theory of the universe; Galileo was expounding the 'sphere' on Ptolemaic principles; Harvey was listening at Padua—the '*Quartier Latin* of Venice,' as M. Renan has called it—to the cloudy conjectures of Fabricius—as to the purpose served by the valves in the veins. In 1700, the '*Principia*' had been for thirteen years the common property of mankind; Newton was acknowledged as the arbiter of science by the greater part of the civilised world; the principles of mechanics were settled on the same footing on which they stand to-day; and the last cavil against the innovation of the Folkestone physician had long ago been forgotten. We propose, in the following pages, to sketch, in its broader outlines, the movement of thought which led to such great results, and to devote some brief attention to a man whose career was the most conspicuous failure of the century, and who, aspiring to

play the part of the Octavius, was condemned to that of the Antony of science.

Dr. Robert Hooke not only was unable to 'command success,' but we doubt whether he could have conscientiously asserted that he deserved it. He was original, diligent, and ingenious; but he wanted the concentration, disinterestedness, and, above all, the indefeasible patience, which mark the highest order of minds. Amongst the contemporaries of Newton, he approached most nearly to, and contrasted most strongly with, that great man, whose shining qualities and achievements have been set off by the convenient foil of his rival's defects of temper and fortune. It may perhaps be possible to derive a larger lesson from the consideration of his life's work than the trite moral conveyed by his exhibition in the character of the captive in the car of triumphant genius. In Newton the epoch was idealised; in Hooke it was simply reflected. We can study more conveniently the varying impulses and undefined aspirations of a period of transition and progress in the versatility which obeyed, than in the steady purpose which transformed and dominated them. The greatest men are of all time; the lesser are an epitome of their age. They pass with it; but they teach in passing.

Hooke believed himself to be the disciple of Bacon; but his real instructors were men of a widely different and far less pretentious stamp. Experimental science does not date, even in England, from the 'Chancellor of England and of Nature.' *Roma ante Romulum fuit.* The Egremont Castle of traditional knowledge shook, it is true, to its foundations at the formidable blast of this new Sir Eustace, and the Peripatetic usurper heard in it his knell. But the fortress was already dismantled; a numerous and unrelenting foe had silently taken possession of its outworks and bastions, and, stone by stone, was busy turning the materials of the ancient stronghold to account in the construction of habitations of more modern aspect and accommodation.

Among the multifarious forms of activity stirred into life by the ferment of the Italian Renaissance, perhaps the least questionable in its results was that leading to the love and study of nature. Two men of singular genius, Leon Battista Alberti and Leonardo da Vinci, led the way; and their example was followed by the astronomers, anatomists, physicians, and botanists, with whom, in the following century, Italy abounded. Mathematics were at the same time cultivated with signal success; and the learned enthusiasm which, a hundred years earlier, had hailed the unearthing of a long-forgotten codex

by Poggio or Filelfo, now greeted the solution of a problem by Cardano, or the discovery of a formula by Ferri or Tartaglia. Nor did these abstract enquiries remain long unfruitful. The questions which had busied the brain of Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse began to emerge from the neglect of well-nigh eighteen centuries, and the 'mechanical powers' of lever, pulley, screw, and inclined plane, were once more, as our neighbours say, the order of the day. The movement was now no longer limited to the sub-Alpine peninsula. Simon Stevin of far-away Bruges, and Michael Varro of Geneva, deserve to be named, with Benedetti of Venice and Del Monte of Pesaro, as the precursors of Galileo, whose strongest title to fame is that he first brought natural investigations under the rigid but salutary yoke of the sciences of number and of space.

In England the same impulse made itself felt, although, amid the religious troubles of the time, its effects were at first obscure and intermittent. It is, however, much to the credit of our national sagacity and boldness that, within a few years of the publication of Copernicus's great work, three Englishmen were found to advocate doctrines so novel, so startling, and so repugnant to ordinary experience as those contained in it. The introduction into England of the new views in astronomy was, in all probability, due to the notorious Dr. John Dee, the favoured soothsayer of Elizabeth and Leicester, whose reputation as a mathematician has been eclipsed by his fame as a magician. His career aptly illustrates an old proverb, exhibiting the evil effects on later life of a bad name gratuitously bestowed in youth. The suspicions roused by his ingenious contrivance of an automaton-scarabæus, which, during a performance of the 'Pax' of Aristophanes, visibly mounted upwards carrying a man and a basket on its back, seem to have tickled his inordinate vanity, and, more than thirty years later, he hired a certain Edward Kelly to instruct him in occult arts at a salary of 50*l.* a year. Himself a dupe, he was the fitter to dupe others; and succeeded for a time in imposing his pretensions on several of the greatest personages in Europe. At length he and his spiritualistic pedagogue were compelled to retire to the castle of Trebonia, in Bohemia, where Kelly's supposed mastery of the great alchemistic secret procured them such affluence, that, according to the popular belief, Dee's young son was accustomed to play at quoits with gold produced by means of the 'philosophical powder of projection.' Finally, the confederates quarrelled; Dee was recalled to England by Elizabeth, and receiving, after the manner of that princess, more promises than pay, died in

poverty in the fifth year of her successor. He left, for the benefit of posterity, a detailed record of his supernatural communications; and the magic crystal which he professed to have received from the hand of an angel may still be seen, together with Robert Burns's punch-bowl, and a casket carved out of Shakespeare's walnut-tree, among the curiosities preserved in the British Museum.

It is, however, as an astronomer, not as a spiritualist, that we have to do with him. In 1547, four years after the promulgation of the Copernican theory, he visited the Low Countries for scientific purposes, and subsequently lectured and studied at the Universities of Paris and Louvain. We may safely conclude that he there acquired the convictions which led him to instigate, and patronise with a preface, the publication of John Field's '*Ephemeris*' for 1557, *juxta Copernici et Reinholdi canones*. This performance has earned for Field the title of the 'Proto-Copernican of England,' justly due, no doubt, to the first English astronomer who adopted, *ex professo*, the heliocentric theory of the solar system. But in a book which appeared probably a few months earlier, the same views were upheld as unhesitatingly, if not so systematically. Its author was more ingenious than fortunate. What is most certainly known of his life is its unhappy end. Robert Recorde was an eminent physician as well as an able mathematician. In his medical capacity he is believed to have been attached to the households of Edward VI. and Mary, and he undoubtedly died in a debtor's prison, the year of Elizabeth's accession. He has the merit of having introduced algebra—or, as he termed it, '*Cossike Practice*'—into England in a book named '*The Whetstone of Witte*,' represented by Scott as constituting the sole literary possession of old Trapbois the miser, and as inspiring, by its very title, the young Lord of Glenvarloch with such a lively aversion, that not even the desolation of a night in Alsatia could induce him to seek solace in its pages. The same writer's '*Castle of Knowledge*' might have proved a more efficacious remedy for *ennui*. It is an astronomical dialogue, the progress of which is enlivened by some touches of quaint satire. We take from it the following extract, noteworthy as (so far as we know) the first printed reference in the English language to the memorable innovation of the Canon of Frauenburg:—

'*Master.* Copernicus, a man of great learning, of much experience, and of wonderful diligence in observation, hath renewed the opinion of Aristarchus Samius, and affirmeth that the earth not only moveth circularly about his own centre, but also may be, yea and is, continually

out of the precise centre 38 hundredth thousand miles; but because the understanding of that controversy dependeth on profounder knowledge than there in this introduction may be uttered conveniently, I will let it pass till some other time.

'*Scholar.* Nay, Sir, in good faith, I desire not to hear such vain phantasies, so far against common reason, and repugnant to the consent of all the learned multitude of writers, and therefore let it pass for ever, and a day longer.

'*Master.* You are too young to be a good judge in so great a matter: it passeth far your learning, and their's also that are much better learned than you, to improve (disprove) his supposition by good argument, and therefore you were best to condemn nothing that you do not well understand; but another time, as I said, I will so declare his supposition, that you shall not only wonder to hear it, but also peradventure be as earnest then to credit it, as you are now to condemn it.' *

The objections of Giordano Bruno on the occasion of his visit to Oxford in 1583, made, we can infer, but little impression on the hard-headed English Peripatetics of the time, and the Copernican system seems to have receded rather than advanced in credit during the last twenty years of the century. 'How prove you,' asks Blundevile in his '*Exercises*' (published 1594), 'that there is but one world?' 'By the authority,' he unhesitatingly replies, 'of Aristotle!' and the inertia of his ignorance is noways shaken by his own admission that Copernicus, 'by help of his false supposition, hath made truer demonstrations of the motions and revolutions of the celestial sphere than ever were made before.†

Already, however, the Aristotelian dictatorship was being undermined, where it could not be overthrown. William Gilbert of Colchester, physician to Queen Elizabeth (whom he only survived a few months), deserves to be called the founder of experimental science in England. In his treatise '*De Magnete*,' published in 1600, he brought together a copious store of facts, the result of his own patient investigations, and connected them by a consistent theory, thus starting the science of electricity on a career still full of promise for the future. He was not only a Copernican, but anticipated Galileo in an important correction of the Copernican theory, pointing out the fallacy by which a so-called 'third movement' was considered necessary to account for the parallelism of the earth's axis of rotation.‡ In his youth he had studied on the

* The Castle of Knowledge, p. 165. London: 1556. Quoted also by Professor De Morgan, '*Companion to the British Almanac for 1837*,' p. 86.

† *Companion to the British Almanac for 1837*, p. 43.

‡ *De Mundo nostro sublunari*, lib. i. cap. xi. p. 165, published (posthumously) in 1651.

Continent, and his works were there in great repute, while his own countrymen probably shared the half-contemptuous estimate of Bacon, who placed him but a degree higher than Paracelsus and the alchemists in the school of 'fantastic philosophy.'

With the opening of the new century, progress became more rapid. Harriot, the friend of Raleigh, made notable advances in algebra, and was among the earliest of telescopic observers; Napier published in 1614 his '*Marvellous Canon of Logarithms*;' and Harvey, whose theory of investigation was as sound as his practice was successful, began his immortal Lectures '*On the Motion of the Heart and Blood*,' in 1619. In the same year was born, at Toxteth, near Liverpool, a man whose name would assuredly have been as illustrious as it is now obscure, if a premature death had not cut short his labours before they had well begun.* Jeremiah Horrocks belonged to a Lancashire family of little pretension and less means. His puritanism was signified by his entrance at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and his poverty by his admission as a sizar, May 18, 1632. A passion for astronomy early seized upon him, but his tastes met with neither encouragement nor cultivation at Cambridge, which at that time afforded no form of scientific training. Books were his sole instructors, and his slender resources the limit of his choice. Indeed, his short life was one continued struggle against the tyranny of material difficulties. After a residence of three years, he left the University, summoned home probably by domestic exigencies, and spent his remaining years in the daily treadmill of tuition, or some equally harassing occupation. He found time, however, for astronomical observations, and in 1636 his zeal for his favourite pursuit was still further quickened by meeting with a congenial spirit in William Crabtree, a clothier of Broughton, near Manchester, one of a remarkable group of North-country mathematicians, to whom fate was as unkind in the untimeliness of their deaths as in the obscurity of their lives. Encouraged by his new friend, Horrocks quickly exchanged the guidance of Lansberg for that of Kepler, henceforward the object of his enthusiastic, but by no means indiscriminating devotion. Even in the Rudolphine Tables he discovered inaccuracies, trilling, it is true, in comparison with the boastful blundering of the reactionary Belgian

* There is no positive evidence in support of the tradition that Horrocks was born in 1619. The fact that he was in orders and held a curacy in 1639 throws a doubt upon his age, as men are not ordained at twenty.

astronomer, but requiring, nevertheless, careful correction; and in the accomplishment of this task he convinced himself that a transit of Venus, which Kepler had failed to predict, would actually occur on November 24 (O.S.), 1639. He had by this time taken orders in the Church of England, and been appointed to the curacy of Hoole, then a desolate hamlet situated on a strip of land half reclaimed from the overflow of the Ribble, about five miles south of Preston. It was here that, first among astronomers of all ages, he observed the passage of Venus across the sun.

The 24th of November fell on a Sunday, and, as the critical moment approached, the eager star-gazer was summoned from his telescope to his pulpit, returning, however, just in time to witness, as the clouds parted at a quarter past three, the punctual verification of his forecast in the projection of the dark body of the planet on the solar disc. An interval of half an hour before sunset gave him time to make a series of observations surprisingly accurate considering the primitive character of the apparatus available for their execution. A telescope bought for half a crown, and a circle of six inches in diameter, traced with a pair of compasses on a sheet of paper, stood to the young curate of Hoole in the stead of all the complicated and exquisitely delicate instruments which form the intermediaries between the senses of a modern astronomer and the phenomena he observes. Horrocks did not long survive this solitary triumph of his life. After many postponements, he at length saw a prospect of one day's extrication from his conflicting employments, and fixed January 4, 1641, for a visit of science and sympathy to his friend Crabtree. On the morning of the 3rd, however, he suddenly expired, thus exchanging, in a moment, his promised post among the radiant ranks of those who constitute the pride of humanity, for a place in the pathetic company of 'the inheritors of unfulfilled renown.'

The career of Horrocks affords, throughout its course, a singular example of precocity. He matriculated at thirteen, was ordained at twenty, and died before he had completed his twenty-second year. On him, if on any man, might safely be passed the usually somewhat problematical eulogium: 'He had done great things, had he lived.' His mind was as quick to catch the differences of things like, as it was capacious to gather the similarities of things unlike. To the imaginative fervour of Kepler he joined the technical skill of Tycho, and something of the experimental sagacity of Galileo. Short as was his life, and scanty his opportunities, he still left the im-

print of his genius on astronomical theory. The movements of the moon had not yet been brought within the dominion of Kepler's Laws. Horrocks first pointed out that the apparent irregularities of our satellite could be harmonised into an orderly scheme, by supposing her to revolve in an ellipse of which the earth occupied one focus—the eccentricity of such ellipse being variable, and its major axis directly rotatory. Both these conditions Newton, in his investigation of the problem of three bodies, demonstrated to follow necessarily from the law of gravitation, thereby lending overwhelming corroboration to the views of his youthful predecessor. It has been unwisely said that Newton was indebted to Horrocks for the rudiments of his great generalisation. No statement could be more misleading. The passage in his writings principally relied on for its support is indeed remarkable, as containing a description of an ingenious experiment, illustrative of the compound nature of the planetary movements, used afterwards by Hooke, with a fuller understanding of the conditions of the problem; and some scattered indications may be found that the analogy between terrestrial gravity and the power exerted in the celestial mechanism was evident to him, as it had been to Gilbert, Bacon and Galileo; but we are unable to discover that his idea of central forces was notably in advance of the crude notions current among his contemporaries.

Little as we know of Horrocks, we might easily have known nothing. His legacy to posterity barely escaped total annihilation. Some of his papers were destroyed in the Civil War; some perished in the great Fire of London; some were carried to Ireland, and there lost. A remnant only was preserved by the care of William Crabtree, and after his death (which followed quickly upon that of his friend) passed into the hands of Dr. Worthington, of Cambridge. Hevelius, the celebrated astronomer of Dantzic, eventually obtained possession of his 'Venus in Sole visa,' and published it in 1662, as an appendix to his own observations on the transit of Mercury. Whereupon the Royal Society, awakening to the merits of their countryman, commissioned one of their most distinguished members to edit what could still be recovered of his writings, and even voted, we are told, five pounds towards the expense of printing. Dr. Wallis accomplished his task satisfactorily. The *disjecta membra* of the Horroxian manuscripts, organised into a tolerably consistent form under the title 'Astronomia 'Kepleriana defensa et promota,' were given to the public in 1672, together with those fragments of his correspondence

with Crabtree which, disguised in the uncouth Latin of the Savilian Professor, constitute all our knowledge of the life of Jeremiah Horrocks.

We have already seen that his scientific enthusiasm was not an isolated impulse. On all sides men were rising up eager to devote their best energies to physical enquiries; and society, whether fanatic or frivolous, animated them by its curiosity and rewarded them with its applause. The Long Parliament appointed, July 20, 1653, a Committee 'for the advancement 'of learning.' Evelyn drew up, in 1659, an elaborate scheme for the foundation of a 'Philosophic-Mathematic College.' Cowley dismounted for a moment from his 'Pindaric Pegasus' to make a 'Proposition for the advancement of Experimental 'Philosophy,' whereby 'the lost inventions, and, as it were, 'drowned lands of the ancients, should be recovered; all things 'of nature, delivered to us by former ages, weighed, examined, 'and proved; all arts which we now have, improved, and others 'which we yet have not, discovered.'* Samuel Pepys was scarcely less interested in astronomy than in the playhouse, and gossiped with as much zest about the experiments at Gresham College as about the pageants of Whitehall. Charles I. thought of founding a scientific repository at Vauxhall; the Earl of Worcester actually bought tenements there for the purpose; Sir William Petty recommended a comprehensive plan for the 'interpretation of nature, whereof there is so little, 'and that so bad, extant in the world.' This design, 'breathed 'after' (as Evelyn says) by so many, was, at least in part, realised by the foundation of the Royal Society.

This celebrated institution had its origin in the meetings of the 'Invisible College,' of which Robert Boyle, John Wallis, and Dr. Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester and author of a novel project for travelling to the moon, were members. It was in 1645 that these, with several other no less eminent men, began to seek in the so-called 'New Philosophy' a refuge from the turmoil of civil war, their scientific *symposia* being sheltered either in Gresham College or the less dignified retreat of the 'Bull's Head' Tavern in Cheapside. Their fortunes were destined to expand. Fifteen years later they constituted themselves a society for the promotion of experimental science, and were incorporated by royal charter, July 15, 1662.

Thus the 'Solomon's House' of the 'New Atlantis' received a 'local habitation' in Bishopsgate Street, and Bacon's splendid

* Weld, 'History of the Royal Society,' vol. i. p. 51.

fable was brought to the test of actual, if only partial, embodiment in a living institution. Nothing can be more evident than the enormous influence exercised by the 'incomparable' Verulam' over the founders of the Royal Society. Not only were his praises celebrated amongst them, but his precepts were, as far as possible, obeyed by them. Their foreign correspondents acted the part of the 'merchants of light' appointed to enrich the Island of Bensalem with the knowledge of other lands. The 'mystery-men,' 'dowry-men,' 'pioneers,' and 'compilers' of Solomon's House had all their representatives amongst the 'learned knot,' who designed

To make themselves a corporation
And know all things by demonstration.*

Their offices, it is true, were not so sharply defined, nor the division of labour so strictly enforced, as in the ideal 'College of the Six Days' Works;' but the Actual never fails to blur the dividing lines of the Imaginary. What it is important to observe is that Bacon's 'Prophetic Scheme' did in truth kindle the fancy of the generation which succeeded him, and that his maxims swayed their purposes. What it is equally important to observe is that, in so far as they followed his method in its larger bearings, they were on the track of discovery, and already began to pick up stragglers from the great army of discoverable truths; but the moment they descended to particulars, and took him, as it were, at his word, they found themselves in a *cul-de-sac*. It was as if an astronomer, not content with imparting a means of taking the longitude, should attempt to prescribe rules for managing the ship, and the sailors, finding that flapping sails and fouled rigging invariably followed upon a literal compliance, should finally come to the conclusion to steer their course on scientific principles, but handle the ropes as nautical experience might suggest.

What then is the truth as regards the vexed question of Bacon's influence on the progress of science? We take it to be this. His capacious imagination enabled him to grasp, and his vast powers enabled him to guide, a movement which he had not originated. He caught up the floating ideas of his time, spread them abroad by his eloquence, sank them deep by his enthusiasm, gave them universality and consistence by his sagacity, and thus not unworthily earned the title of the 'Father of the Inductive Philosophy.' It must be confessed, indeed, that the great 'Secretary of Nature' was entirely

* MS. verses signed 'W. G.' quoted by Weld, 'History of Royal Society,' vol. i. p. 79.

deficient in what we may call official training. His lucid thoughts and splendid diction were not coupled with exact knowledge or scientific experience. He was innocent of mathematics. He was grossly ignorant of astronomy. He knew nothing of Kepler. He despised Galileo. He passed over in silence the most fruitful discovery in physiological, and the most striking invention in numerical, science that had been made since the world began, although both were made in his own time. He ranked among the 'idols' besetting the human mind that orderly instinct which recommends, *primâ facie*, the harmonious simplicity of the Copernican hypothesis in preference to the outrageous complexity of the Ptolemaic system. He cumbered his phraseology and confused his argument by the adoption into physical reasoning of the metaphysical abstractions of the schools, and weakened his philosophy by the rejection of their deepest wisdom.

Bacon was in truth the English representative of that abortive but brilliant school of thought to which belonged Ramus, Patricius, and Bruno. His relations were far closer with the Cosentine than with the Lyncean Academy. As far as he was the disciple of any man, he was the disciple of Telesius, its founder. Although his name was commonly associated with that of the Tuscan astronomer as inventor of the philosophy of nature, he was in reality the English Campanella rather than the English Galileo. He was Campanella with a sounder understanding, a deeper insight, and a larger humanity. To Campanella's prophetic zeal he united incomparable practical sagacity. He not only preached a millennium of universal knowledge, but endeavoured to guide men's halting footsteps towards the goal, and to bridge the gulf between the future towards which he pointed and the present to which he belonged. Hence his profound and persistent design was to establish a method, not to found a school. The message that he had it in him to deliver related to men's works, not to their thoughts. His speculative teaching not only was subordinate to his physical precepts, but was suggested by them; and displays the characteristic defects due to such an origin.

Thus his intellectual progeny divided itself into two classes—those who developed the philosophical principles implied rather than professed in his writings, and those who adopted, or endeavoured to adopt, the scientific method of which the 'Novum Organum' exhibits the majestic *torso*. Among the first we reckon Hobbes, Locke, and Hume in this country, and abroad, Bayle, Condillac, and the Encyclopedists—all of whom, while setting themselves problems which Bacon had

ignored, and solving them, for the most part, after a fashion which Bacon would have repudiated, carried out, nevertheless, to their extreme conclusions doctrines in some degree countenanced by his great name. To the second class belonged Boyle, Hooke, Wren, and the other early members of the Royal Society. These men inherited the labours and the spirit of those who had worked while Bacon taught—of Harriot, Gilbert, Napier, and Harvey; but they were born while the air still vibrated to the mighty words of Verulam. They then enrolled themselves under the banner which he had unfurled, and silently followed the examples which he had condemned. They identified him with a system which he had disowned, and with acclamation proclaimed him leader of a movement which he had emphatically declared to be unfruitful. While professing to follow where he led, they in truth carried his authority captive with them along the paths they themselves chose. This, indeed, was the result, not of insubordination, but of necessity. They were compelled to seek a *modus vivendi* between the conflicting claims of Nature and her interpreter, and they found the conciliation that they sought not very far from the modest courses of their predecessors.

It is not too much to say that what was distinctive in Bacon's system was impracticable, and that what was practicable was already common property. The essential novelty on which he relied for the infallibility of his mode of interrogating nature was his method of exclusions. But this ingenious invention implied an impossible preliminary, and rested on a monstrous assumption. The preliminary to its successful operation was the compilation of what he called a 'Natural History;' that is, an exhaustive catalogue of all natural phenomena, constituting a vast repository of materials for induction. Until this should be accomplished, he laid down dogmatically that no progress worthy the human race was possible,* and declared the history without the method to be infinitely more serviceable to science than the method without the history.† The assumption was that the infinite complexity of visible and sensible objects are formed by the varying combinations of a limited number of 'simple natures' (such as heat, weight, colour, &c.), just as words and sentences in endless diversity are compounded out of a few elementary signs.‡ And as, by learning six-and-twenty letters, we get at the secret of written language, so we

* Works, vol. i. p. 394. Spedding's ed.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 16.

‡ Nov. Org. lib. i. p. 121.

have only to construct a complete alphabet of Nature, in order to read her riddles with ease and certainty. Thus, the second step in the process was nothing less than to frame a synopsis of all the modes of action in the universe.* The peculiar efficacy of the 'Exclusiva' now becomes apparent. All 'natures' save one, being excluded, by a series of skilful experiments, from causal connection with the phenomenon under investigation, the residual element is negatively, but conclusively, proved to be the 'true cause' or 'form' sought for.

It was from this special invention, and not from the general application of inductive rules, that Bacon's 'Organ' derived its peculiar efficacy. This was the new art of discovery likened by him to a pair of compasses, armed with which the least skilful hand might be guided to define a perfect circle. This was the universal nostrum—the *elixir vita* of science—which had the one drawback common to all methods professing to transcend nature; that its operation was clogged with an impossible condition. It is easy enough for us, from our present point of view, to see that the method of exclusions was tainted with a logical vice. It implied a *petitio principii*; it presupposed, while promising to impart, universal knowledge. It was not so easy—it was perhaps impossible—for Bacon, for his contemporaries, and even for his immediate successors, to see this. They did not in fact perceive any impossibility in a scheme for tabulating the universe. On the contrary, they looked forward confidently to the time when it should be accomplished. The preparation of a universal History of Nature was a purpose always present to the minds of the founders of the Royal Society, and some preliminary steps towards its execution were even attempted by them. Bishop Sprat † has left on record the 'queries and directions, what 'things are needful to be observed,' composed with this view. Some of these enquiries sound, to our instructed ears, rather comical. We take the following specimens:—

'Whether diamonds and other precious stones grow again after three or four years, in the same places where they have been digged out?

'Whether there be a fountain in Sumatra which runneth pure balsam?

'Whether in the Island of Sambrero there be found a vegetable with a worm for its root, diminishing more and more, according as the tree groweth in greatness?

* The sixth division of the Second Book of the 'Novum Organum' was to have been entitled 'De synopsi omnium naturarum in universo;' but this part of the work was never executed.

† The History of the Royal Society of London, 1667, p. 158.

‘What ground there may be for that relation concerning horns taking root and growing about Goa?’

‘Whether there be a tree in Mexico that yields water, wine, vinegar, oil, milk, honey, wax, thread, and needles?’

The answer to this last query, furnished to them by one of their ‘merchants of light,’ was, that ‘the Cokos Tree yields all ‘this and more.’

The disproportionate importance attached to this species of information by the revivers of science is curiously illustrated by the fact, that the funds of the Royal Society having been exhausted in printing Willughby’s ‘History of Fishes,’ they were obliged to decline undertaking the publication of Newton’s ‘Principia.’ Indeed one of their most ingenious members was as fully convinced as Bacon had been, that the true highway to that knowledge which is power lay in this direction. Of this remarkable person it is now time to give some account.

Robert Hooke was born at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, July 18, 1635. Like Newton, he was a sickly child, and like Newton too, his early years were distinguished and diverted by his singular mechanical ingenuity. He has left it on record that, having seen an old brass clock taken to pieces, he succeeded in constructing, in imitation of it, a wooden one that would, after a fashion, go; and about the same period, he rigged out a miniature ship with ropes, pulleys, and masts, besides a contrivance to make it fire off some small guns while sailing across an adjacent haven; with what childish applause and self-gratulation, we are left to imagine. Nor did his sole gifts lie in this direction. His literary aptitude was beyond the common, and he showed a marked taste for music and painting. His education was as various as his talents. His father, who was minister of the parish, destined him for his own profession; but his infirm health precluded serious study, and it was consequently proposed to bind him apprentice to a watchmaker, or some similarly skilled artisan. After his father’s death in 1648, his artistic tendencies so far got the upper hand, that we hear of him in the workshop of Sir Peter Lely, where, however, his occupation seems to have been nothing more æsthetic than colour-grinding. Either this preliminary stage of art disgusted him, or (as his biographers prefer to state) the smell of oil-paint aggravated his constitutional headaches, and he was transferred to the care of Dr. Busby, the celebrated master of Westminster School, who kept him gratuitously in his own house for several years. Here his education, properly speaking, may be said to have begun. He not only acquired a

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competent knowledge of Latin and Greek, with a tincture of Hebrew and other Oriental languages, but is said to have astonished his teachers by mastering the first six books of Euclid in as many days, and by playing, without instruction, twenty lessons on the organ. In 1653 he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as servitor to a Mr. Goodman; and ten years later received, on the nomination of Lord Clarendon, then Chancellor of the University, the degree of Master of Arts, which his poverty had perhaps prevented him from taking in the ordinary course.

In 1654, the Hon. Robert Boyle, having finished his travels in Italy and his studies at Leyden, came to reside at Oxford. This amiable and ingenious gentleman has been quaintly panegyrised by an Irish humourist as 'the father of chemistry and 'brother of the Earl of Cork.' Although the clauses of this eulogy command different degrees of assent, and claim different kinds of esteem, they may be taken together as roughly summarising the merits of its subject in the popular apprehension of that time. He was infected to an extraordinary extent with the prevailing experimental fervour, and contributed perhaps more than any of his contemporaries to advance the credit and promote the cultivation of science. The tinge of credulity which occasionally coloured his enquiries may be excused (in the words of Bacon's apology for corruption) as *vitium temporis non hominis*, and we suppress a smile at his solemn testamentary disposition of an infallible recipe for 'multiplying 'gold,' when we find Newton and Locke the eager recipients of the secret.

Several members of the 'Philosophical or Invisible College' of London finding themselves about this time together at Oxford, their discussions were resumed, and Hooke's singular mechanical skill quickly brought him to their notice. Boyle at once attached him to himself, and, if we are to believe what Antony Wood tells us,* was glad to improve his foreign acquirements by receiving from the young servitor instruction in Euclid, and some much-needed light on the Cartesian philosophy. What is more certain is, that Hooke constructed for him an air-pump vastly superior in design to that recently contrived at Magdeburg by Otto Guericke, and differing in no essential particular from that now in use. He further devised thirty different modes of flying, and emulated Archytas in the production of a 'Module' (we quote his own words), 'which, by the 'help of springs and wings, raised and sustained itself in the

* *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. iv. p. 628.

‘air; but finding,’ he adds, ‘by my own trials, and afterwards by calculation, that the muscles of a man’s body were not sufficient to do anything considerable of that kind, I applied my mind to contrive a way to make artificial muscles, divers designs whereof I shewed also at the same time to Dr. Wilkins, then Warden of Wadham College, but was in many of my trials frustrated of my expectations.’*

It may be conjectured that the failure of these attempts sufficed to convince the Icarus of Wadham of the impracticability of his projected lunar excursion, as well as to divert their author to less ambitious designs. The improvement of timepieces was then looked upon as the shortest road to the solution of the great practical problem of finding the longitude at sea, and in this direction, accordingly, Hooke next turned his thoughts and his experiments. He was rewarded by the discovery of a contrivance for applying springs to regulate the movement of watches. For this important invention his friends endeavoured to procure him a patent, which he, however, refused, being dissatisfied with the terms proposed; and it thus remained undivulged, and by many disbelieved in. But when, in 1675, Huyghens published, in the ‘*Journal des Savants*,’ his discovery of spiral watch-springs, Hooke indignantly claimed it as his own, incidentally attacking Oldenburg, then Secretary of the Royal Society, with whom he was never on very civil terms. A sharp paper-conflict ensued, Hooke (quite unjustifiably) accusing Oldenburg of ‘trafficking in intelligence,’ and Oldenburg retaliating with the better-founded assertion that Hooke’s ‘pendulum-watches’ could never be got to go; while Huyghens, who might well disdain to wrangle over so small a prize, stood aloof, and let the controversy rage. Hooke’s priority, as regards the principle, is unquestionable; but it is equally unquestionable that the modification introduced by Huyghens first brought the improved timepieces into general use. That modification was nothing more than the coiling into a spiral of a spring which, in Hooke’s design, had remained straight. So fine is the line drawn between failure and success.

The history of this invention is, in brief, the history of Hooke’s life. He was a man whose brilliant qualities were neutralised one by the other. His extraordinary ingenuity was marred by his equally extraordinary versatility. His thoughts pursued each other in a rapid succession of vivid and original suggestions; but they found no halting-place on the

* The Life of Dr. Robert Hooke, ‘*Posthumous Works*,’ p. iv.
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way. He received them with rapture, but they wearied him if they stayed too long. He welcomed all, but made none his friend. He wanted that laborious passion of perfection, apart from which the progeny of invention is but a sterile brood. His mind was like a telescope without clock-work, which shows the moving host of heaven, but cannot fix or observe any individual star. Thus, his discoveries and investigations were usually abandoned or postponed when on the point of completion. It was not until some other enquirer, less discursive or more discreet, added the finishing touches still wanting, that he became sensible of the full value of what he had neglected, and, with loud vociferations, stood on the highway of learning, crying 'Stop thief!' to the whole scientific world. Nor was his manner of conducting these controversies happier than his choice of occasions for them. His tone in argument was at all times dictatorial, and under excitement it was apt to become shrill. By his arrogance, he exasperated his adversaries; by his irritability, he prejudiced his cause. Thus, when (as not unfrequently happened) he was in the right, he roused animosity; when he was in the wrong, he incurred discredit.

But we anticipate our narrative. The foundation of the Royal Society opened to him the road to fortune and fame. Having raised his reputation by an able paper on Capillary Attraction, his name was placed on the first list of Fellows, and on November 12, 1662, he was unanimously elected Curator of Experiments, 'with the thanks of the Society ordered to Mr. Boyle for dispensing with him for their use.' He had at this time entered on his twenty-ninth year, and had within him a spirit of fire, not indeed 'grossly,' but most inadequately 'clad' in the corporeal 'dimension' of his species. Pepys, who knew him well and rated him high, notes in his Diary, that 'Mr. Hooke is the most, and promises the least, of 'any man in the world that ever I saw.' His personal appearance, indeed, was to the last degree deplorable. His figure was crooked, his limbs shrunken and emaciated, his aspect meagre, his carriage stooping. He wore his hair, which was of a dark brown colour, hanging in long dishevelled locks over his face, and it was not until three years before his death that, conforming at last to the fashion of his time, he cut it off, and substituted a periwig. Up to the age of sixteen, he was said to have been straight, and he himself attributed his deformity to his excessive use when young of 'incurvating exercises,' such as working with a turning-lathe. Waller, his earliest biographer, tells us:—

'His eyes were gray and full, with a sharp ingenious look whilst younger; his nose but thin, of a moderate height and length; his mouth meanly wide, and upper lip thin; his chin sharp and forehead large; his head of a middle size. . . . He went stooping and very fast, having but a light body to carry, and a great deal of spirits and activity, especially in his youth. He was of an active, restless, indefatigable genius even almost to the last, and always slept little to his death, seldom going to sleep till two, three, or four o'clock in the morning, and seldomer to bed, oftener continuing his studies all night, and taking a short nap in the day. His temper was melancholy, mistrustful, and jealous, which more increased upon him with his years. . . . He had a piercing judgment into the dispositions of others, and would sometimes give shrewd guesses and smart characters.'*

The extreme parsimony, which the necessities of his early life had rendered a virtue, degenerated, as years went on, into a weakness if not into a vice. After his death, a large iron chest, which it appeared by evident signs had lain undisturbed for above thirty years, was discovered in his lodgings, and on being opened was found to contain several thousand pounds in gold and silver, accumulated by him in the lucrative employment of surveyor for the rebuilding of the city after the fire of September 3, 1666. Thus he condemned himself to a life of sordid privation, while relegating to dust and cobwebs a treasure which he was too penurious to spend, and too busy even to enjoy the miser's pleasure of counting.

It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the multifarious and unceasing activity of Hooke's intellectual life during the forty years of his connexion with the Royal Society. It reflected the boundless but fortuitous curiosity of an age which had indeed realised the bold vaunt of its herald, by leaving the pillars of Hercules of ancient lore far behind; but now found itself, like Ulysses of old, embarked on a trackless ocean without any sure pilotage to the happy isles of renovated science. Hooke and his contemporaries were inflamed with the unmeasured hopes and vast ambition of the Verulamian prophecies; but they began to be more and more conscious that the Verulamian method was but as the 'golden path of rays' leading to the setting sun. They were haunted by the idea that Nature was to be interrogated, not progressively or by instalments, but once for all, by a supreme inductive effort,† and they could not wholly relinquish the hope that they were destined to witness its consummation. They had been told to expand their souls to the measure of the universe, and they were

* Life, p. xxvii.

† Bacon, Preface to the 'Parasceve,' Works, vol. i. p. 394.

unwilling to confess their inadequacy to the effort required of them. They were like men groping in the darkness for a door which they had but to throw wide, in order to find themselves in the full blaze of daylight; and they learned with reluctance that only by painful and prolonged exertions could they expect to open a chink here and there for a ray of twilight to enter.

This insensible change of front, as regards scientific method, is very clearly discernible in Hooke's writings. He began life with hopes as large as and more defined than those of Bacon himself. Even before he left Oxford, he had provided himself with what he called a 'mechanical algebra,' which he regarded as an infallible guide to invention. This he afterwards expanded into an elaborate engine of discovery, competent, as he believed, to construct with certainty and swiftness an edifice of knowledge, heretofore unmatched for vastness and durability. The scheme, like all his more ambitious designs, remained incomplete, or, at most, was completed only in the mind of its author; and the tract in which he describes it breaks off just as the momentous secret is about to be disclosed. Whether it was that the difficulties in the way became more clear to him as he advanced, and that he lost faith in his own means of removing them, or whether it was that his jealousy of disclosure overbalanced, at the critical moment, his appetite for fame, we shall never know. We do know, however, enough to show us that the revelation would have been valuable only as a gratification of our curiosity, and as throwing a singular light on the visions which haunted the morning of experimental science.

The following extract from his essay on 'The Present State of Natural Philosophy' briefly exposes his ideal of a method. He attempted, as will be seen, to come to closer quarters with the problem than Bacon had done, and succeeded thereby in more clearly defining its insolubility.

'Some other kind of art for inquiry,' he writes,* 'than what hath been hitherto made use of, must be discovered; the intellect is not to be suffered to act without its helps, but is continually to be assisted by some method or engine, which shall be as a guide to regulate its actions, so as that it shall not be able to act amiss. Of this engine, no man except the incomparable Verulam hath had any thoughts, and he indeed hath promoted it to a very good pitch; but there is yet somewhat more to be added, which he seemed to want time to complete. By this, as by that art of Algebra in Geometry, 'twill be very easy to proceed in any natural inquiry, regularly and certainly: and indeed it

* Posthumous Works, p. 6.

may not improperly be called a Philosophical Algebra, or an art of directing the mind in the search after philosophical truths.'

The first part only of this Algebra of Discovery, 'containing the manner of preparing the mind, and furnishing it with fit materials to work on, was written; the second, which should have set forth 'the rules and methods of proceeding and operating with this so collected and qualified Supellex,' remained in embryo. Hooke, like Bacon, set out with a classification of the errors incidental to humanity in its actual condition; but his mode of rectifying them was a more patient and practical process than the 'expurgation of the intellect,' preached by the philosophic Chancellor. The senses are to be helped, he tells us, by skilfully constructed instruments, whereby their sphere of action may be enlarged, and their untutored impressions brought to the test of exact measurement and rigid calculation. The report of one sense must be corrected by comparison with that of the others, until 'sensation is reduced to a standard,' and the mind is gradually informed with true notions of 'things, as they are part of, and actors or patients in the universe, not only as they have this or that peculiar relation or influence on our own senses or selves.'

The next step in the 'Preparation' consisted in the compilation of a 'Philosophical History,' comprising—

'A brief and plain account of a great store of choice and significant natural and artificial operations, actions, and effects, ranged in a convenient order, and interwoven here and there with some short hints of accidental remarks or theories, of corresponding or disagreeing received opinions, of doubts and queries, and the like; and indeed until this repository be pretty well stored with choice and sound materials, the work of raising new axioms or theories is not to be attempted, lest beginning without materials the whole design be given over in the middle.*

The matter of such a history, he says further, is no less than the world; 'for there is no body or operation in the universe that is not some way or other to be taken notice of in this great work.' And the programme which he proceeds to lay down in no way belies his promise. Fire, air, earth, and water; light and darkness, heat and cold, gravity and levity, all the 'prime sensible qualities' of nature, find each its place in this stupendous magazine of knowledge. From ether to anthracite, from a man to a mite or a mushroom, from dreams and influences to arts and sciences, from the starry firmament

to the costermonger's cart or the cobbler's stall, no substance, quality, or accident is excluded. No natural process, no commercial product, but has its separate 'History.' The despised handicraftsman is to yield up his obscure secrets as well as the scientific artisan. A Dollond or a Steinheil is not more stimulating to the catholic curiosity of the Natural Historian than a Quince, a Bottom, or a Snug. Yet all this encyclopædic mass of information, infinite in its subject, indefinite in its extent, expansive in its nature, Hooke tells us he 'has very 'good reason to believe may be contained in much fewer 'words than the writings of divers single authors!''* This would, indeed, have been to imprison the liberated genius of knowledge within narrower limits than those of Aristotelian tradition. The seal, however, was broken; the vase was already at the bottom of the sea, and it only remained to guide and propitiate a power which it was no longer possible to confine.

The 'Philosophical History,' of which Hooke traced the gigantic plan, would, in fact, have included what we now understand as the whole body of Inductive Science, with a considerable margin of heterogeneous material, difficult of classification, and more curious, perhaps, than useful. It would have included not only an enumeration of all possible phenomena, but the knowledge of the laws by which they are governed, and the causes by which they are produced. The Natural Historian was to be 'knowing in hypotheses,' that he might set his facts in plausible sequence of cause and effect; he was to be a skilled mechanician, and an able mathematician, that he might investigate their relations by experiment, and deduce the consequences of such relations by calculation. Hooke's 'Helps of Discovery' are but another form of Bacon's 'Prerogative Instances;' but it is significant that in the later system they appear in the preparatory stage, while in the earlier they form an integral part of the 'Organum' itself. The impossible was, in fact, relegated to a distant future, while the possible took possession of the present. The 'raising of axioms,' and the discovery of 'forms,' which were supposed to constitute the true business of the philosopher, were postponed in favour of the more modest task of setting facts in order, and connecting them by means of ideas. Thus natural philosophy, in the recondite sense in which it was understood by the theorists of the seventeenth century, came, as time went on, to be more and more fully personated by her

handmaiden, 'Natural History,' until at last the identity of the one was completely merged in that of the other. The intermediary whom they had admitted as a messenger of higher promise, they were compelled to take for better for worse. Like Malvolio, they had wooed the mistress; like Sir Toby, they wedded the maid.

We shall conclude our remarks on this singular essay by transcribing some specimens of the queries directed by Hooke to future investigators. Even after the lapse of above two centuries, they strike us as suggestive and ingenious. Under the heading of *Ether*, he asks:—

'Whether it permeates all bodies, be the medium of light, be the fluid body in which the air is but as a tincture? Whether it cause gravity, in the earth or other celestial bodies?'

Of the atmosphere:—

'Whether it encompasses the sun and planets, and that each of them have a peculiar atmosphere, as well as they have a gravitating power?

'Whether the spots in the sun may not be clouds of smoke or vapours, raised up into that atmosphere?

'Whether meteors have anything of fire in them, or whether the light may not be an effect of their rapid motion?'

Although Hooke's '*Truc Method*' was not published until after his death, we may safely attribute it to an early stage of his career. He was a man whose ideas did not change, but were superseded. They retained their original form, but were crowded out of sight by the multitude of new arrivals. Now we have evidence to show that, without wholly abandoning his early faith in the efficacy of his '*Philosophical Algebra*,' his confidence in an approaching renovation of science was replaced, later in life, by a conviction of its infinite complexity and extent. In the Preface to a volume of *Lectures*, published in 1674, he says:—

'For as there is scarce one subject of millions that may be pitched upon, but to write an exact and complete history thereof would require the whole time and attention of a man's life, and some thousands of inventions and observations to accomplish it: so on the other side no man is able to say that he will complete this or that inquiry, whatever it be, (the greatest part of invention being but a lucky hit of chance for the most part not in our own power). 'Twill be much better, therefore, to embrace the influences of Providence, and to be diligent in the inquiry of everything we meet with. For we shall quickly find that the number of considerable observations and inventions this way collected, will a hundredfold outstrip those that are found by design.

No man but hath some lucky hits and useful thoughts on this or that subject he is conversant about, the regarding and communicating of which might be a means to other persons highly to improve them. . . . This way is also more grateful both to the writer and the reader, who proceed with a fresh stomach upon variety, but would be weary and dull'd if necessitated to dwell too long upon one subject.*

Thus we see that discovery, which speculation had proclaimed to be the infallible result of system, was by experience declared to be the lucky outcome of chance. Investigators had previously been commanded to march in a compact army along the highway of method towards the metropolis of knowledge; they were now warned to disperse in all possible directions into the wilderness of phenomena, and beat the bushes of nature for what game they might contain. That one view was equally misleading with the other is obvious; that one should form the reaction from the other was inevitable. Hooke's reasons for discursiveness were not so much the guide of his conduct as its apology. His position as Curator of Experiments to a body inordinately greedy of scientific novelty suggested a wide range of subjects for enquiry, which his native versatility induced him to embrace to its fullest extent. The journals and registers of the Royal Society alone convey, by their records, an adequate idea of his prodigious activity of mind, fertility of resource, and experimental skill. Astronomy, optics, acoustics, thermotics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, magnetism, and chemistry; geology, physiology, meteorology, and psychology—all in turn engaged his attention, and all in turn received illustrations from his sagacity, and impulses from his zeal. Of all men who ever lived, he was perhaps the most prolific in mechanical invention. New instruments, or useful modifications of those already in use, flowed from him by the dozen. An arithmetical machine, a triple writing machine, a deep-sea sounding machine, a wind-gauge, rain-gauge, hygrometer and odometer, a system of telescopic telegraphy, a 'water-poise,' a 'weather-clock,' and a species of microphone, were all due to his ingenuity; besides important improvements in astronomical and other instruments—telescopes, quadrants, micro-meters, diving-bells, barometers, thermometers, and balances. He speculated curiously on memory, and calculated the number of ideas of which the human mind is susceptible, estimating it at three thousand one hundred and fifty-five million, seven hundred and sixty thousand! He constructed a model for the

* An Attempt to prove the Motion of the Earth. London, 1674.

rebuilding of London after the great Fire, which was approved, although not adopted; and was the architect of Hoxton Hospital and other buildings. He read before the Royal Society commentaries on Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Plato's 'Atlantis,' and Hanno's 'Periplus,' interpolating these critical excursions between geological theories and astronomical observations. To him was due the ingenious idea of measuring the force of gravity at different altitudes by the rate of vibration of a pendulum of a given length; as well as the determination (so far as the actual state of chemical knowledge permitted it to be determined) of the true function of the air in combustion and respiration. His zeal carried him to the length of making, in an exhausted receiver, his own person the subject of his observations—'the only experiment of that kind,' his biographer naïvely remarks, 'I think ever tried.'

At the present time, when weather prophecies have come to form a recognised part of our complex social machinery, it would be ungrateful to omit noticing that Hooke was the first to propose a scientific system of meteorological forecasting. His scheme, as might be expected, had for its basis the close association (remarked by him among the earliest) of changes of weather with barometrical variations; 'which,' he writes to Boyle, October 6, 1664—

'If it continue to do as I have hitherto observed it, I hope it will help us one step towards the raising a theoretical pillar or pyramid, from the top of which, when raised and ascended, we may be able to see the mutations of the weather at some distance, before they approach us; and thereby being able to predict and forewarn, many dangers may be prevented, and the good of mankind very much promoted.'*

The means recommended by him for the furtherance of this noteworthy object were the same in principle as those now in use at all the meteorological observatories of Europe and America. Two hundred years, however, had to elapse before they could be profitably employed. In his 'Method for making 'a History of the Weather,'† the attention of observers is especially directed to the following 'particulars,' as 'requisite for 'the raising of axioms whereby the cause or laws of weather 'may be found out.' 1. The strength and quarter of the winds. 2. The degrees of heat and cold. 3. The degrees of dryness and moisture observed with a hygroscope 'made with 'the single beard of a wild oat perfectly ripe, set upright and

* Boyle's 'Works,' vol. vi. p. 492.

† Published by Sprat, 'History of the Royal Society,' p. 173.

‘headed with an index.’ 4. The degrees of pressure of the air. 5. The constitution and face of the sky.

It is perhaps worth remarking that our present system of meteorological observations corresponds with tolerable accuracy to Bacon’s notion of how a ‘history’ of any special branch of physics should be compiled; with this difference in result, that, instead of arriving at ‘axioms’ and ‘forms,’ we have as yet obtained only a set of empirical rules which, however practically useful, can scarcely be said to constitute a science.

‘Discoursed with Mr. Hooke,’ Pepys wrote, August 8, 1666, ‘about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musically sounds made by strings, mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note that it answers to in musique, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined, but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine.’*

Notwithstanding Mr. Pepys’s scepticism, Hooke was on this occasion not ‘refining’ overmuch. He exhibited in 1681 an instrument (with the principle of which he had doubtless long been acquainted) for counting the pulsations of sound, which seems to have been virtually identical with that now known as ‘Savart’s Wheel.’ He also anticipated Chladni’s celebrated experiment by strewing flour on a vibrating glass bell, thus presenting to the eye, as it were, a picture of the configuration of rest and motion on its surface. It was one of his favourite ideas that, by some future discovery, the sense of hearing would be reinforced as prodigiously as the sense of sight had already been by the telescope—an intuition singularly realised by the recent invention of the telephone. ‘It has not yet been thoroughly examined,’ he wrote in 1664,† ‘how far Otocousticons may be improved, nor what other ways there may be of quickening our hearing, or conveying sound through other bodies than the air.’ ‘By very casual trials,’ he tells us elsewhere, he had made some progress in this direction, and was by no means convinced that they might not be prosecuted so far as to render audible noises made at the distance of the planets! Although acknowledging that to his own prejudices this seemed ‘a very extravagant conjecture,’ ‘yet methinks,’ he adds, ‘I should have had the same thoughts of a conjecture to find out a help for the eye to see the smaller parts and rocks of the moon,’ and ‘would fain persuade myself against

* Pepys’s ‘Diary,’ vol. iv. p. 43. Bright’s ed.

† Micrographia, Preface.

‘concluding or building on the impossibility of such things as I am not able demonstrably to prove not possible.’*

Of Hooke’s private and personal history there is little to be recorded. His life might almost be comprised in two words—experiments and controversies. In 1664, Sir John Cutler instituted, especially for his benefit, a mechanical lecturership of 50*l.* a year; in the following year he was appointed to the Professorship of Geometry † founded by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1575. His services as curator were remunerated by an annual stipend of 30*l.*, not perhaps very regularly paid, since we hear, on one occasion, that both he and Halley were offered, in lieu of their respective salaries, an equivalent number of copies of that unlucky ‘History of Fishes,’ by the publication of which the Royal Society had drained their finances and cumbered their shelves. The famous controversy between Hooke and Hevelius on the subject of plain or telescopic sights, which agitated the learned world of Europe during many years, has long ago sunk into a silence we need not disturb. Hevelius was in the wrong and obstinate; Hooke was in the right, but offensive. Astronomers in general seemed disposed to prefer some slight uncertainty as to the position of the stars to being bullied into precision by the magisterial little hunchback of Gresham College. The dispute remained long in the condition of a smouldering flame, with outbreaks of argument at distant intervals, and Halley’s mission of conciliation in 1679 helped to soothe the vanity of the irritated philosopher of Dantzic, but did not tend to rectify his method.

We now come to the relations of Hooke with Newton. The first collision between these two remarkable men occurred on the subject of their respective optical discoveries. Hooke’s merits in this direction were very considerable. He was the first to propound that view as to the nature of light now universally accepted under the name of the ‘undulatory theory.’ He held that light is a ‘very short vibrative motion,’ originating in an agitation of the minute particles of the luminous body, and propagated through a perfectly homogeneous and elastic medium ‘by direct or straight lines, extended every way, like rays from the centre of a sphere, . . . just after the same manner (though indefinitely swifter) as the waves

* Of the True Method of Building a Solid Philosophy, ‘Posthumous Works,’ p. 39.

† Hooke read the Gresham Lectures on Astronomy in 1664–5, during the absence in Italy of Professor Pope; but never occupied that chair except as *locum tenens*.

'or rings on the surface of the water do swell into bigger and ' bigger circles about a point of it, where by the sinking of a ' stone the motion was begun.'*

Further, he hit upon the principle of 'interference,' which, neglected by Huyghens and ignored by Newton, was destined, in the hands of Young and Fresnel, to afford demonstrative proof of the truth of the hypothesis roughly sketched by Hooke. In his 'Micrographia' (justly styled by Pepys 'a 'most excellent piece') he described, besides a series of beautiful observations with the microscope, the phenomenon known in optical treatises as the 'colours of thin plates,' and with singular sagacity declared it to form the *experimentum crucis* as regards chromatic light. These 'fantastical' tints (which we may recognise every summer's day in the iridescent glancing of some insect's wing) Hooke diligently examined in soap-bubbles, in 'muscovy-glass' (mica), in metallic films, and other similar substances. His explanation of what he observed contains a remarkable, although necessarily imperfect, approximation to a cardinal truth in optics. By a double reflection from two closely adjacent surfaces, he tells us,† the rays of light are broken up into 'confused or duplicated 'pulses,' changing in tint with the varying thickness of the reflecting film. Thus, 'colours begin to appear, when the 'pulses of light are blended so well and so near together that 'the sense takes them for one.'‡ According to the modern doctrine of 'interference,' waves of light, pursuing each other at the distance of half an undulation, mutually destroy each other, and produce darkness. But, because difference of colour means difference of wave-length, a doubly-reflecting surface, by destroying or reinforcing, according to its varying thickness, undulations of certain lengths, analyses white light into the prismatic rays of which it is composed, and thus produces the appearances characteristic of 'thin plates.'

The flaw in Hooke's theory was his erroneous idea as to the nature of colour. And on this point we are unable to defend him from the charge of culpable ignorance. The true view was proposed to him, and he deliberately rejected it. The keystone of the arch he had attempted to build was offered to him, and he declined to set it in its place. On February 8, 1672, Newton's memorable paper on the composition of white light was read before the Royal Society. Had Hooke frankly accepted the discovery, and applied it as a bulwark to his own

* Micrographia, pp. 56-7.

† Ibid. p. 66.

‡ Posthumous Works, p. 190.

tottering hypothesis, his name would doubtless have sounded louder in the ears of posterity. But here his moral failings, as well as his intellectual shortcomings, interposed. He was, primarily, an experimentalist. His delight was rather in the things than in the thoughts of Nature. The intimate relations of objects were of less account in his eyes than their external operation on the senses. Add to this the utilitarian tendency impressed upon physical researches by the Baconian precepts. In the Preface to the 'Micrographia' Hooke described as follows the purposes of the Royal Society: 'They do not wholly reject experiments of mere light and theory, but they principally aim at such, whose application will improve and facilitate the present way of manual arts.' And similar declarations were made by Boyle and other leading men of the time. Thus, in Hooke's apprehension, the *raison d'être* of an hypothesis was not so much to suggest a physical connexion of facts as to provide a convenient classification of experiments, and its most essential quality that it should be plausible, not that it should be true.

His judgment was besides warped, even more than that of most men, by that intellectual egotism which, if it sometimes acts as a spur to progress, more often performs the office of a drag. His self-love blinded him to the real merits of his competitors. His own speculations loomed so large before him as to exclude from his field of view those of every other. Newton acknowledged that if he saw farther than most men, it was 'by standing on the shoulders of giants.' Hooke thought his own mental stature sufficient to entitle him to reject such extraneous aids. He accordingly set aside without hesitation Newton's discovery, offering his criticisms, not indeed discourteously, but with a certain air of superiority which not a little galled his sensitive antagonist. Matters were aggravated three years later when Newton published his beautiful explanation, on the emission hypothesis, of the colours of thin plates. Hooke declared 'that the main of it was contained in the "Micrographia,"' a remark extremely offensive to Newton, who, however, with his usual careful justice, immediately extended his somewhat scanty acknowledgment of his rival's labours, by defining with scrupulous accuracy the measure in which he was indebted to him. That Hooke was not devoid of generous sentiments appears from a letter which he wrote about this time to Newton, proposing a private correspondence on philosophical subjects.* In it he acknowledges the superior

* Brewster, 'Life of Newton,' vol. i. p. 138.

abilities of the great mathematician, professes a dislike to contention, and hints that their relations had been embittered by the machinations of ill-disposed persons. (Oldenburg is evidently indicated.) Newton's reply was conceived in a correspondingspirit; but the harmony thus established was unhappily not lasting.

The problem of gravity was the supreme question of that time. It stood first among the orders of the day of the scientific council. It was instinctively felt that until it should be disposed of, no real progress could be made in physical knowledge. And, slowly but surely, the way was being prepared for a great discovery. Galileo had made Newton possible. Men's ideas were gradually clarifying; the great cosmical analogies, now so familiar, were step by step emerging out of the dusk of ignorance; antiquated prepossessions were sinking, in a sediment of cloudy cavil, out of sight. Heaven was assimilated to earth, and earth to heaven; the old gratuitous separation between the starry firmament over our heads and the solid globe under our feet was abolished by acclamation; and it was felt that the coming law, to be valid, must embrace in its operation the whole of the visible universe. Towards this consummation Gilbert contributed something by his theory of universal magnetism; and Galileo, as well as Bacon and Horrocks, foresaw that in this direction lay the coveted secret. In 1645 the Abbé Boulliau (Bullialdus) actually announced * that the force by which the sun holds the planets in their orbits must vary as the inverse square of their distance from him; in 1666, Borelli published at Florence some suggestive speculations on the subject; † in England, Wallis, Wren, and Halley, all eagerly scanned the question, and all arrived at close approximations to the truth. But it was undoubtedly Hooke whose arrow flew nearest to the mark. The first definite proposal of the planetary revolutions as a problem in mechanics is due to him; and it has been immemorially held that *prudens quæstio est dimidium scientiæ*. In a paper on Gravity, presented by him to the Royal Society, March 21, 1666, the following noteworthy passage occurs:—

‘If such a principle (central attraction) be supposed, all the phenomena of the planets seem possible to be explained by the common principle of mechanic motions; and possibly the prosecuting this speculation may give us a true hypothesis of their motion, and from

* *Astronomia Philolaica*. Paris, 1645.

† *Theoricæ Medicorum Planetarum*. Florence, 1666.

some few observations, their motions may be so far brought to a certainty, that we may be able to calculate them to the greatest exactness and certainty that can be desired.*

On this matter, at least, Hooke's ideas were persistent and progressive. In 1674 he announced a forthcoming 'system of the world, answering in all things to the common rules of mechanical motions,' and founded on the three following suppositions:—

'*First*, that all celestial bodies whatsoever have an attraction or gravitating power towards their own centres, whereby they attract not only their own parts . . . but also all the other celestial bodies that are within the sphere of their activity. *Second*, that all bodies whatsoever that are put into a direct and simple motion, will so continue to move forward in a straight line till they are, by some other effectual powers, deflected and sent into a motion describing a circle, ellipsis, or some other more compounded curve line. *Third*, that these attractive powers are so much the more powerful in operating by how much the nearer the body wrought upon is to their own centres. Now, what these several degrees are, I have not yet experimentally verified, but it is a notion which, if fully prosecuted, as it ought to be, will mightily assist the astronomer to reduce all the celestial motions to a certain rule, which I doubt will never be done without it. But this I durst promise the undertaker, that he will find all the great motions of the world to be influenced by this principle, and that the true understanding thereof will be the true perfection of astronomy.' †

Our readers will perceive that he was at this time still at fault as to the rate of decrease of the central force; but, some years later, this too was divined by him—divined, not demonstrated. In 1679 he wrote to Newton, suggesting the law of inverse squares, or 'reciprocal duplicate proportion,' and it was this letter which led the Cambridge philosopher to 'resume his former thoughts concerning the moon.' ‡ He first, as is well known, attempted the problem of assimilating the force of gravity at the earth's surface to the deflecting power exerted on the moon's orbital motion, in 1665, when he 'gathered' the duplicate proportion from Kepler's third law; but the defective *data* then at his command obliged him to suspend his speculations. Now, with the results of Picard's improved degree measurement in his hands, he once more set his gigantic powers to their equally gigantic task. Having made some progress with the calculations, he, however, again 'threw them

* Birch, 'The History of the Royal Society,' vol. ii. p. 91.

† An Attempt to prove the Motion of the Earth, p. 28.

‡ Brewster, 'Life of Newton,' vol. i. p. 291.

‘by, being upon other studies;’* and it required a further fillip to induce him to complete them. It was given thus.

One January day in 1684, Edmund Halley, a young and rising astronomer, having independently worked out the great problem so far as to perceive the necessity for the ratio of inverse squares, came to town from Islington, and, falling into discourse with Wren and Hooke on the subject, the latter ‘affirmed that upon that principle all the laws of the celestial motions were to be demonstrated, and that he himself had done it. I declared,’ continues Halley,† ‘the ill-success of my attempts, and Sir Christopher, to encourage the enquiry, said that he would give Mr. Hooke some two months’ time to bring him a convincing demonstration thereof, and besides the honour, he of us that did it should have from him a present of a book of 40 shillings. Mr. Hooke then said he had it, but should conceal it for some time, that others trying and failing might know how to value it when he should make it public. However, I remember that Sir Christopher was little satisfied that he could do it, and though Mr. Hooke then promised to show it him, I do not find that in that particular he has been so good as his word.’

The two months’ interval allowed by Wren for the production of the desired solution elapsed four times over, and Hooke made no sign. Then, at last, Halley started for Cambridge, and laid the difficulty before Newton. In after life he was accustomed to boast that ‘he had been the Ulysses who produced this Achilles.’‡ For the result of his visit was the ‘*Principia*.’

The most painful passage in Hooke’s life now comes before us. When the first book of his rival’s immortal work was, on April 28, 1686, received by the Royal Society with the applause which it deserved, he was unable to restrain his jealous disappointment within the bounds of moderation or decency. He quarrelled with the President for overlooking his prior claims; he endeavoured to persuade the members that Newton was indebted to him for the first hint of a discovery which he pretended was but a small part of what he himself had conceived, and was engaged in perfecting; he did not attempt to conceal that he regarded Newton’s triumph in the light of a personal injury. When this ‘strange carriage’ was reported (probably with some exaggeration) to Newton, he was, not

* Letter to Halley, quoted by Brewster, vol. i. p. 292.

† Letter to Newton, quoted by Brewster, vol. i. p. 293, note.

‡ Brewster, ‘*Life of Newton*,’ vol. i. p. 298.

unreasonably, incensed, and wrote to Halley concerning it in somewhat acrimonious terms. Halley, who seems to have acted throughout a very creditable part, replied by urging that Hooke's conduct had been represented in worse colours than it deserved; whereupon Newton not only expressed his regret for the angry 'postscript to his last,' but agreed, with the view of 'composing the dispute,' to insert into the text of his book the following acknowledgment:—

'The inverse law of gravity holds in all the celestial motions, as was discovered also independently by my countrymen Wren, Hooke, and Halley.*'

How far Hooke was pacified by this concession does not appear; but there is evidence that he continued, although in a lower key, to claim ownership in the discovery of gravity. It was, indeed, difficult for him to see with equanimity the great scientific prize of the century, which he had set before him as the crowning glory of his own career, carried off before his eyes by a swifter competitor; and he could not be expected to recognise, what to us is evident enough, that his powers were wholly unequal to the unique achievement of his rival. The intuition of a discovery is one thing, its demonstration another; and while the one excites our interest and curiosity, it is to the other that we justly apportion our unqualified admiration.

Between Hooke and Newton no further intercourse seems at any time to have been set on foot. If Hooke was jealous of Newton, Newton was perhaps somewhat ungenerous towards Hooke. He recognised his merits with reluctance, and acknowledged his inventions only by compulsion. Broils and disquietudes, and the fomentors and originators thereof, were in truth odious to him; and he was at all times disposed to conceal a discovery, rather than risk a controversy. 'Philosophy,' he wrote to Halley,† 'is such an impertinently litigious lady, that a man had as good be engaged in lawsuits as have to do with her.' Thus the turmoil raised by Hooke on the appearance of the first part of the '*Principia*' inspired him with so deep a disgust that he seriously contemplated suppressing the remainder; and he could never be induced to publish his work on Optics until the death of his unquiet opponent had secured for it a peaceful reception. But the most significant fact as regards the relations of these two men is

* Scholium to the Fourth Proposition in First Book of '*Principia*.' Brewster, '*Life of Newton*,' vol. i. p. 311.

† Letter of June 20, 1686, '*Biographia Britannica*,' art. Halley.

that Newton, who during Hooke's lifetime had never sat at the Council-table of the Royal Society, was, only a few months after his decease, elected both to that position and the still higher one of President, on the same day, November 30, 1703.

Not much now remains to be said. Hooke's growing infirmities of mind and body condemned him to isolation; and isolation is the chosen ally of eccentricity. Repeated disappointments had aggravated the inherent moroseness of his disposition; increasing ill-health soured his naturally irritable temper; and the death, in 1687, of his niece, Mrs. Grace Hooke—probably the only person in the world for whom he entertained a sincere attachment—broke the last link uniting him to everyday humanity. Still he pursued his investigations with a feverish energy that age and sickness seemed rather to stimulate than to quell. His jealousy of piratical appropriation increased, with advancing years, almost to a mania; he enveloped his researches in a mysterious reserve; and many of the discoveries which he professed to have made, descended with him into the grave. Amongst these were a means of finding the longitude at sea, and a secret for perfecting all kinds of optical instruments. It might be conjectured, from the small size of some telescopes used by him, that this latter invention approached that of achromatism (made by Dollond in the middle of the following century); but, on the other hand, we find him laying it down as an axiom, that increased power could only be obtained by increased focal length; and he is even said to have entertained as a possibility the construction of an instrument 10,000 feet long, which should bring into view the inhabitants of the moon! We cannot, indeed, take his own word for his performances. He was probably not deliberately untruthful; but he was sanguine as well as vain, and apt to discourse largely of results, towards which imagination pointed, but which reason had not yet grasped. The Royal Society, at any rate, so far believed his professions, as to make him, in 1696, a grant for the purpose of completing his researches, and recording his discoveries. The remaining years of his life and his failing physical powers were dedicated, with almost insane zeal, to the task of raising an adequate monument to his experimental genius. Disease was powerless to divert him from his purpose; fatigue never seemed to approach him. Day after day, and night after night, he meditated, experimented, invented. For several years before his death, he was said never to have undressed or gone to bed.

His limbs swelled, his brain reeled, his very eyesight failed; but still he worked, and wrote, and dreamed of immortality. At length a summons came which he was powerless to resist. He died on March 3, 1703, unloved, unlamented, and, at least in his own apprehension, unrecognised. He died, as he had lived, haunted by unfulfilled hopes, and deluded with abortive projects. In the midst of voluntary destitution, he had cherished a magnificent design for the endowment of the Royal Society. But he left no testamentary disposition of his hoarded wealth, which proved as barren after his death as it had been during his life.

Imprisoned in his own egotism, he did not know how to contribute his quota generously to the long day's labour of humanity. He sought to set his trademark on every thought. He would have desired a patent of protection for every experiment. His work was in consequence visited with the curse of sterility. A slave to *meum* and *tuum*—in his own words, 'the great rudder of human affairs'—his peevish reclamations were met with the inexorable *Sic vos non vobis* of ironical destiny. Of the innumerable inventions which he originated, scarcely one has been associated with his name. His suggestions bore fruit in the hands of others. His ideas were appropriated and perfected by his rivals. His experiments conferred lustre on his successors. By tacit consent, his intellectual inheritance was divided, and his claims ignored. Newton took up the theory of light where he abandoned it, and left him far behind in the momentous search for the law of gravitation. Mayow carried forward the investigations which he had set on foot as to the purpose subserved by the air in respiration.* His method was used by Picard in 1670, with striking success, in his new measurement of the earth. His observations formed the basis upon which Bradley founded, in 1728, his discovery of the aberration of light. That his repeated disappointments and mischances were in any degree attributable to his own deficiencies, naturally did not occur to him. It was simpler and more consolatory to set them down to the prevalent malignity and injustice of mankind. Hence the deepening shade of misanthropy which enveloped in saturnine reserve the later years of his life.

Nevertheless, Hooke was, in spite of conspicuous defects, by no means a bad man. His morals were irreproachable, his diligence was untiring, and his religious sentiments seem

* For an interesting account of Mayow's experiments, see Miss Buckley's 'Short History of Science,' p. 131.

to have been unfeignedly devout. His faults were warpings of the mind, closely dependent, perhaps, on his unfortunate physical constitution. In spirit, as well as in person, Nature had set him somewhat awry. 'Certainly,' writes Bacon, 'there is a consent between the body and the mind; and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other. *Ubi peccat in uno, periclitatur in altero.*' It was his misfortune that he could neither win sympathy nor inspire pity. His talents earned for him patronage; but his peculiarities repelled friendship. He lived sixty-eight years without attaching to himself a single human being, and died only to make room for his rival. And yet his intellectual qualities did not demand admiration more than his moral failings claimed tenderness. For surely infirmity has been rarely combined with genius in more painful and pitiable guise than in Robert Hooke.

ART. II.—1. *Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease.* By W. LAUDER LINDSAY, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.L.S. London: 1879.

2. *Etudes sur les Facultés mentales des Animaux comparées à celles de l'Homme.* Par J. C. HOUZEAU, Membre de l'Académie de Belgique. Mons: 1872.

FEW books are more attractive and popular than those which treat of the habits and so-called instincts of animals. That the subject must be a fertile one for the enterprise both of investigators and authors, is at once evident from the consideration of the large number of species now known to naturalists. In the book which furnishes the chief suggestions for this article, 914 distinct forms are named as having contributed to the author's generalisations. A comprehensive and really valuable list of 133 works is given as authorities consulted upon this important as well as interesting department of scientific research. Dr. Lauder Lindsay has at any rate chosen a field of investigation which needs no extraneous argument to commend it to the attention of intelligent thinkers and kindly-hearted men; and we therefore proceed to bring the conclusions at which he has arrived, and the method which he has pursued in the prosecution of his labours, under the notice of our readers. We think that some of the facts which he has catalogued and indexed in his voluminous book, and the deductions which he conceives himself to have established, deserve to be presented in a more readable form than that which he has

adopted in his loosely compacted memoir, where, in one instance, sixteen columns and a half are occupied by 328 distinct epithets that he finds to be necessary to express the modifications of language by speechless animals, and where, in numerous cases, page after page is filled by analytical statements which look very much like the terrible tables employed by the modern expositors of the natural system of botany. Whatever may be the advantage of this method of treatment where erratic and puzzling forms of visible structure have to be explained, it must be admitted that it does not constitute attractive reading when broad abstractions have to be dealt with, and when a continuous argument has to be framed. In connexion with this remark it may not be out of place to say that an elaborate index of seventy-three pages is one of the notable features of the work, and that this has been avowedly provided by the author at the cost of several months' close application and labour. It might be wished that a portion of the time which has been devoted to this most copious index had rather been applied to the elaboration of the book itself.

The author of '*Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease*' explains that he was first led to the consideration of this subject by an investigation which he undertook twenty years ago to determine how far the diseases of the lower animals may be held to be identical with those of man. The prosecution of this enquiry, of course, comprised a close observation of the healthy manifestation of mind. Dr. Lindsay appears to have been especially qualified for this part of his task by a long experience in the management of the Murray Royal Institution for the Insane, near Perth. He has enjoyed the further advantage of a wide sphere of travel, extending through Iceland, Spain, Italy, Morocco, Egypt, Syria, the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and during his wanderings has always had an eye upon the four-handed, four-footed, winged, and many-legged creatures that he came across. He also appears to have an intimate acquaintance with the principal zoological gardens and menageries of the world, and, besides this, to have devoted his leisure for many years to reading books which relate to the habits of animals, and to making copious notes from them. Upon these several grounds Dr. Lindsay comes before his readers armed with attainments and credentials which entitle him to attentive consideration.

But the author of '*Mind in the Lower Animals*' furthermore assures his readers that he has studied his subject without any

preconceived views or theories to support; that he has confined his generalisations within altogether safe limits; that he has avoided all discussion of such unmanageable topics as brute immortality and soul; and that he has simply presented the conclusion which results from his facts. All this seems to indicate a very desirable disposition for an observer who ventures upon so wide and difficult a field, and the promise which it implies might be at once accepted with ready faith if it were not for the provoking circumstance that it points to just the frame of mind which all philosophic authors believe themselves to possess. On this account it becomes necessary to take some little note, in the first instance, of the way in which Dr. Lindsay has proceeded to carry out his purpose and design.

The main proposition which he aspires to establish is that mind is the same thing in the lower animals that it is in man, and that there are no mental faculties in man which have not their full counterpart in what have been erroneously termed 'the lower animals.' The author himself says:—

'Man's claim to pre-eminence on the ground of the uniqueness of his mental constitution is as absurd and puerile, therefore, as it is fallacious. His overweening pride or vanity has led to his futile contention with the evidence of facts. He has trusted to a series of gratuitous assumptions. The supposed criteria of human supremacy, as the preceding chapter has shown, the alleged psychical distinctions between man and other animals, cannot stand examination. One after another they have proved to be fallacious, built upon unsatisfactory grounds.'

At the end of the paragraph from which this extract is taken Dr. Lindsay further remarks:—

'That man's specific designation then—*Homo sapiens*—is far from being deserved or appropriate becomes obvious when we compare him in his lowest savage or primitive condition with such other animals as the dog or the ant.'

It will be observed that in this passage Dr. Lindsay implies that man does not deserve his imputed reputation for superior wisdom because in his lowest state he is inferior to such sagacious animals as the dog and the ant. This particular clause of the argument is worthy of pointed notice, because it is a turn of thought which crops up again and again, and which indeed is so frequently expressed, that it virtually becomes the keynote of the performance. Thus the dog, horse, elephant, parrot, and ape in psychical capacity are often superior, it is said, to the human child, and even to the human adult. The naturally intelligent and well-trained dog is mentally and mo-

rally higher than the human infant and child, and frequently also than the full-grown man. Any definition of morality, moral sense, or religious feeling, which is so framed as to exclude the lower animals, must also exclude entire races and ranks of men. Particular definitions of religion are more appropriate to the state of the dog than of the savage. The despised ass is often too clever for stupid man. Women have sometimes much to learn in the matter of dress from birds. Twenty-seven of the virtues of man, beginning with heroism, patriotism, and self-sacrifice, and ending with knowledge and due performance of professional occupation, are specified in which the lower animals exhibit a superiority to whole races or classes of men, whether civilised or savage. The real tendency of this line of argument, of course, is to show that the worst forms of humanity are lower than the brutes. But the impression sought to be conveyed to the reader is that the lower animals must be mentally the equals of man because they are superior to him sometimes. This is a very amusing instance of what is commonly called begging the question, and may possibly and fairly suggest a doubt whether the author of these ingenious passages is as entirely without a preconceived view as he supposes himself to be. The language in these instances certainly savours more of plausible advocacy than it does of a philosophical and unbiassed search for truth.

But when the reader passes on to examine the very numerous instances of the sagacity of animals which have been here collected together to establish their mental equality with man, the impression that Dr. Lindsay must be somewhat facile of belief for so experienced an investigator is added to the suspicion that there is a bias in his reasoning. He is, in fact, the most credulous philosopher we remember to have met with. A few chance illustrations of this capacity for swallowing strange stories may be advantageously glanced at. From one paragraph it appears that ships are signalled off the coast of Tahiti, by the crowing of the cocks, long before they are in sight, and that this occurs with such regularity and certainty that the pilots, both native and French, forthwith proceed out to sea to meet the ships whenever they hear the crowing, and do find them in the offing *without any exception*. Then, again, a small dog, which had been assaulted by a large one, saved up its rations day by day, and at last gave a dinner to a number of his dog friends, and by that means secured their services to avenge his injuries by worrying the bully who had attacked him. A terrier dog upon one occasion roused his master's

household in the middle of the night to point out that a bolt on the front door had not been duly fastened. Certain swallows, which had played a successful practical joke upon a cat, set up a laugh at the disappointed enemy 'very much like the 'laugh of a young child when tickled.' A Skye terrier, whenever he wished to be particularly jovial, used to enter so thoroughly into the necessities of the situation, that 'his sides 'shook with convulsive laughter.' A dog and cat, which were confederates for dishonest purposes, had an understanding together that the cat should give notice, by mewing, when the coast was clear, and the two then proceeded to the larder, where the cat, availing herself of her superior scansorial powers, climbed to the shelf and held the cover of a dish raised with one paw, whilst with the other she distributed his share of the plunder to the dog below. A young rat having fallen into a pail of pig-food, six older ones held an earnest consultation as to what should be done in the emergency, and having settled their plans formed themselves into a chain, and so dropped the lowest one of the series down into the pail until he could get hold of the drowning young one. This having been accomplished, the chain was drawn up by the rats above. But the attempt at rescue proved to be too late. The young rat was dead. The disappointed elder ones thereupon first gazed at their young comrade in mute despair, then *wiped the tears from their eyes with their fore paws*, and sadly walked away. The human witnesses of this touching occurrence do not say that the old rats made any attempt to carry out the instructions of the Royal Humane Society, but the sagacious animals no doubt would have done so if they had not been aware, through the operation of their superhuman intelligence, that their interposition had come too late. A big dog, whose fine moral nature happily had not been much tampered with by human agency, when he saw a canary chased by a cat, opened his mouth wide and afforded the fugitive bird a safe refuge from the feline claws within his own protecting jaws. Another dog, who had heedlessly soiled the floor by running across it with his mud-covered feet, immediately set matters straight by scraping up all the mud with his teeth. A Newfoundland dog kept his pocket-money under the mat, and took from it a halfpenny or a penny, according to the urgency of his appetite. He was quite aware of the value of his coins, and occasionally changed pennies and sixpences, taking care that only the proper value of his purchases was deducted. Two other dogs of a similar turn of mind, who were wide awake to human depravity and tricks, always kept their paws upon their pennies until they

had got their buns; and another dog, who had once been deceived by a baker of whom he had expected better things, not only transferred his custom to a rival establishment on the opposite side of the way, but *always* called first at the deceiver's door to show him the money he was going to spend, and to keep him alive to the fact of the valuable custom he had forfeited. The horse which used to pump its own water and drink from the spout, and the cow which was in the habit of slicing its own turnips, may possibly be almost too commonplace to be worthy of special notice; but this can hardly be held to be the case in the matter of the dog, who after a severe fight went home, and took to his master's bed, first making it up comfortably, and then getting in between the sheets and laying his bruised and wounded head upon the pillow. This dog, however, was not quite so conspicuous for delicacy of feeling as he was for intelligence; for he neglected to wash himself before he went to bed, and so allowed both the blood and the mud from his coat to soak into the sheets. A fox-terrier was cured of an inveterate habit of thieving by having his pilferings always restored to their proper owners in his presence. The bulldog who brought a companion with a broken leg to the surgery where he had seen his master's injured leg dressed, and who scratched at the door until it was opened, and then formally introduced the patient, must have been a pleasant dog to know; but scarcely more so than the injured dog himself, for he at once held up his damaged foreleg to indicate the nature of his hurt. The surgeon concerned in these cases appears to have enjoyed a good practice amongst the dogs, for another shortly afterwards came to him with a pin sticking in one of his legs, and asked to have it extracted. It is not actually stated that either of these dogs offered the surgeon his proper fee, but, in the face of their quite unexceptionable behaviour in other points, it must be hoped that they did so. An Eskimo dog, called Fire King, had not quite so clear a sense of the beneficent influence of the healing art, for he could not be induced to submit his broken leg to the manipulations of the veterinary surgeon until he had seen his master go through the pantomimic performance of having a broken leg dressed and cured. Dogs and cats, it is affirmed, physic themselves much more rationally than the majority, at least, of most civilised men and women. It can scarcely be necessary to extend this series of illustrations further than has been done. But there is still one final instance which must be told in Dr. Lindsay's own words, to give full force to the caution which it conveys.

“There is a very distinct appointment, and by a kind of universal suffrage, where the street dogs of Constantinople, as they sometimes do, select as their leader some animal belonging to a different quarter of the town—from among their natural enemies therefore—the motive for such a choice being *signal bravery* displayed by the favoured individual, either in attack or defence. There are certain other *official appointments*, both of a public and private kind, in which selection may or may not be made by and from the general body of a community, and with or without prominent candidature, or candidature or competition at all by the individual selected. Thus there must be some sort of appointment, by selection of the fittest, in the case of

1. Mayors of towns.
2. Commissioners or ambassadors.
3. Spies or scouts.
4. Sentinels, sentries, or outposts.
5. Nurses.’

It is necessary to state in reference to these illustrations that Dr. Lindsay remarks, in regard to some two or three of them, that the incidents recorded *may* possibly require verification; but the fact nevertheless remains that by far the greater part of them have been unreservedly accepted by an enquirer who prides himself on his habit of generalising only upon safe scientific grounds.

Dr. Lindsay selects, from the 914 species of animals which have engaged his attention, the dog as the one which stands *facile princeps* near to man in moral and intellectual excellence, and he marks the elephant, the anthropoid ape, the parrot, and the ant as approaching most nearly in this particular to rivalry with the dog. He thinks, however, that the supremacy of the dog over the anthropoid ape may be properly ascribed to the domestic life which the dog leads in the companionship of man, and to the advantages which it enjoys in this connexion; and that, if the anthropoid apes were to receive the same education, they might possibly surpass the dog in mental attainment. Dr. Lindsay is assuredly right in his assumption that much of the intelligence and charm of the dog must be attributed to the circumstance that it associates itself so readily and so closely with man. Monkeys have never received anything like the same attention and care, and no one can venture to say what they might not become if they were once permanently domesticated in human households, as the dog is. For the present, however, on account of his long-established and almost universal domestication, the most remarkable and instructive of the studies of animal intelligence have been furnished by the dog, and he accordingly figures most largely in these pages. ‘The mental

and moral qualities, the virtues and vices, and the accomplishments of the dog are referred to,' as the author himself says, 'in almost every chapter of the book.'

In the comprehensive abstract of the high mental attributes of the dog, which is given in the usual tabulated form, it is stated that the understanding of man's language is made to include the interpretation of facial expression, and the reading of human character and mood. This power the dog certainly possesses in a very remarkable degree. In a recent number of this Journal,* in which the mathematical attainments of Dr. Huggins's mastiff Kepler were brought under notice, the quickness of the dog in catching the unconscious indications of his master's eye, as he worked out the successive steps of the calculation, was alluded to. M. Houzeau, the director of the Royal Observatory at Brussels, and the author of an interesting book on the mental faculties of animals, refers to this keenness of observation in the dog as enabling it at once to perceive the intentions of its master in something unusual in his look, manner, or actions; and Dr. Lindsay ascribes the presentiment or prevision attributed to the dog to this closeness of observation and never-failing habit of watchfulness. There are few persons who have not been at some time impressed with the marvellous expression of the eye, countenance, and bearing of an intelligent dog, when it is engaged in this way in the intense and concentrated study of its master's face. Miss Cobbe barely treads upon the outskirts of figurative exaggeration when she refers to the dog as actually 'speaking with its eyes.' Professor Ferrier effectively demonstrates, however, that it is the bark of the dog which is the equivalent of human speech, since he produces it automatically by the electrical irritation of the same part of the brain which rules over the faculty of language in man. At any rate, there is not any difficulty in conceding that the dog does talk with its master after a fashion of its own, and that, where there is a proper understanding and due sympathy between the parties, the conversation is carried on with the happiest results.

The memory of the dog is scarcely less strongly marked than its powers of observation, and in all probability is the part of its mental activity to which its hereditary acquirements must be primarily traced. The canine brain not only takes the mould of the sensual impacts which are pressed upon it, but also tends to reproduce the exact impressions which it has itself received in succeeding offspring. The specific

* Edinburgh Review, January, 1879, No. cccv., p. 78.

characters of the different races and breeds, which are the subject of artificial and careful training by man, are dependent upon this permanent moulding of the vesicular substance of the brain. It is most probable that some of the characteristics of the dog which are liable to be interpreted in a different way might be more reasonably referred to this influence. Thus the instance which Dr. Lindsay draws upon to give point to his admission that it is in the bounds of possibility a dog may be as stupid as a man, might fairly be looked at in this way. He tells of a case in which, a man having dropped a small parcel on the road, his dog remained behind and watched it for hours, and probably would have done so for days if the man had not returned to pick it up, although it could so easily have taken the parcel between its teeth and followed its master, to the saving of time, trouble, and anxiety on both sides. Dr. Lindsay's reflection upon this incident is to the effect that there was here an absence of the sagacity which so generally belongs to the dog, and that this individual animal was weak in its reflective powers, and therefore not competent to deal with the emergency in which it found itself placed. But upon the face of the matter it seems very doubtful indeed whether this grave reproach is deserved. The probability is that the dog was strong in an acquired faculty rather than weak in reflection, and that it was practising upon the bundle a lesson which it or some of its ancestors had been taught in the case of birds, which are objects to be watched and not touched until the proper fiat is issued. Plato amusingly remarks that the dogs of Athens had a look of impertinence about them which was not observed in those of Sparta. This, of course, must have been due to the influence of the Athenian habit of life upon the canine brain. The dog which watched its master's clothes for him whilst he was bathing, and which would not allow him to resume his garments when he returned to dress, because he came for them naked, must be admitted to have shown deficiency in the power of apprehending all the conditions that are involved in the civilised habit of wearing clothes. But this dog, too, might have possibly had some confusion in its mind between the bundle of cast-off clothes lying on the sand and the partridge lurking in the stubble.

Mr. Douglas Spalding, who has contributed some articles on instinct to 'Macmillan's Magazine' and to 'Nature,' looks upon hereditary transmission as serving, in some measure, the purpose of a permanent record of observation, reflection, and experience. He holds that the brain and nervous system in the lower animals constitute an organised register of ancestral

knowledge, and that each individual does in that way receive some benefit from the wisdom of its ancestry. The well-known inheritance by dogs of dislike to butchers is perhaps one of the most familiar and most thoroughly established instances of this perpetuation of a cerebral impression. It was singularly well marked in Dr. Huggins's dog, Kepler, and was commented upon as a good illustration of inherited antipathy by Mr. Darwin in a communication to 'Nature.' It was first manifested by Kepler when he was much too young to have been himself the victim of any punishment at a butcher's hands, which is probably the primary source of this peculiarity in most cases. Dr. Huggins discovered the trait on taking the dog out whilst still a puppy. Kepler exhibited extraordinary signs of distress and terror whenever he approached a butcher's shop, and upon one occasion threw himself down on the ground and refused absolutely to pass the place. Dr. Huggins wrote to the person from whom he had purchased the dog to ask whether he could throw any light upon the matter, and then learned that it was a characteristic which was equally pronounced in Kepler's father and grandfather, and which was so strong in one of his brothers that the dog never failed to fly at any butcher who chanced to cross its path, even if at the time in plain clothes. The mere influence of smell cannot be accepted as a sufficient reason for this antipathy, since no one could suspect a dog of even Kepler's refinement of having a repugnance to raw meat.

The dog is marked out from all the rest of the lower animals by the extraordinary diversity of character which it presents. This again is a quite natural result of the domestic life which it leads in the companionship of man. That domestication does exert a very considerable power upon canine character is proved by the notable circumstance that the mongrel and the cur, the mere hangers-on of the household, possess greater versatility and variety of character than the nobler dogs of special training. As Dr. Lindsay says, the indifferent cur is accustomed to put its paw into everything, and on that account surpasses noble breeds in performing miscellaneous services. A good sheep-dog, on the other hand, attends to nothing else but the particular branch of business to which it has been bred. Its whole capacity is exerted and exhausted on that, and, whilst it performs that to admiration, is of little avail in the promiscuous matters in which a mongrel readily makes its mark. Sheep-dogs are all pretty much alike, but every petted house-dog has a distinct individuality of its own. A large black dog, who was for many years a valued

acquaintance and friend of our own, and who answered to the name of Carbo—which was, however, conferred upon her primarily not on account of her coal-blackness, but for another reason—devoted her life to loving attendance upon children, although there were none in the household to which she belonged. Her mornings were invariably spent for many years in accompanying the nursemaids of the neighbourhood in their periodical walks, carrying the children's baskets and hoops, and making herself generally useful and agreeable to the party until she had seen them safe home at midday. She then took an hour for her own concerns, and presented herself at her own home at the servants' dinner. But this business having been transacted, she started off again, and at three o'clock was demurely waiting at the door of another neighbour's house, where the children took their airing in the afternoon. With these the same proceedings were repeated, in this case one of her juvenile friends not unfrequently riding upon her back. Carbo had a big son as black as herself, who was named Bounce on account of the rushing impetuosity of his movements and the general loudness of his demeanour. Bounce, in the midst of his strong self-assertion, had inherited his mother's kindness of nature, but, oddly enough, was contemptuous about children, and would have nothing to do with his mother's daily promenades. Instead of wasting his regards upon extraneous society, he loyally kept them all for the proper members of his master's house—the servants, and the pets that shared his board and bed. A parrot, of whom more will presently be said, used habitually to feed with Bounce out of the same bowl, and, whenever perchance there was a choice bone in the mess, it always fell to Polly's share, and she was allowed to carry it off without a word of either remonstrance or resentment. As in too many instances, as Dr. Lindsay would say, of 'human depravity,' these dogs, notwithstanding their high gifts, did not fulfil in the end the promise of their early days. Carbo was led away by her craving for cheerful society and the fascinations of her juvenile friends, and at last came to spending all her time at a newly opened skating rink, listening to the band, and holding light conversation with other frivolous frequenters of the place. Bounce, in his turn, took to rambling to longer distances, and was often absent for days without giving any proper account of his wanderings, and certainly does not appear to have shared the hereditary weakness of Kepler, for the last time anything certain was heard of him he seemed to have con-

tracted some questionable relations with a butcher. If it were possible to get to the bottom of his eccentric behaviour, it is most probable that he would prove a pertinent illustration of what Dr. Lindsay classes as moral insanity dependent upon perversion of the natural affections. Dr. Lindsay states that one of the most common forms in which this perversion manifests itself is capriciousness and inconstancy of attachments, companionships, or friendships, 'whether between different individuals of a species, or between members of different species and genera.' This surely must be the nature of Bounce's case. He is unfortunately suffering from an attack of moral insanity which has made him insensible to the just claims of a too indulgent master.

Dr. Lindsay's book, as a matter of course, overflows with notable instances of canine sagacity, of which many are curious and worthy of note, if only upon a suggestive ground. There is a case quoted from the 'Animal World,' of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in which a dog, who had surreptitiously eaten some shrimps intended by the cook for the sauce of his master's dinner, never afterwards could face the awkward question of 'Who stole the shrimps?' but immediately slunk away with ears and tail down, a picture of shame and remorse. There need not be any difficulty in regard to the lodge-keeper's poodle which used to ring the bell for its master to open the gates whenever it saw a carriage approaching along the drive. But it is not quite so easy to understand the proceeding of the miller's dog that saved a companion from drowning by running along the bank of a river 'until it got well below the drowning dog, and then sprang in and swam across, and so exactly calculated the rapidity of the river and his own speed that he intercepted it and brought it to land.' In such circumstances as those which are here described, it is quite clear that the miller's dog should have done nothing of the kind, because once he was in the stream he and the drowning dog must have been equally affected by the current. He must have had to swim up the current, as well as across, before he could reach the struggling animal which was the object of his solicitude. A good water-dog in all probability would not have made the mistake with which the miller's dog is here credited. The poor dogs, which are kept at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, to exhibit the suffocating powers of the carbonic acid that exhales into the place, are certainly justified in the protest they make by slouching tail and hanging ears when their turn comes to submit to the cruel ordeal.

Two complete chapters in Dr. Lindsay's book are devoted to the consideration of the knowledge of numbers which the lower animals manifest. One of the best instances he adduces to establish for them a claim to the power of enumerating is taken from the pages of 'Land and Water,' and relates to a sheep-dog which had learned to bring up the sheep to the washing-trough in detachments of ten, and which always spontaneously started off for a fresh supply whenever the number remaining in the pen had been reduced to three. The faculty of counting in this case would appear to have been pretty much upon a par with that of the savage races of men who cannot get beyond the number of their ten fingers. So far as some human savages are concerned, there is clear evidence in their language that the fingers have been their first tallies in counting. The Zulu Kafir of South-Eastern Africa still holds up the fingers of his hands, one after the other, as he counts, and gives an articulate name to each sign. 'Nye,' 'bili,' 'tatu,' 'ne,' and 'thlanu' are the names which he attaches to the five digits of the first hand, beginning with the little finger, and ending with the thumb. He then passes on to the second hand, and begins with the thumb, and, as he holds it up says, for six, 'tat' isú tupa,' that is, 'Take the thumb.' Seven is 'kombile,' or 'point;' that is, with the forefinger. Eight is either 'ukulu,' that is the 'great' middle finger, or 'thliya 'nga-lo-bili,' 'Leave two fingers of the second hand;' and nine is 'thliya-nga-lolunye,' or 'Leave one.' Unfortunately Kepler used the same word, or bark, for each number that he had to indicate, repeating it as a unit-symbol as often as the case required. He has not, therefore, left the same opportunity for ascertaining whether he connected his units with the number of his toes. If the dog does adopt this plan in common with the savage, it accounts for the facility with which the sheep-dog brought the sheep up to the shearing in tens. Dr. Bücher, of Darmstadt, says that the magpie can only count up to four, and that, if four men hide themselves before a magpie's eyes, it will remain on its guard until all four are gone away; but that if five men hide themselves, and four go away, it concludes the entire party is gone. Shall we be told this is because the magpie has only four toes to its feet?

Dr. Lindsay accepts the Baconian remark, that man is in many instances as a god to the dog, as being absolutely and literally true, and connects with it the inference that the religious feeling is frequently entertained by dogs 'in a much higher degree, and in a much more real sense, than by countless thousands, and indeed whole races, of men;' and

he argues that man's deification by the dog is very nearly akin to the idolatry which woman exercises towards man. He is, however, quite aware that there are two sides to the instance drawn from man, for he says that John Stuart Mill must have been an idolater, since the memory of his deceased wife was to him as a religion. Dr. Lindsay seems seriously to believe that the dog prays to man, and that very often the appeal is connected with a living sense of the vainness of its own efforts, and of its need of the help of a being higher than itself. The dog has, however, its grovelling superstition also; for a dog on the Metropolitan Railway stood in such awe of drivers and stokers of locomotives that it prostrated itself before them, and then fawned upon them, and performed fetich by dancing round them, whenever it encountered them. Dr. Lindsay draws upon numerous cases in which dogs have become regular attendants at religious services on Sundays in support of his claim in their behalf for a religious sense. He alludes to various instances of astute dogs which have concealed themselves, or taken themselves out of the way, on Saturday, in order to avoid being kept from church on the Sunday; and he refers with manifest approval to Southey's story of the Methodist's dog which went to chapel in order to induce its irreligious master to follow it, and ceased to do so when its master was accidentally drowned. He says of such dogs that it is obvious, 'in many cases at least, they value church attendance as 'a privilege, for which they are prepared to make, and do 'make, great sacrifices.' Rooks and crows do not appear to have the religious sense as strongly developed as dogs, for the raven in Shetland is more mischievous on Sundays than on any other days of the week. It is somewhat remarkable that Dr. Lindsay seems inclined to admit that this, in the case of ravens, may be because the human inhabitants of the place are very regular in their attendance upon the religious services of the day, and so leave the birds more free to act upon their evil propensities.

Dr. Lindsay entirely dissents from Mr. Mill's doctrine, which is also shared in the main by Max Müller, that the understanding of language is a distinctive quality of man. He admits that there is no evidence 'of a printed or written 'language amongst the lower animals,' but he then characteristically adds, 'neither is there amongst many of the races 'of mankind, whereas some of the lower animals do draw lines 'or figures, and make artificial marks, with their feet.' He also insists that there is no real distinction between emotional and written language, that the one passes quite insensibly

into the other, and that both are possessed in different degrees by other animals as well as man.

As soon, however, as the question of articulate speech amongst the lower animals is entered upon, that accomplished talker, the parrot, as a matter of course, comes to the front; and, in regard to its conversational powers, Dr. Lindsay holds that it is simply an error to regard this bird as learning to articulate or utter and to repeat words only by rote without attaching ideas to them, 'as school children often do,' and that it is a libel on the intelligence of the parrot to reproach children with repeating their lessons 'like a parrot.' Parrots not only 'attach man's ideas to man's words,' but learn their meaning, and apply them properly, even in combinations, or, in another phrase, '*they speak sense and talk to the purpose.*'

The chief proof upon which he relies for the establishment of this position is the performance of a parrot, belonging to a photographer, named Truefitt, residing in Princes Street, Edinburgh, which was alluded to in 'Chambers' Edinburgh Journal' for 1874. Dr. Lindsay visited this bird in the following year to satisfy himself as to its attainments. The statement regarding them was to the effect that when the Castle gun fires the bird rouses himself briskly from his doze, and calls out, 'One o'clock, one o'clock; Polly wants his dinner, Jeanie; lay the cloth,' and continues these demands until they are complied with and the dinner is served. He originates, interrupts, and takes part in general conversation, volunteers quiet, grave, and often intensely satirical observations, occasionally throwing in a little French and slang by way of colouring. He calls his master, but orders the servant, makes enquiries, utters exclamations, cajoles, scolds, and hurrahs, and then generally ends his display by congratulating himself on the brilliancy of his performance. There is, however, nothing in all this which is up to the mark of another parrot named in a recently printed page of Cassell's 'Natural History.' This bird was a competitor for a prize for linguistic attainments in a parrot show in the North of England, and after several other birds had exhibited their powers, and the cover was at length taken off his cage, he first took a rapid glance round at the company into which he had been so suddenly introduced, and then exclaimed, 'By Jove! what a lot 'of parrots!' of course carrying off the prize by the acclamation of the judges.

Very many other human observers like Dr. Lindsay would, no doubt, have left this exhibition impressed with the marvellous ability of the parrot to make apt and shrewd com-

ment upon the circumstances in which he was placed, without being struck by the nevertheless obvious fact that the aptness belonged to the master rather than the bird, and that the parrot was only rehearsing a part for which he had been carefully prepared with a view to the prize he was to win. That such, however, was the case, is sufficiently indicated by the words which he employed. The 'By Jove!' and the 'lot of parrots' are the language of a bird-fancier rather than of a bird. We ourselves have enjoyed the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with a parrot for many years. This bird, which is a grey parrot of the well-known talking type, came from the Island of Ascension, captivated by kind looks and gentle words, fourteen years ago, and is still a resident in a suburban district of the great metropolis. Polly is notorious in her domesticated life for her shrewd remarks, and a better illustration could hardly be found from which to argue that a parrot speaks sense and 'talks to the purpose.' Whenever she sees the can of water brought for her bath, she calls out, 'Polly must be washed.' When the cups and saucers are set out in the morning, she tells the maids that 'Polly wants her breakfast,' and, if not promptly attended to, tries a coaxing vein, and varies her appeal into 'Give poor Polly her breakfast.' She calls her mistress and master, the servants, and the dogs by their proper names, rarely making a mistake, and upon one occasion, when her mistress returned home after an unusual absence of a couple of months, surveyed her curiously and in silence for a few minutes, and then at last begged for a kiss, but touchingly substituted her mistress's name for her own in the request, seeming to imply that it was the mistress, who had been so long away, that was most in need of consolation and caress. She imitates her mistress's voice so exactly that the servants are frequently deceived and answer to her call. She sings and dances to her own accompaniment, and hurrahs heartily when her master comes home. She has strong likes and dislikes in regard to her habitual visitors, and shouts unceasingly at anyone whom she disapproves, 'Get out, you wretch!' The writer happily belongs to the former class, and whenever he appears it is Polly's delight to scuttle across the floor and climb to his shoulder, and then to begin a long course of osculatory endearment, turning her head up sideways now and then to see that she is not lavishing her kisses upon an insensible recipient. But Polly is not conversational with this well-known and long-tried friend. She reserves her words for other purposes, and concentrates her whole soul with him into

personal caress, and it is on this account that Polly is called upon to bear witness in this place. Polly's friend during these long years of close intimacy has earnestly cherished the hope that by steady and patient perseverance, and by unswerving faithfulness and sympathy, he might at last insinuate himself into Polly's mind as well as into her affections, and be rewarded for his devotion by some little appreciative word. But in this he has been signally disappointed. Polly at the present day is as unresponsively and as unintellectually dark and cold as she was on the first memorable occasion, years ago, when she began to give not uncertain tokens of her preference and love. She resolutely refuses to converse, and the conclusion which her friend has been sorrowfully and regretfully compelled to accept as the result of close observation and study in this case certainly is very different from the one at which Dr. Lindsay has arrived. There is an exceedingly strong presumption against the rationality of the parrot's talk in the notable circumstance that it most delights to exercise its faculty of speech when it is alone. It is nearly always most disinclined to exhibit its gift when it is most desired that it should do so, but when it is left to itself will go on repeating the same set string of sounds for hours at a time, and over and over again. If it did possess its reputed conversational powers, it could scarcely be so hard to move to a response by a friendly appeal, and it would certainly not be so incapable of a retort under provocation. The talking of the parrot depends almost entirely upon the imitative faculty of the bird, and the exercise of a quite simple power of association under the influence of repetition and habit, which is mainly remarkable for the circumstance that one link in the chain is the production of vocal utterances. The parrot readily connects certain visual objects with specific vocal sounds, and reproduces the sounds whenever the visual suggestions for them appear. The astonishingly appropriate remarks are all easily explained in this way. When a parrot observes that the presence of different members of a household is connected with particular names, the association of the visual impression with the sound soon becomes so fixed as a mere piece of repetition and habit that the bird follows the example which is set before it, and calls out the right name when it sees the person. But there is no very high intellectual effort in that. It is a mere effect of habit and memory. It is not an instance of rational conversation in the sense that thought meets thought, and that word answers to word. The grey parrot which won the prize at the talking competition cer-

tainly did not know anything about Jove, or that his feathered companions constituted a lot. What he did know was that when the cover was taken off from his cage this was the sign that he was to repeat certain vocal sounds in a definite order, which he had been taught with some expenditure of trouble and time. The parrot very readily retains in its memory a limited number of a connected order of words, but it does not as easily learn long sentences. The longest phrases in the repertory of the grey parrot which has been alluded to were, 'What ship brought Polly home? The "Briton,"' and 'Are you cold? You look cold.' The parrot which belonged to the Roman Catholic cardinal, and could repeat to him the whole of the Apostles' Creed, in all probability was worth the hundred gold pieces it is said to have cost, for its rarity, if for nothing else. There was, however, a jackdaw in the Crystal Palace in 1875, whose vocabulary comprised as many as 141 separate words. In considering the educational advantages which the parrot enjoys, it should not be overlooked that it has a long life for the exercise of its memory and the practice of its lessons. There appears to be no reasonable ground to doubt that the grey parrot sometimes attains the age of a hundred years. The French naturalist and traveller, Le Vaillant, was acquainted with one which had certainly spent ninety-three years in domestic life.

The chief reason for the parrot's power of imitating the sounds of human speech is in reality a structural one. In common with other birds that utter vocal sounds, it has a supplementary voice-box, or larynx, at the bottom of its wind-pipe, where this air-tube branches for distribution to the right and left lung. There are true vocal cords at this place, and it is by the vibration of these cords that the vocal sounds are primarily produced. But, in addition to this vibrating organ, the parrot has also a thick, fleshy tongue, and a large rounded beak of such mobile capacity that it actually serves as a third prehensile organ, or hand. The sound which is originated at the bottom of the trachea, or wind-pipe, by the vibration of the stretched membranes, is moulded into syllables and words, as it issues from the mouth, by the rapid and adroit movements of the tongue and beak, and tonal quality is conferred by the entire air-cavity that extends from the voice-cords to the horny outlet of the mouth. The strange feature in this arrangement is that the bird, which is endowed with so elaborately perfect an organ of vocal expression, and with so large a capacity of turning this to account, should nevertheless utter, in its wild state, only harsh and unmusical

screams. It is not easy to conceive the use to which this exquisitely fashioned and highly finished instrument can be put in the forest-wilderness in which the bird lives when not brought within the sphere of human influence.

Before proceeding to pronounce any final opinion upon the broad issue which has been raised by Dr. Lindsay in his argument for the high mental endowment of the lower animals, it is absolutely indispensable that attention be drawn to the fact that there is one clue through the tangled maze which he has opened to his readers that he does not appear to have availed himself of. This is found in the brain organisation of the various grades of animated life that are the objects of scientific study.

The simplest form in which mental activity manifests itself in animals is the one which has been appropriately termed *sensational consciousness*—that is, the feeling of an impression stamped by some physical agency upon an organ of sense. But *sensational consciousness* has its seat in a distinct part of the organisation which is built up for the very purpose of conferring this faculty. The experienced anatomist, who deals with the most subtle of the complexities of the material basis of animal life, can put his finger upon the very track of the nerve-pulp which accomplishes this office, and by the influences which he brings to bear upon that track he can suspend or destroy, at will, the consciousness of the animal.

In insects the several parts of the living structure are kept so distinct, and so clear from the entanglements which occur in yet more highly organised creatures, that they constitute the best starting-point in the attempt to accomplish a firm grasp of this great physiological truth. In them the general plan of the design remains sketched in a bold outline which is very easy to trace. The familiar name of the class is, indeed, derived from this very peculiarity. The word 'insect' implies that the body is cut into distinct sections, or segments, of which each one has a kind of separate vitality of its own. There is a distinct agglomeration of nerve-pulp in each segment which is the seat of the nerve-action of that part. The nervous apparatus, as a whole, consists of a series of such ganglia, grouped in pairs in each segment, and connected together by nerve-threads running through the entire length of the series from end to end, and thus establishing a connexion from the first pair to the last.

But the terminal pair of these nerve-agglomerations is placed in the foremost segment, which answers the purpose of the insect's head, and is of a higher vital importance than the

rest. Nerve-threads connect it with the eyes and the antennæ, which are organs of special sense for effecting a communication with the external world. These head-ganglia, in fact, are the first rudimentary effort at the construction of a brain. They receive in themselves impulses derived from impressions made upon the eyes and antennæ, and then clothe those impulses with feeling. In other words, those head-ganglia of the insect are its apparatus of sensational consciousness. The manifold impressions which are made upon the other nerve-agglomerations in the long chain are unattended with consciousness, unless they are passed on to the head-ganglia. They may produce energetic movements in the limbs of the insect, but entirely of an un sentient or unconscious character. If the body of a living centipede be cut transversely into several fragments, each one of those fragments continues to run about for some time upon the limbs that remain attached to them. But all the movements which are concerned in this working of the limbs are directed and controlled by the nerve-agglomerations that are contained in the particular fragment. Each division has, so to speak, a cluster of nerve-centres of its own. But those fragments, although they still retain nervous and muscular vitality, have no consciousness of the actions which they perform. There is no feeling in the case, any more than there would be feeling in the yet warm body of a decapitated man. Each fragment, although furnished with still living centres of nerve-action, has no organ of sensational consciousness among them, and is therefore devoid of conscious life.

In the case of an insect which has not been cut up into fragments, the head-ganglia have been added at the extreme end of the chain of nerve-agglomerations, in order that there may be the faculty of sensational consciousness in the creature, and in order that some of the movements of its body may be directed in accordance with the impressions which it receives through its organs of sense. This result is brought about by the instrumentality of the long nerve-threads that run from ganglia to ganglia through the entire series of segments. In the circumstance of ordinary and not experimentally amputated life some of the movements of the body are set going and maintained by nerve-impressions which do not reach beyond the ganglion-centres close at hand. These are what are termed automatic or spontaneous movements. The animated frame is an automaton, or self-moving piece of apparatus, so far as these are concerned. But other movements are originated and ruled by the special sense-ganglia of the head. The im-

pressions communicated from without are then conveyed to that tract of nerve-structure, and are there converted into conscious sensation, and the conscious sensation determines the actions which are to ensue. The movements which result from the consciousness-clothed impulses are of a more systematised and more methodical kind than the automatic ones, because, as the sense-ganglia are connected with all the other centres of nerve-action, the movements of the distant parts can by their influence be co-ordinated and combined together for a definite effect.

These two quite distinct forms of nerve-action, the automatic and the sense-dictated and conscious, have been happily characterised by likening the one to a message telegraphically transmitted through a direct route, and the other as a communication made in a roundabout way through a loop line. Wherever the loop line is employed in the animal organisation, the communication is effected through the sense-ganglia, or organs of sensational consciousness, and becomes clothed in it with the attribute of conscious feeling. The lesson which is thus taught in the nerve-structure of insects is singularly enforced by the notable circumstance that, in the immature larva or caterpillar stage of insect existence, in which the vital activity of the structure is almost exclusively restricted to the mere work of feeding and growing, the sense-ganglia placed in the head are still comparatively insignificant and small; whereas, when the caterpillar has put on its wings and entered upon its mature and perfected phase of existence, in which various other energetic operations are added to the business of feeding and growing, the sense-ganglia placed in the head acquire very much larger and more important dimensions.

The nerve-masses, which are placed in most animals in the head, and which are the seat of sensational consciousness, are termed the sensorial ganglia, which, translated into the language of technical physiology, becomes the sensorium. The sensorium in all animals is that part of the brain in which the sense-ganglia are gathered together into a compacted or continuous mass. The sensorium, therefore, it will be understood, is the central organ of nerve-structure, which is destined for the accomplishment of this primary yet all-important function of mental life.

In animated creatures which are of a higher type of organisation than the insect, the two distinct elements of the nerve-structure which have been alluded to, the automatic and the conscious, are always present, and always to be traced. The

automatic ganglia are still grouped in a lengthened-out and continuous chain, which in the vertebrated animals is lodged, for the purpose of safe keeping, in the internal cavity of the backbone, and in that retreat is designated the spinal cord, whilst the sensorium, or sense-ganglia, are packed into the hollowed-out space of the interior of the skull. But in even the most lowly forms of the backboned creatures there is a new element of nerve-structure added to the sensory tract of the brain, which is not found in the insect. In the skull of the fish, for instance, a new pair of nerve-ganglia appear, hung, as it were, upon the sensory agglomerations, of smaller size, but independent and distinct. These are the first rudiments of a part of the brain which performs functions of a yet higher and more complex class than mere conscious perception of the impressions of sense. They are the rudiments of the structure which is appropriated to the higher operations that in their full development and perfection are recognised as mind. With the gradual progress upwards in the scale of animated existence, these superadded ganglia of the brain become more prominent and more ample in their dimensions. In reptiles, such as the turtle, they exceed the sense-ganglia in size. In birds they almost cover up those ganglia beneath their mass. In quadrupeds they predominate largely over the rest of the brain, and in man they swell out into the grand hemispherical masses which require the overarching dome of the majestic skull for their accommodation and lodgment, and which in the most intellectual men give a ponderous mass to the brain, exceeding four pounds and a half in weight.

It is a somewhat curious circumstance that this superadded mass of the brain, which is concerned in the higher intellectual and mental operations of life, has not been as happily and aptly distinguished by a name as the sensory ganglia have. It is familiarly spoken of as the hemispheres and the hemispherical ganglia of the brain. By the German physiologists it is termed the prosencephalon, or fore-brain.* But there is nothing, it will be observed, in any of these names which indicates the function this portion of the brain performs, as immediately and forcibly as the word sensorium does for the tract it designates.

The hemispherical ganglia of the brain are distinguished by

* The German physiologists divide the brain-mass into the fore-brain, mid-brain, and hind-brain (technically prosencephalon, mesencephalon, and metencephalon), and they have also two yet other supplementary divisions which are distinguished as the twist-brain and after-brain (thalamencephalon and myelencephalon).

another peculiarity besides their vast relative size in all the more highly endowed animals, and especially in man. They are arranged in the form of irregular folds, which appear on the outer surface as sinuous convolutions. The nerve-pulp of which they are composed is a broad layer of considerable extent, but this is gathered and puckered up in order to enable it to be packed away in the cavity of the skull, somewhat as a handkerchief is when it is crushed up in the hand. These convoluted folds of the brain increase in their number and complexity, in every case, with the intelligence and mental capacity of the animal. They are not present in the brains of fish, reptiles, and the greater number of birds. In the parrot, a single slight furrow appears as a first indication of a folding of the substance. In bats, rabbits, hares, hedgehogs, and moles, the convolutions are not more marked than they are in the parrot. In the carnivorous and ruminating quadrupeds they are very abundantly developed, with the folds running only in a longitudinal direction. In the elephant and the apes, and in man, they are still more abundant, and are directed transversely across the breadth of the brain, as well as along, and in some places the furrows between them are so deep as to separate each hemispherical mass into subordinate protuberances, or lobes. In the apes and in man there are three of these at each side of the brain.

The convoluted arrangement of the hemispherical ganglia of the brain, in these highly endowed animals, is connected with another very remarkable peculiarity of structure, which goes far to explain the object for which it is designed. The brain is nourished by blood which is supplied from a vast vascular network, or coat of vessels, thrown over the outside of the mass, and this vascular net dips in between the contiguous surfaces wherever there are folds. Under this plan, the supply of blood is very much more abundant and free than it could possibly be if such extension of the vascular net into the interior of the brain-substance had not been carried out. The more convoluted the brain, the more copious is its nourishment by blood; and the more copious its nourishment, of course the higher is its activity, and the more energetic are its operations.

The brain-substance, which is folded into these convolutions in the higher animals, consists of an almost inconceivable number of very minute spherules of nerve-pulp connected together by a most intricate maze of nerve-threads, which traverse the substance in all directions, and which obviously serve the purpose of establishing a vital connexion between

the different groups of spherules.* The subtle operations, which are secondarily performed upon the primary impressions of sense, are accomplished by the instrumentality of this most complicated apparatus. The conscious impressions originated in the sense-ganglia are transmitted on to these penetralia of nervous life, and are there so dealt with as to be converted into ideas and memories, and to be made the material for the constructive operations of the mind. But the final and ultimate results of these mental operations, performed in connexion with the convoluted ganglia, appear to be returned to the proper organ of conscious sensation. The sensory ganglia are as much concerned with the conscious perception of ideas as they are with the simple impressions of sense, and the conscious life of the higher animals is made up of a combination of both sense-impressions from without, and of brain operations from within.

The psychological truth, which this comparative examination of the brain-structure of the different classes of animals teaches, is that there is some faculty, over and beyond that of mere sensational consciousness, wherever there are the hemispherical ganglia in the brain, superadded to the sensory masses, which are placed in the head directly behind the eyes, and which, in the vertebrated animals, are planted above the nose and between the ears, the three most specialised organs of sense; and that this superadded power is narrow or wide in proportion as the hemispherical ganglia are small and compact, or large and expanded into voluminous convoluted folds. Wherever there are convoluted hemispheres to the brain, there are certainly memory, the formation of ideas out of the impressions of sense, the association of sensations and ideas into connected trains, consciousness of ideas, capacity for the exercise of volitional impulse and intentional movement, the perception of the conditions of an external world, and the power of acting in relation to that external world according to the knowledge of it that has been imbibed. If such operations of the brain-hemispheres be accepted as indicating the existence of mind, then there is mind, to that extent, in the lower animals.

But the lesson has a deeper application than this. The hemispherical ganglia of the brain are enormously more complicated and relatively more vast in man than they are in any animals of lower grade. It is certain, therefore, that there is some brain capacity conferred by his organisation upon man

* See *Edinburgh Review*, No. cccv., p. 60.

which the lower animals do not possess. To determine what this superadded capacity is, that is peculiar to man and that is not shared with him by the lower animals, is the great problem which has to be dealt with by comparative psychology.

Dr. Carpenter, who has very exhaustively and carefully examined this question from the physiologist's point of view, and who stands prominent amongst the authorities who accept the existence of reasoning processes and emotional states, analogous to those which are exercised and experienced by man, in such sagacious animals as the horse, the elephant, and the dog, concludes that the distinction between the mental capacity of the lower animals and man consists in the circumstance that those animals are destitute of the power of reflecting upon their own mental states, and that they are therefore incapable of performing any mental process in which there is abstraction, or generalisation of ideas. The operations of mind, even in man, are in part spontaneous and automatic, and in part determined and directed by an effort of will. The superiority of man in mental capacity is due to the preponderance of the volitional faculties of the mind over its mere automatic activities, and to the discipline and growth which this favours and secures. In the lower animals, it is the spontaneous and automatic activities of the mind which are supreme. Here and there, as in the case of the elephant and the dog, there appear to be actions performed which indicate that these animals share to some limited extent in the higher mental powers that are preponderant in man. But, in most of these instances, a more rigid investigation of the facts makes it obvious that the results which have been observed are associated acts that can be primarily traced to the brains of men, rather than to any independent activity in the animals themselves. Wherever domesticated animals, which have been trained and educated by man, are concerned, a very large amount of caution is required to guard against the influence of this most fertile source of fallacy, as is abundantly proved by the eager and ready credence that is given in all directions to the current tales of the intellectual performance and rational conversation of birds as low in the scale of brain-organisation as parrots.

There is one peculiarity in the structural arrangements of the human brain which strongly favours this view of the question. As the hemispherical ganglia of the brain become more largely developed in the ascending scale of the animal organisation, white nerve-threads appear, connecting the several parts with each other, and assuming at last the form of fibrous

cords passing in various directions. These white cords are then termed the commissures of the brain. In the human brain such commissures are of exceedingly large dimensions. This is exactly what should be, if the distinctive character of the human mind, which is ministered to by the brain, is the faculty of constructing complicated and abstract ideas out of simpler perceptions and states. It is recognised by all physiologists that these commissural bands, so largely developed in the brain of man, are the material means by which the simpler conceptions of the mind are associated, sorted, and classed, and by which the more complicated perceptions are arrived at. The metaphysicians, who deduce all their conclusions from the observed operations of the mind, for the most part hold that the lower animals possess a kind of understanding built up directly from the impressions of sense, but that they have no capacity for abstracting ideas, and no originating or creative power; and that man has a higher and superadded attribute of mind, which can both abstract ideas and originate mental processes, and that these higher capabilities constitute the reason which is given to man and denied to the rest of the animal creation. But this reason of the metaphysician is just those higher capacities of abstraction, comparison, and judgment, which are physiologically provided for by the more ample convolutions and more abundant commissural connexions of the human brain; and the metaphysician therefore appears to have arrived at pretty much the same result as the physiologist, although he has travelled along an entirely different path. In all probability the lower animals can and do deal with their sensory impressions and with their sensational consciousness by that higher faculty which is termed the understanding by Kant, and which serves the purpose of so linking together these primary impressions of conscious sense as to convert them into intelligible thought, but are altogether destitute of the yet higher power, so energetic and supreme in man, which then deals with these products of the understanding, and, as a free and independent activity, *reasons* upon them, moulding them to a purpose, and voluntarily directing the associated currents in which they flow. It is of this higher and exclusively human power that Victor Cousin speaks, in his lectures on the philosophy of Kant, as 'the free and voluntary activity which assumes the government of the faculties, and which constitutes at once the personality and the consciousness.*' The mental opera-

* Kant held that human knowledge is derived from two quite distinct sources, intuitions immediately derived from the sensations, and

tions of the lower animals, in the absence of this directing activity, approach more to the character of waking dreams than of reasoning thought. They run along in their sense-suggested and unvarying trains without any higher control than that which is effected by the interpolation of fresh sensorial impressions; and they are only guided by man when he supplies these interpolated interruptions. They are more vivid and more coherent than human dreams only because, in consequence of their being *waking* dreams, they have mingled in with them so large a proportion of fresh sensual impressions. Concurrent sensations, intermixed with the memories and automatically driven notions, give a vividness and vigour to the images which the idea-woven dreams of sleeping men do not possess. But they are still essentially dreams, suggested by sense-impressions instead of by memories. This, no doubt, is a mode of considering the mental faculties of the lower animals which Dr. Lindsay would not accept. It nevertheless has, to say the least, quite as strong a claim to the acceptance of unbiassed enquirers as the alternative notion, so strongly advocated by him, that large bodies of men never attain to the mental and moral development of dogs.

Dr. Lindsay, in one passage of his book, urges that we know nothing yet of the final potentialities in mental capacity of the lower animals, and that we can hardly be said to do so until the same patient efforts that are lavished upon the negroes have been made by missionaries for the improvement of their anthropoid poor relations, and that, when this has been done, such results may be attained as will suffice to put an end once and for all to current sneers as to the psychological connexion between men and monkeys. If, however, this grand result of missionary enterprise were to be achieved, and to bring out the anticipated consequence, the disciples of Mr. Darwin would assuredly step in and say that the monkeys had been developed into men by the evolution, and therefore superaddition, of the rational faculties.

Notwithstanding the exaggerated strain which Dr. Lindsay throws upon the main line of his argument for the equality

notions] which are formed by the understanding out of the intuitions derived from sense. The notions matured by the understanding are subsequently combined and organised into more complex and more abstract results by a third faculty defined as the reason. Victor Cousin adds to this third and highest faculty of the human mind an attribute of free and voluntary activity, which he thinks the conception of Kant did not include. It is almost certainly this power of free and voluntary activity of the mind which is deficient in the lower animals.

and fraternity of the lower animals with man, he gets back at last into the domain, which has been happily designated that of organised common sense, when he sums up the attributes in which man is superior to the animals, as he does in the following words :—

‘Civilised man possesses the following elements of superiority over other animals :

1. The power of speech.
2. The use of hands.
3. Knowledge of the arts of—

- (a) Writing.
- (b) Printing.
- (c) Metallurgy.
- (d) Glassmaking.
- (e) Cooking.

4. The production and applications of fire.

It is extremely difficult for man to realise the magnitude or importance of these advantages in the development of his moral and mental nature, and to make due allowance for the disadvantage under which other animals labour in the non-possession of these accomplishments.’

In this we most entirely and unconditionally agree. The task is so difficult, indeed, that Dr. Lindsay has utterly failed to accomplish it, or he would at once have perceived that the things which he thus enumerates are exactly the circumstances which warrant the induction that the lower animals are inferior to man; and instead of confining to five or six heads the arts in which man excels, he might have extended them to every act of civilised life.

Whilst glancing at what he terms ‘unsolved problems in the ‘psychology of the lower animals,’ Dr. Lindsay gives careful attention to the curious circumstance that many of the lower animals find their way with readiness and precision where man is hopelessly at fault, and he inclines to attribute this power to the presence of a sixth supplementary sense, which confers upon them an intuitive knowledge of the points of the compass, or something of the kind. In many instances this power of self-guidance manifestly depends on keen observation and retentive memory. It is so with the horse in travelling through strange country. Attention to landmarks, memory, and attachment to home often enable it to strike out a correct path through the wilderness, and especially in the dusk twilight hour, when its rider is entirely without any serviceable clue. The dog will do even more astonishing things. Dr. Lindsay reproduces the narrative of the Scotch collie which shipped himself home, entirely amongst strangers, from Calcutta

to Inverkeithing, in Fifeshire, on board a ship bound for Dundee. He first went to Dundee, and then changed his ship there for another just starting for Inverkeithing. It is here quite manifest that the dog must have been unconsciously rather than rationally led. There was some familiar sight, sound, or smell on board the Dundee ship which attracted his regard and induced him to establish himself on board, and in the same way when he reached Dundee he found something there which was redolent and suggestive of Fife. The case of the crossing of wide tracts of sea, and often for considerable distances during night, by migratory birds, is a more difficult one to understand; but it is probable that they are guided in their flight by some extension of the acuteness of their ordinary senses rather than by the operation of a distinct one not yet known to man. It is a well-settled fact that the sight, the hearing, and the smell are very much more acute in some animals than they are in man. The keenness of both sight and smell in the vulture, the sharpness of hearing in the horse and in rabbits and hares, and the acuteness of smell in sporting dogs are well known to everyone. There certainly are sonorous vibrations distinguished by insects which are quite imperceptible to man. It is very probable, therefore, that migratory birds are guided in their nocturnal passage over the sea by perceptions of an ordinary sensual class, operating upon organs of exceptionally delicate capacity and structure.

Amongst the numerous circumstances which Dr. Lindsay adduces in support of his notion of the mental equality of the lower animals with man, he places the influence of alcohol. He says that, although in some rare instances the lower animals have the force of will, or the good sense, to stop in time in their tipping, there is always the danger that the liking for strong drink may become a craving, and that the craving may grow into an insatiable and irresistible impulse, and at last amount to actual dipsomania and incurable disease. A cock alluded to by Dr. Magnan, of Paris, that had acquired a fondness for absinthe, used to drink of it until he fell, as if lifeless, and lay motionless upon the ground, and then after a short time would try to get up, but fail and fall back beating the air with his wings, and scraping up the soil. Nevertheless, as soon as he was able, he returned to his tipping, as Dr. Lindsay remarks, 'just as though he were as stupid as a man.' In the year 1864 the people of Dublin used to flock in crowds to the Zoological Gardens to see a Natal lion take its whisky-punch, which the noble beast did on the Sunday before its death, 'just as if it had been a Christian.' The parrot, notwith-

standing the astuteness of its ordinary conversation, becomes garrulous upon wine. Rats broach beer, wine, and spirit casks without any encouragement or teaching from man, and get dead drunk whenever they have the opportunity. A cat of weak brain became so inordinately fond of porter that in the end she forswore milk for the more seductive beverage. The horse becomes vicious and unmanageable when inebriated. It appears that, upon the whole, champagne is the favourite tippie among the lower animals. But the crowning instance of the equality of the lower animals with man in the intellectual privilege of drunkenness is that of a jelly-fish which rolled about in the water when it was tipsy, 'just like the staggering 'of a drunken man,' and then sank into a state of torpid insensibility from which nothing could arouse it. These instances, and very many others of a similar nature, appear inferentially to have been brought together to support the argument that the lower animals are mentally like man. It is nevertheless not possible to doubt that Dr. Lindsay, as a 'physician naturalist,' is quite aware that alcohol in reality exerts its peculiar physical influence upon all parts of the nervous structures, the lowest as well as the highest. When men become *insensible* from strong drink, it is clearly the seat of sensational consciousness, or the sensorium, which is paralysed by the narcotic agent; and this is that part of the brain-structure which is most certainly shared with man by at least all the lower vertebrata.

Dr. Lindsay conceives that the mental equality of the lower animals with man entitles them to share in many of the social advantages which in a state of advanced civilisation he provides for his own kind. He thinks that, if it is incumbent upon him to maintain aged people in their declining years, the same thing should assuredly be done for animals whose only fault is the decrepitude of age; that there should be well-appointed asylums for the old, and that testamentary dispositions in favour of animals should cease to be regarded as evidence of incapacity or insanity in the testator, as in the case of the Viennese lady, contested in a law court in 1874, in which the testator had left her whole fortune to twelve pet cats, their legitimate offspring, and the custodians of these feline legatees, existent and to come. There should be arrangements for boarding out animals during the holiday excursions of the human members of the family. There should be hospitals for special diseases, and above all things for the insane. There should be establishments of this class for the horse, the dog, the cat, and the ox—for song birds and for poultry. There should be sanatoria for convalescents, a sanitary organisation

and inspection in zoological gardens and menageries, maternity charities for the solace of four-footed mothers, and of course reformatories as well as prisons for culprits. The only scruple which appears to have limited the benevolent aspirations of Dr. Lindsay in this direction seems to have been the possible doubt whether it was right to maintain bugs, fleas, and lice in vermin wards, and to give them periodical supplies of male and female human mendicants as food. It may be presumed, under all the circumstances, that it is not really a slip of the pen, as it seems to be at the first glance, when he speaks of the foundation, endowment, and support of institutions of this class as being dictated by the spirit of '*philanthropy*.'

These utopian and fanciful schemes contain, however, some really practical suggestions, mingled with their fervid enthusiasm, which are worthy of kindly and respectful consideration at the hands of thoughtful and benevolent men. Water-troughs might assuredly be provided in towns for smaller domesticated animals, as well as for horses and oxen, and much might be taught in schools regarding the habits of the lower animals that would go far towards revolutionising the hard-handed and unsympathetic way in which they are too commonly treated by those who have them in charge. Dr. Lindsay recommends that there should be special lesson books for schools illustrating the habits and natural history of animals, and that formal instruction on the same subjects should be provided for the occupants of pulpits as well as for the attendants at schools, so that there may be more frequent allusions to such topics in sermons than are now met with. He suggests that prizes might be given in schools for intelligent observation of the habits of animals, and that pictorial representations of the best types of animal character should be exhibited at places of public resort, and particularly at railway stations. From this last allusion it would almost seem that he must have had in his mind the noble and touching dog portrait that makes its mute appeal against vivisection at most of the metropolitan railway stations, and that most probably has secured more converts than very many of the exaggerated and indiscriminate denunciations that have been uttered elsewhere. In one of the sections devoted to the treatment of the lower animals the following eloquent passage occurs:—

'It is perhaps too much to expect [any radical change in opinion and practice in the present generation regarding the treatment that animals have a right to expect at man's hands. Our hopes naturally centre in the rising generation, in the proper education of the young of both sexes, in the principle and practice of humanity to animals, in

the application of the grand old golden rule of Scripture to all living sentient creatures. What our children have to learn, what they should be carefully taught, is that other animals, or at least those with whom we have most to do, think and feel as we do; are affected by the same influences, moral or physical; succumb to the same diseases, mental or bodily; are elevated or degraded in the social scale according to our treatment; may become virtuous and useful, or vicious and dangerous, just as we are appreciative, sympathetic, kindly disposed towards them.'

This is so true that, although we do not yet share with M. Houzeau his sanguine anticipation that monkeys may some day be taught to speak, we do participate with Frederika Bremer in the rational belief that nobler races of animals may be yet produced by better and more kindly treatment on the part of man.

In the training of animals the great secret of success is that their education shall be commenced at a very early age, and that it shall be conducted with the utmost patience and gentleness. In reference to the itinerant exhibitions known as happy families Dr. Lindsay remarks:—

'It is astonishing what man can achieve in the training of animals by the practical application of such qualities as patience, perseverance, sympathy, kindness, mercy, if only the animals be taken in hand at a very early stage of their growth.'

It is equally certain that injudicious and cruel treatment exercises a very pernicious and degrading influence upon the character of animals, and that man is on this account responsible for much of the vicious behaviour that is met with amongst them.

'When a master is angry; when he is absurdly or cruelly severe in the form or degree of punishment administered; when punishment is inflicted on an innocent animal; when the punisher is a person whom the punished animal hates; when the animal is naturally irritable, or has been rendered unnaturally so by continuous ill usage; and, finally, when punishment is improperly administered to animals labouring under various kinds of disease, mental or bodily, it is but natural that viciousness in the man should beget viciousness in the animal; that the latter should acquire a dislike, perhaps permanent, both to its work and its master; that its character should be vitiated by the development of rancour, resentment, moroseness.'

The inherited character of animals, which has been first moulded by external circumstance, and then transmitted from parent to offspring, has of course something to do with the facility with which particular results in training can be secured. As Dr. Lindsay remarks, the first proceeding in the training

of animals 'destined for any of the learned professions' is to make trial of the capacity and disposition, and to select such individuals as appear to be most docile and submissive. Monkeys are very successfully chosen as performers at exhibitions simply by testing the readiness with which they give their attention to any unusual proceedings carried out in their presence. A monkey which is so fitful and discursive that its attention cannot be fixed is of no use whatever to trainers.

Dr. Lindsay considers that domesticated and captive animals, when kindly dealt with by man, lose their desire for freedom because they are sensible of the advantages which they derive from their dependent state. A careful study of the lives of the carriage horses of London, however, certainly tends to a very different interpretation of the matter. If these animals have warm stables, a plentiful supply of hay and corn, and gentle and kindly handling by their attendants, they certainly become reconciled to their captivity, drag their carriages unresistingly through the crowded and stone-paved thoroughfares during the appointed hours, and restrain the inherent impetuosity of their active limbs within the legitimate bounds of prancing and high action. But nothing can well be further from the truth than that these horses voluntarily and knowingly barter the free life of the pasture for the drudgery of the streets and the imprisonment of the stables, or that they acquiesce in their fate because they are conscious of the advantages of shelter and corn. The life of the domesticated horse is perhaps on the whole the most telling proof that could be adduced of the absence of high faculties of mind in this class. It indicates in the most striking way that in the lower animals the so-called mental faculties are altogether comprised within the domain of habit and automatic action. The well-broken horse dreams through its uneventful life, obedient to the suggestions of its senses, and to the chains of association that are imposed upon it by man. The secret of its docility is the readiness with which it acquires and repeats the habits that are established for it by man, and its inability to originate purposes of its own. Every action in its useful life may be traced to the influence of the human and not of the equine brain, until it begins to kick, and then almost always its kicking can be also ascribed to some accidental derangement in the links of its automatic chain. It will assuredly be an ill day for the cab and carriage service of London when the horses begin to reason upon the advantages which they possess. An entirely similar remark must be made in reference to the proceedings of trained elephants, when they so cleverly give their

assistance to capture their wild brethren of the forest. These are continually adduced as marvellous proofs of the mental capacity of these animals. But their testimony rather is to passive docility and proneness to act upon automatic suggestion, than to any power of independent thought. The elephant has a wider range and a greater versatility of associated perceptions and impulses than the horse, but it is very nearly as much under the influence of automatic habit, and can be played upon by its human manipulator with nearly the same precision and certainty of result. Dr. Lindsay in one place refers to the dread which the ox sometimes exhibits for the shambles. As a general rule, the ox seems to be marvellously unconscious of the fate which awaits him when he is unresistingly led into the slaughterhouse, and in his death testifies very forcibly to the same truth of the unreasoning and automatic character of the mental operations of the animal. The dog, of all the lower animals, seems to approach the most nearly to the confines of debateable ground in the initiation of apparently independent acts. But very much of the effect which he produces in this particular may in reality be referred to the still larger range and to the still greater versatility of his trains of sense-derived impressions, and to his position, in his unbroken life of domestication, as the dependent and intimate friend of man, and must be taken to indicate impressibility and retentiveness rather than true originating power. The entire subject of the mental life of the lower animals is one that is full of interest for thoughtful men, and this is a charm which is not at all diminished by the fact that there are still mysterious depths in it that have not yet been fathomed either by physical or metaphysical methods of research. Dr. Lindsay's book is a valuable contribution to this branch of scientific enquiry on account of the vast mass of information which it brings within easy and manageable reach for independent examination and review. But it is not too much to say that the author has not succeeded in the establishment of his dogma of the mental equality of the lower animals with man. His stories are amusing, but his arguments are futile, and his conclusions preposterous.

- ART. III.—1. *The Russians on the Amur.* By E. G. RAVENSTEIN. London: 1861.
2. *The Eastern Seas.* A Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. 'Dwarf.' By Captain R. W. BAX, R.N. London: 1875.
3. *Russian Development and our Naval and Military Position in the North Pacific.* By Captain J. C. R. COLOMB. Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, vol. xxi. London: 1877.
4. *Les Colonies Françaises.* Par PAUL GAFFAREL, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Dijon. Paris: 1880.

THE rapid growth and present wealth and importance of our Australasian colonies are amongst the most striking features of Queen Victoria's reign. Her Majesty had been several years on the throne when, as has been remarked, 'New South Wales—then including Victoria and Queensland—was a feeble settlement, still troubled by a residuum of transported criminals.' The English population of our colonial possessions in all parts of the world in the year of the Great Exhibition—a more intelligible date, perhaps, than the figures 1851—was not much over two millions. The colonies in the South Pacific alone now contain nearly three millions of inhabitants of European descent. Their united revenues are greater than that of many an ancient and important state in Europe. The total value of their imports and exports is nearly a hundred millions sterling. The statistics of their realised wealth, of their railways, their telegraphs, their post-offices, and their shipping, compare favourably with those of many far earlier-settled communities. Important as they are, however, and closely as they are connected with the mother country by the ties of commerce as well as of nationality and loyal affection, our intercourse with them includes but a part, and not the greater part, of our commercial interests in the Pacific Ocean. The exchange of commodities—exclusive of bullion—between the United Kingdom and our great dependencies at the Antipodes reaches in money value a total of about forty millions of pounds sterling. With our other possessions and the foreign countries which may be taken as belonging to the 'Pacific system,' we have a trade reaching a value of nearly sixty millions. In fact, about one-sixth of the whole external commerce of Great Britain is carried on with the states and colonies which compose it.

The system, hydrographically and strategically considered,

may be said to extend from the Straits of Malacca on the west to the American coast on the east, and from Russian Tartary and the Amoor to Southern Chili and Tasmania. It comprises the whole sea-board of the Chinese Empire and of Western America, north and south, besides the great Dutch, French, and Spanish colonies. Our business relations with these countries are intimate and extensive. With the treaty ports of China and with Hong-kong we exchange annually upwards of twenty million pounds' worth of goods. With Japan we do a business of over three millions, with the Philippines of more than two, and with the Dutch islands three and a half. With French Cochin-China, Siam, and our Straits settlements our yearly trade amounts to close on five. On the other side of the ocean the figures of our commerce with the Spanish American Republics amount to about twelve millions; whilst a still larger sum would represent the value of our increasing intercourse with California and of our transactions with the remaining countries.

These figures, large as they are, do not exhaust the enumeration of our interests in the Pacific. Of the great carrying trade between the ports that line its coasts, and from them to other quarters of the globe, we enjoy an ample share. In the year 1877, exclusive of the coasting trade, the tonnage of ships entered and cleared in the Australasian ports was 6,394,529 British, and 608,963, or less than one-tenth, foreign. About four-fifths of the transport of commodities to and from the Chinese Empire by sea are effected in vessels carrying the British flag. Lines of steamers flying the same ensign pass and repass across the South Pacific from Panama to the Antipodes, along the coast of South America, and between Japan and China and our possessions in Australia and Malacca. In addition to these must be taken into account the great trade between our colonies throughout the world and the several Pacific States on both sides of the ocean, and the vast quantities of food for our home population which come to us from San Francisco, in order to form a correct estimate of the magnitude of our interests throughout that immense area.

The enormous Pacific Ocean occupies nearly one half of the whole surface of the globe, its extent being greater than that of all the dry land put together. Other European nations besides ourselves possess important dependencies in its western portion, near which our own colonies are situated or our chief trade routes run. Between the Straits settlements and Hong-kong lies the great French colony of Cochin-China, which—if recent reports are to be trusted—will be soon extended up

to the frontier of China proper by the annexation of the still 'protected' empire of Annam. In a former number of this *Journal* * an account has been given of this rising French dependency, in whose fertile fields is to be found the securest granary of the crowded denizens of the southern provinces of the Middle Kingdom. The whole of our China and Japan trade passes along its coasts, and at an easy distance from the mouth of the river on which the capital, Saigon, stands. A few hundred miles from the coast of Queensland lie the islands which make up the New Caledonia group, which have been in the hands of the French since 1853. Our newly acquired possession, Fiji, lies between them and the cluster of islands in the South Pacific, Taïti, Tuamotu, and the Marquesas, which last are also dependencies of France. The Dutch Indies of the Archipelago are neighbours of our settlements in the Straits of Malacca, and at Labuan. Portugal still retains a memory of her former conquests in the island of Timor. The great group of the Spanish Philippines lines one of the old routes to the Chinese ports followed in the days of sailing vessels during the adverse monsoon, but now less and less used as the trade continues to pass yearly into the hands of steamship owners. On the other side our colony of British Columbia marches with the territory of the United States both on the north and on the south. Colonial possessions of all the maritime powers, with the exception of the British province just named, lie only in the western and southern portions of the Pacific, a fact due to the peculiarity of the distribution of the islands which break its surface. Along the whole eastern side, from Vancouver to the Straits of Magellan, there is a wide belt of water, in which islands rarely occur. This circumstance tends to complicate considerably the question of providing coaling stations for the steam fleets which are already beginning to traverse its great spaces, and for the squadrons to which some day or other the rapidly increasing commerce may have to look for protection.

One of the most powerful of European nations has for many years had a footing on the shores of the Pacific; though, having first made her way to them by land, her possessions are continental rather than insular. Russia is the owner of great tracts of coast on the North Pacific; and though of late years she has resigned her American territory to the United States, with the adjoining group of the Aleutian islands, she has compensated herself by extending the southern limit of her

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. ccc., 'The French in Indo-China.'

Amoor province of Eastern Siberia to the frontier of Corea; whilst her cession of the Kuriles to Japan has given her undivided ownership of Sakhalin, which is close to, and forms but an outwork of, her possessions on *terra firma*. The development of the Russian Empire in this quarter has not been watched in this country with the interest which it deserves. The history of her colonisation of the remote regions drained by the Amoor and its tributaries and washed by the waters of the Seas of Tartary and Okhotsk is a record of adventure, persistence, and conquest of hardships, which is well worth attention.

It was in the sixteenth century that a party of wandering Cossacks is said to have crossed the Ural chain, and added the territory which afterwards became Siberia to the dominion of the Czars of Muscovy. Their subjects continued to penetrate further east; and in the first half of the succeeding century, Yakutsk on the Lena, with which Nordenskjöld's late adventurous voyage has made us familiar, and Okhotsk in the sea to which it gave its name, were founded. A detachment of Cossacks, sent to subdue some of the nomad tribes of the desolate region beyond the Lena, first heard of the existence of a great river running to the east, on the banks of which dwelt races who cultivated the soil, and who traded in copper, silver, silk, and cotton, with merchants from China and Japan. In 1643 a party of 132 men, under a leader named Pojarkof, left Yakutsk to find the river. Slowly ascending the numerous streams which traverse the country, he was compelled to go into winter quarters, still a long way from the object of his search. From these he started with a portion of his command, dragging his stores on sledges over land. His march was delayed, and his expedition nearly ended in failure, owing to the treacherous conduct of one of his officers towards some friendly natives. He pushed on, however, in spite of terrible hardships, losing nearly fifty of his men from starvation, till he reached the mouth of the Dzeya, which is an affluent of the Amoor, and sailed on the mighty river itself over 400 miles to its junction with its great tributary, the Sungari. Thence he passed, in a voyage which lasted six weeks, to its mouth. It was not till the middle of 1646, just three years after he had started, that he reached Yakutsk on his return.

The stream which Pojarkof had discovered was worthy of the efforts that had been made to trace its course. The Amoor is one of the largest rivers of Asia. The basin drained by it and its affluents covers an extent of more than 700,000

square miles. The main stream is formed by the junction of the Argun and Shilka, some 600 miles further east than Lake Baikal. The former has a course, exclusive of its minor windings, of 1,400 miles before it merges in the great flood which runs to the ocean. The Amoor proper, below the junction named above, has a complete length, including all its turnings, of nearly 1,900 miles. The Shilka arm is navigable by boats drawing not more than two feet of water from its junction with the Argun up to Nerchinak, a distance of 600 or 700 miles.* The point of confluence is called Ust Strelka, and there the Amoor at its very beginning is 450 yards wide. Entered by numerous tributaries on either side, it runs first to the south-east past chains of mountains, through forests of valuable trees, and by extensive tracts of fertile pasture-land for 900 miles, crossing the forty-eighth parallel of north latitude. It then turns to the north-east, and is shortly after joined by another great river, the Sungari; and nearly 200 miles further on by the Usuri. Up to this point the river has been the frontier between the dominions of the Czar and Chinese Tartary. Below the Usuri, the ascent of which is in a direction between south and south-west, both banks are Russian territory; and the last-named river is the western limit of the great tract of country recently acquired by Russia, which includes the coast of the Gulf of Tartary down to the frontier of Corea. The remaining course of the great stream becomes more and more northerly after it has approached the Gulf of Tartary within twenty-five miles of Castries Bay. Instead of emptying itself into the gulf, however, it runs to the northward of the fifty-third parallel, and then, turning to the south-east again for a short course of about fifty miles, finally falls into the Liman of the Amoor, as the broad arm of the sea separating the northern part of the island of Sakhalin from the mainland is called.

The country through which the lower part of the river flows is, on the whole, fertile and inviting. The forests with which its banks are clothed are composed of a multitude of species of useful trees. The flowers and verdure of the open spaces attest the fertility of the soil, which is further proved by the ease with which cereals and garden vegetables planted by natives, settlers, and the garrisons of the several stations,

* The official 'China Sea Directory' says of the Amoor that 'it is navigable for large vessels as far as Nerchinsk, 1,500 miles from its mouth, in the summer season; in the winter it is frozen over' (vol. iv. p. 106).

are reared. The indications of coal are numerous. Throughout its length the scenery is described by travellers as attractive, and in many places it seems to be highly picturesque.

The result of Pojarkof's report was a renewed series of attempts to explore the river which he had sailed on, and annex the country through which it flows. In 1651, a leader named Khabarof, commissioned by the governor of Yakutsk, in one of his expeditions—after some resistance on the part of the native Dairians of the region—came into contact with the Manchoo forces of the then recent conquerors of China. This was the first of a series of collisions between the Russians and the Chinese, of which we shall, perhaps, see the renewal in our own time. The cruelty with which he treated the natives, the memory of which is said to linger still amongst their descendants, rendered Khabarof's progress difficult. A fort that he had built was attacked by a strong Manchoo force, which he defeated. His behaviour to the inhabitants, in which he seems to have been imitated or outdone by his subordinates, stirred up resistance to his countrymen wherever they appeared, and was the cause of infinite mischief throughout the region. Mr. Ravenstein, who has collected in his valuable work, 'The Russians on the Amur,' all that was known of the history and condition of Eastern Siberia at the date of its publication, says:—

'The natives appear to have been exposed to all sorts of extortion; tribute was levied to an unlimited extent, without any commensurate good being conferred upon the natives. No settlements of peasants or tillers of the soil were founded; the resources of the country were soon exhausted by perpetual foraging expeditions of Russian adventurers. When the Russians first arrived on the Amur, the natives cultivated fields and kept cattle. Ten years afterwards these fields had become deserts.'

The early intercourse of all European nations with the aboriginal or savage inhabitants of distant lands has always resulted in deplorable hardships and injustice to the latter, and the more remote the date at which it first took place, the more intensified have these been. It is to the honour of the rulers of Moscow of the time, that they did their best to stop these proceedings by putting subsequent expeditions under persons of position, and forbidding unauthorised incursions into the recently explored territory. A powerful force was sent out, to the command of which an officer named Stepanof succeeded. On the Usuri he also had a conflict with the Manchoo, of whom he was soon to hear again. In a fort which he had erected to winter in with a garrison of 500 men, he was be-

sieged by a Manchoo army 10,000 strong, with several pieces of artillery. He made so stout a defence, that in the end his assailants had to retire. Whilst descending the river in 1658, he was attacked by a flotilla equipped by the Manchooks, and, with more than half his men, was killed. Many prisoners were taken, and were transported to Peking. Their detention there led to the establishment of a Russian ecclesiastical mission, formed of priests who came to minister to their captured countrymen at the Chinese capital, and to the opening of a kind of diplomatic intercourse, which was never altogether suspended till the Middle Kingdom was opened to the nations of the West by the way of its sea-coast.

The failure of this important expedition led to the temporary evacuation of the Amoor country. The next expeditions were for the purpose of consolidating the Muscovite hold on the upper waters and their tributaries. The country east of the Baikal Lake was explored in several directions, and the town of Nerchinsk was founded shortly after our Charles II. returned to the throne of this country. A year or two later, a party led by an exile of Polish birth, who had surprised and murdered the *voivode*, or governor, of one of the districts on the Lena, fled to the wilds of the Amoor, from which the Muscovites had altogether retired since Stepanof's time. He built a wooden stockade or fort, to which the name of Albazin was given, on the banks of the river between the mouth of the Shilka and the Dzeya.

The movements of the Muscovites on the Amoor and its tributaries began at length to excite attention in the Chinese Empire. The celebrated Kang-hi, the greatest of the Manchoo emperors, was then on the throne; and it can be easily understood that he and his ministers viewed with suspicion the appearance of strangers, coming in the way they did, so near the early possessions of his race. Complaints were addressed to Nerchinsk on the subject; and a Russian envoy was actually sent to Peking to explain, and was there presented to the emperor and well received. The settlement at Albazin, nevertheless, continued, and its population increased, whilst fresh stations were established lower down the river and on the adjacent streams. At the close of the year 1682, the Russian posts extended to the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk. Albazin, founded by a fugitive murderer, had become too important to remain longer unrecognised by the authorities at Moscow; a governor was appointed to it, and it received a grant of arms.

The Chinese at length took steps to reassert their supre-

macy over the region into which the Russians had intruded at so many points. In 1683 a force was sent to the Amoor, and cleared the banks of many of its intrusive inhabitants. Two years later Albazin was besieged by an army 18,000 strong, provided with light artillery. Its small and gallant garrison were obliged to come to terms with the besiegers, and marched out towards Nerchinsk. The Chinese having destroyed the fort retreated; the Russians lost no time in reoccupying it. It was again besieged; but though its garrison, which made a most valiant resistance, was greatly reduced in numbers, it still remained in the hands of its founders. The attacking force was ordered from Peking to raise the siege, that the progress of negotiations begun between the two nations might not be interfered with.

After an interchange of several preliminary communications and visits of envoys on both sides, a Chinese embassy, accompanied by the eminent missionary Gerbillon, arrived opposite the town of Nerchinsk in the summer of 1689. Several conferences took place, and a treaty was at length signed at the end of the month of August in the year just mentioned. The object of this instrument was, as declared by its preamble, to maintain order in the border territories, to define the frontier between the dominions of the Czar and those of the Emperor of China, and to re-establish peace and a good understanding. The treaty restored the whole of the Amoor proper below the Shilka to China. The boundary ran eastward many miles north of the river to the Sea of Okhotsk. Westward it followed the Argun, the left bank of which was to remain Russian, and then approximately the 50th parallel to Kiachta.

This loss of territory was to some extent compensated by the acquisition of a considerable district further to the north-east, less fertile and more remote, but having a sea-coast and ports and harbours. The peninsula of Kamchatka had long been known by report to the Russians who frequented the Anadyr River. Here again it was the Cossacks who added to the dominions of the Czars. In 1696 Moroscovitch reached the Kamchatka River. In the following year it was formally taken possession of. 'The Cossacks,' says Mr. Dall,* an American writer, 'lost no opportunities of inciting to hostilities, and then butchering, the unfortunate natives, so that in forty years the Kamchadales were reduced to a twelfth of their original numbers. They were loaded with taxes, and the *yassak*, or imperial tribute, was often raised tenfold by

* *Alaska and its Resources* (London, 1870), p. 296.

'the avarice of the conquerors, who retained the surplus for themselves.' The Kurile Islands were first invaded in 1711. The Russia of the eighteenth century was a different country from the Muscovy of earlier times. The Czar Peter had brought his realm into definite contact with the States of the West, and the knowledge imported from Western Europe rapidly bore fruit. Scientific men, desirous of learning more about the extremities of the continents of Asia and America, brought the subject under the notice of Peter the Great, who drew up with his own hand instructions for an expedition to explore the eastern shores of his empire. Behring was appointed to the command. He reached Okhotsk in the summer of 1727, built and equipped two vessels, and in the next year coasted along the shore of Kamchatka, and sailed through the straits which bear his name. He made several subsequent cruises. In 1740, with two ships, the 'St. Peter' and the 'St. Paul,' he entered the splendid bay of Avatcha, on a harbour of which was founded the town of Petropaulovsk, a place that became better known to us during the Crimean war.

As might have been expected in a remote region inhabited by a few scattered tribes of savages, the boundary was but little respected by the Russian settlers, and frequent representations on the subject were made by the Chinese authorities to the Governor of Nerchinsk. These representations were, as a rule, carefully considered, and infractions of the treaty were, as far as possible, repressed, at all events for some years. But about the middle of the eighteenth century scientific expeditions were sent in pretty quick succession to explore the Amoor country. These explorations were continued till near the middle of the present century, till within a few years, in fact, of the date of the final cession of the district to Russia. A hundred and forty years ago the advantages of the free navigation of the Amoor to the Russians were pointed out, and the facilities it would afford for the supply of the settlements in Kamchatka. In 1805 Admiral Krusenstern proposed to occupy Aniwa Bay at the southern extremity of Sakhalin, and in the following year a Russian officer actually took possession of the bay, but this proceeding was subsequently disavowed. Diplomatic attempts were made at Peking to obtain the right of navigating the Amoor,* or, at the least, of annually sending a few ships down it with provisions. To back up these negotiations it was proposed to make a hostile demonstration by building a flotilla of gunboats on the river. A scientific

* The Pacific and the Amoor, by F. Marx (London, 1861), p. 4.

journey undertaken by Middendorf in 1844 along the frontier drew particular attention to the Amoor region, and accounts of early Russian adventure in that part of the world began to be published in several Russian newspapers, some of them Government organs.

An important event occurred in 1847. This was the appointment of a very distinguished and able man, Count Nicholas Muravief, as Governor of Eastern Siberia. One of his first acts was to send a small party of exploration down the Amoor. This expedition was never heard of again. He then ordered the coasts of the Sea of Okhotsk and the mouth of the river to be surveyed. In 1850 Lieutenant Orlof entered the Amoor from the sea, and in 1851 Nikolayevsk and Mariinsk, the latter just inland of Castries Bay, were founded. Two years after posts were established in the Gulf of Tartary, at Castries Bay itself, and in Port Imperial, and about the same time a small steamer, which had been bought in England, and had accompanied Admiral Putiatin's squadron to the Pacific, when the clouds were gathering for the war in the East which ended in the Crimea, wintered in the Amoor. The Russians had then obtained a firm footing on the coast of the Pacific Ocean. An American gentleman, Mr. M'Donough Collins, who published twenty years ago an interesting account of his travels* in Siberia and the Amoor country, speaking of 'the gradual but steady advance of the Slavonic power,' observes: 'Now the Russian finds himself master of the easternmost limits of the ancient dominions of Gengis.' Possession *de facto* had been obtained; the legal title was to be gained afterwards.

General Muravief's foresight in securing positions in this quarter of the world soon received striking exemplification. In 1854 his country was at war with England and France. Both of these nations had squadrons in the Pacific Ocean, on which the trade of each had already become considerable, and since the opening of the Chinese ports had been gravitating continually towards the north. An attack made on two Russian ships and some strong earthworks at Petropaulovsk in Kamchatka failed, and another division of the Russian naval force in Castries Bay, on the Gulf of Tartary, succeeded in 1855 in eluding an English squadron detached for the purpose of watching them. Muravief had ably prepared to meet all contingencies of the war. At the end of May, 1854, he proceeded down the Amoor in a steamer which had been trans-

* A Voyage down the Amoor, with a Land Journey through Siberia. New York, 1860.

ported to the banks of the Shilka, and been there put together, accompanied by a flotilla of barges carrying a thousand men and several guns. Provisions were consequently in readiness for two frigates which called for them at Cape Lazaref.

After the unsuccessful attack by the allies, the Kamchatka garrison was withdrawn to Nikolayevsk, and strongly reinforced by successive detachments sent down the Amoor, in defiance of the opposition of the Chinese mandarins. These were accompanied by hundreds of colonists, and settlements were made at several points. Steamers were launched on the river, and a considerable naval force came to regard the posts on the Gulf of Tartary as their head-quarters. In the autumn of 1857 the territory of the Amoor was constituted a separate government, under the designation of the 'Maritime Province of Eastern Siberia;' the district above the mouth of the Usuri was subsequently formed into the 'Amoor Province.' In 1858, by the treaty of Aigun, China ceded to Russia the left bank of the great river down to the confluence of the Usuri, and below that point both banks. This treaty was afterwards disavowed by the Chinese authorities, but their difficulties with France and England, whose armies occupied Peking, enabled General Ignatief to obtain a second treaty in November, 1860, which confirmed his sovereign in possession of the territories above named, and more minutely defined the boundaries. 'This acquisition of territory,' said a writer in this *Journal* * eight years ago, 'magnificent as it was in the vast extent of country thereby added to the Russian dominions, had its chief value—for the moment at least—in the fact of its conferring the long-coveted advantage of accessible harbours on the Pacific in a comparatively temperate latitude, where navigation is impeded by ice for at the most three or four months during the year. The southernmost gulf of the newly ceded region, lying in latitude 43° N., contains numerous fine harbours and inlets.' The river Tumen was now the southern boundary of Russia in these parts, and divided its province from the kingdom of Corea. The territory has been finally rounded off and completed, as it were, by the treaty with Japan, made in 1875, by which the latter cedes to Russia, in exchange for the Kurile islands, the southern portion of the great island of Sakhalin.

Mr. Ravenstein, the title of whose most useful and interesting work has been placed at the head of this article, gives an ample account of the climate, productions, and general character

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. cclxxviii., p. 307.

of these new provinces. That with which we are concerned at present is the condition of the sea-ports and the naval forces which belong to the recently acquired dominion. Since the publication of Mr. Ravenstein's volume, though little has been done to develop the natural resources of the splendid coast province, it has already been rendered a more efficient base for the squadron depending on it for supplies and harbours. Our information on this point is far from extensive; indeed, very little is known in England of the progress made in this direction in the region under consideration. In the year 1877 Captain John C. Colomb, who has long been known as a writer on the proper distribution of our forces and the best method of protecting our vast ocean commerce, read a very important paper on this subject at the Royal United Service Institution. From that document and from the discussion to which it gave rise—both of which are reported in full in the number of the *Journal of the Institution* prefixed to the present article—much instruction may be derived. To the information there obtainable we propose to add some which we have been able to acquire of a later date.

The mouth of the Tumen, which forms the southern boundary of maritime Siberia, is but little north of the forty-second parallel, and thence to Castries Bay is a stretch of coast upwards of seven hundred miles in extent. This coast is indented with frequent harbours, some of them not only very secure as anchorages, but also easily defensible. From the forty-sixth parallel northwards the long narrow island of Sakhalin, which now entirely belongs to the Czar, reaches to the Sea of Okhotsk, and forms a kind of natural breakwater to many of the ports on the mainland. Unlike the latter, it is entirely without harbours, and though much good coal can be obtained from it, particularly at Dui, the insecurity of the roadsteads throws many difficulties in the way of its shipment. This great island screen forms with the continent south of the Amoor the Gulf of Tartary, and north of it the estuary, or 'Liman of the Amoor.' The latter is in most places very shallow, the waters of the great river flowing into it with such rapidity that banks of sand and mud have been formed which cover almost its whole surface, barely leaving two shallow channels, one running to the north and the other to the south. The result is, that the entrance of the river is difficult and at times dangerous. Nikolayevsk, the early capital of the maritime region, stands on the left bank, about twenty miles from the mouth. The population, including the garrison, was stated in 1873 to amount to five thousand. But

a year later Captain Bax, who visited the place in H.M.S. 'Dwarf,' says that a move was already commenced to a station further south. Nikolayevsk, though it enjoys the advantages of being on the direct line by which supplies are brought from the interior, and of a position sufficiently far up the river to render the approach of a hostile squadron difficult, has many disadvantages. It is frozen in for several months every year, and is inaccessible to vessels of large size. Castries Bay, about a hundred miles further south, is a less secure harbour, and is equally closed by ice. It is, however, nearer to the bend of the Amoor before the latter turns due north. 'There is,' says Captain Bax, 'quick communication with the river over a short strip of land, and then by steamer across a lake, which cuts off a very long distance round.'

Passing over several harbours of no small merit, we come at length to Olga Bay, which is south of the forty-fourth parallel of latitude. Though open to the south, there is shelter from all winds in its northern part, in which the largest ships can lie. Captain Bax informs us that there is an outer and an inner harbour, the outer one being quite safe. The settlement, at his visit, 'seemed a busy and thriving place, the only one where we saw any farming carried on; cattle and sheep were plentiful and cheap.' In the move which has been in progress for some time towards the south, Olga Bay appears to have been selected as completing one of the stages, and, for a short period, it was the most southern port occupied. Its advantages are considerable without doubt. There is now a report that the naval head-quarters are to be removed to it from Vladivostok. This, however, is probably inaccurate, as exactly the same report was current in 1876.

Vladivostok, or the 'Dominion of the East,' lies in the deep bight formed in the coast line some seventy or eighty miles from the mouth of the Tumen river. We speak from personal experience when we say that this harbour is one of the finest in the world. There is an outer anchorage, which is a fairly snug roadstead, called the Eastern Bosphorus. From this runs direct to the right the inner harbour, called the Golden Horn, after a less convenient, if more celebrated, port in Europe. This is about three miles long, and not much above half a mile wide. The largest ships can ride within a few yards of the shore. The peculiar form of the port renders its defence by torpedoes and batteries easy. Several of the latter were erected in 1877, and it is reported recently that a considerable number of torpedoes have been constructed in Japan for conveyance to this and other places in Maritime Siberia.

'The harbour is well capable of defence,' wrote Captain Bax, 'and from its position with regard to Japan, the Corea, and China, will be a most important station in the event of any troubles in the East.' The civil population is not large, and is composed principally of Chinese and Manchoss, who are credited by the Russian officers with being, in general, fugitives from justice. A large number of female convicts from European Russia are settled here. The garrison consists of an *équipage* or 'ship's company' of seamen, which answers to a regiment of soldiers, and amounts to about two thousand five hundred men. According to the latest accounts this garrison, with the seamen stationed there, has been notably strengthened. These not only supply the force necessary for the defence of the place; they also form the crews of the Siberian division of the fleet. It is believed that the harbour is only frozen over from late in December to the middle of February. A dockyard was established here some time ago, but, being near the entrance of the inner harbour, was unduly exposed to attack, and in 1876 there were signs of its removal to a point further up, together with the barracks and other Government buildings. The soil round about is said to be fertile, and is beautifully wooded. Signs of coal abound. Mr. Ravenstein, speaking three years ago in the discussion above mentioned, observed :—

'A coal-field strikes right across the Amoor region to within a short distance of Nikolayevsk; and this coal-field, which has only begun to be worked experimentally, does not contain the tertiary coal of the seaboard. It contains jurassic coal of very superior quality; and when once these coal-mines have been developed, no doubt Russia will be perfectly independent of anybody else's supply. You have coal and iron, and thirdly you have magnificent forests, hard and soft woods. The Russians have the means there of floating a navy.'

Therefore, if the coal close to the harbour be unsuitable for steam purposes, better can be easily procured from the interior, at no very great distance. There is almost direct river communication between Vladivostok and the Amoor at one of its most convenient points. The 'Times' of April 20, 1880, printed an interesting letter from a correspondent who had gone from St. Petersburg to the last-named port overland. He ascended the Usuri and the Sungachan, and then, after a moderate interval of land-travelling, descended the Soifun to Vladivostok itself.*

* The following extracts from an official report on this place, made shortly after his visit, by the Cavaliere Canevaro, Captain of the Italian

Possiet Bay is the most southern of the Russian harbours in this part of the world, and it was generally believed that the naval station and the headquarters of the governor would be removed thither. It was not only further south, but was also thought to be open throughout the winter. The move thither has not, however, been made as yet. If it be true that there also access is closed by ice for at least some weeks, this move will probably not be made at all. Captain Man, a

man-of-war 'Cristoforo Colombo,' will convey a good idea of the importance of the station. The Cavaliere's letter bears date August 31, 1877:—

'Russia has made an important acquisition on the coast of Manchouria, ceded to her by China a few years back. Although the Czar already possessed the whole eastern coast of Siberia, his dominion over the inhabitants of the sea-shore was only exhibited in several establishments like Petropaulovsk and Nikolayevsk, and a few others of less importance, which had no vitality of their own, and cost the central Government a great deal without being capable of ever rendering the services demanded by the Russian Navy, on account of the serious inconveniences due to climate and to the hydrographical position of the places selected. In possession of Manchouria, the Russians chose Vladivostok as a site for a colony; and, in order to make there a respectable naval establishment, for four years they worked at it with such activity that they have made a settlement of seven or eight thousand inhabitants arise, in which are being concentrated the resources which had previously been collected at other stations. . . . It is difficult to obtain statistics of the population and resources because of the precautions taken against it and the difficulties in the way of settling there experienced by foreigners. . . . From a naval point of view the harbour is magnificent, as it is sheltered from all winds, can be easily defended, and is accessible to ships of every class. . . . Its importance is manifest if we consider that in a few more years Russia can make there an imposing naval station, which, in case of war, may furnish ships destined to cruise in the Pacific, and more especially in the Japan and China seas, to oppose European influences. At the present time there are in the harbour six ships of war suitable for long cruises. They are fitted out to perform the same duty as that performed by the "Alabama" during the American War of Secession. The Russian naval officers count much on them, and have already organised their crews. . . . Although Vladivostok has a relatively temperate and healthy climate, a fertile and rich soil, and an admirable hydrographical situation on the Japan Sea, it does not seem likely to soon become a port important for its population and commerce, the Russian system of colonisation not being favourable to ventures of such a nature. But, at the same time, this advanced military post of Russia may soon be a menace to the interests of the other nations of Europe in these distant parts of Asia, and in a few years may become a danger.'

gentleman who has long held an important post in the Chinese Maritime Customs in Manchooria, says: 'I believe it is not open all the year round. I am strongly under the impression that the inner bay, at any rate, is blocked by ice. I feel tolerably certain that if the outer bay could be used, certainly the inner harbour could not. I do not think it is accessible at all seasons.' Though the Tumen admits of communication with the interior, it turns sharply to the south-west, less than sixty miles from the coast; and this would render Possiette decidedly inferior to Vladivostok, if both are frozen over during the same length of time. Captain Bax observed signs of coal, and noticed that the soil was very fertile, potatoes appearing to grow luxuriantly. In his time a thousand soldiers were stationed at a place about fifteen miles inland. The entrance to the harbour is narrow, so that its defence by torpedoes would be easy. Sites for batteries, which would command the approach, could be readily found.

The climate of the region in which these important naval stations and harbours are situated is certainly, for a considerable portion of the year, an inclement one; though it should not be forgotten that, during the season of the greatest trade with Northern China and Japan, its rigours are materially diminished, or have altogether departed. Near Nikolayevsk, the river freezes over in the latter half of November, and is usually free from ice again in the middle of May. During the greater part of the winter, the prevailing winds are from the south-west and north-west; there is a clear sky and intense cold, though apparently it does not exceed that of Canada. There are violent snowstorms, and the snow lies to a depth of three feet and a half. On the coast of the Gulf of Tartary, though the winter is less severe, it is still sufficiently cold to render all navigation impossible. Castries Bay is blocked by ice till well on in the month of May; and all along the coast it forms about November or December. The winds blow from the south from April to August. The cold current from the Arctic Ocean comes down inshore, whilst the warmer Japan current runs to the northward further from the land; and to the different temperatures of their waters are attributed the frequent fogs. In June and July the latter are especially prevalent. The inner bays, however, are rarely covered by them. This atmospheric condition would undoubtedly tell in favour of a naval force acting on the defensive in this region. In fact it is to the peculiarity of these fogs that the escape of the Russian squadron, blockaded by some of our ships in Castries Bay during the Crimean war, is to be ascribed.

Captain Whittingham, of the Royal Engineers, who was on board one of the English ships at the time, says that there is often a lane of water, free from fog, and from three to six miles in width, along the coast.* The summer is often especially agreeable. Several recent visitors have spoken of the pleasantness of the climate,† and the ease with which, in many spots, cereals and garden vegetables can be cultivated.

To whatever extent the long and severe winter and inevitable season of ice-barricade may interfere with the efficiency of the Eastern Siberian harbours as naval bases of operations, there is ample, if not adequate, compensation in their situation. Allusion has already been made to the facilities which attend communication between them and the country inland, from which supplies can be drawn. The channels of the lower Amoor and of the Usuri, and the affluents of the latter, combine to form a system of water highways, which a very moderate amount of road-making on land would render complete. That the Russians are fully alive to the importance of carrying out such work may be gathered from the fact, reported in the traveller's letter in the 'Times' already quoted, that the present governor, Admiral Erdmann, has occupied himself in making roads. There has been for some years a line of telegraph from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok which is laid entirely on Russian territory. The result is that the officials in the maritime province are often made acquainted with events in Europe many days before they come to the knowledge of the commanders of other Western squadrons, who have to pass no inconsiderable part of their time at islands and ports in the Pacific not in telegraphic communication with the West. It would be impossible to form any just idea of our naval position in that ocean, if we did not take into account the position of other nations as well. The geography of the new Russian possessions has been dwelt upon at considerable length, as so very little is known of them in England; and it is now desirable that the singular advantages which they possess should be clearly pointed out. In them Russia certainly enjoys a maritime position in the Pacific which is unique in character.

It has already been observed that besides ourselves several important Western nations may lay claim to extensive colonial dependencies within the area of that vast ocean. But theirs,

* Captain Bax noticed the same phenomenon (p. 160).

† Though Mr. Tilly (Japan, the Amoor, and the Pacific, p. 219) says that of Nikolayevsk is 'about as bad as that of any part of the world.'

like ours, are all subject to this condition, that there is but one way only of keeping up communication with them; and that is by sea. In the case of our own possessions it may be admitted that this is less of a defect than of an advantage; for if they cannot be reached by friends except across the water, they can only be attacked by enemies by the same path. So long as we maintain a sufficient naval force to preclude the possibility of their being assaulted with anything like system or persistence, their isolation will undoubtedly tell in our favour. With the colonies of other nations it is different. If ever such nations are engaged in a serious maritime war, many of their dependencies will prove simply a source of weakness; it will be extremely difficult to protect or even supply them, and probably disastrous to resign them. This is the case even with the continental possessions of France in Indo-China, which hang so close upon the flank of our trade-route beyond Singapore. As far as connexion with the mother country is concerned, they are as isolated as Taïti. The Russian provinces, on the other hand, are in direct connexion with the rest of the Empire. They represent, in fact, merely successive extensions of its frontier; and, except in the case of Kamchatka, which has already proved itself in war to be nevertheless not without its value as a station, they are not to be considered as outlying possessions. No season interferes with the communication between them and the more settled parts of the Czar's dominions. From Nikolayevsk, for example, the mail takes about two months to reach St. Petersburg.* In the summer steamers ply on the Amoor and the other rivers, and beyond the point of navigation there are roads for horses and wheeled carriages. The Amoor Steam Navigation Company possesses a large fleet of steamers and cargo-boats, and commodities are easily transported by them from the cities of Western Siberia, or from the cultivated tracts on the banks of the river, to the neighbourhood of the coast towns. In the winter travelling is more expeditious, if less comfortable, as sledges can everywhere traverse the snow-covered ground.

But this by no means exhausts the strategic advantages of the situation. The peculiarity of the fogs in the Gulf of Tartary has been mentioned above as being strongly in favour of a navy employed on the defensive. There will be little difficulty in perceiving that a blockading squadron, compelled, by the nature of things, to remain at a certain distance in the

* The purchased cruiser, 'Nijni Novgorod,' has actually made the voyage from Odessa to Vladivostok in fifty-two days.

offing, would be placed at a serious disadvantage by the almost certain continuance of foggy weather at sea, which should leave the inshore waters, in which the defending force would operate, altogether unobscured. There is another advantage due to the geographical peculiarities of this region, which would add greatly to the strength of a defending squadron, however weak numerically. The island of Sakhalin has already been compared to a screen. It does indeed perform exactly the office of a screen to a great portion of the Siberian coast. To blockade that coast effectually, provision would have to be made against egress either by the gulf to the south or by the Liman of the Amoor to the north. This could only be secured by employing two separate forces, one stationed in the Sea of Okhotsk and the other in the Japanese Sea. The blockaded navy, acting on interior lines, might with ease combine to operate against either one of these without its being in the power of the other to come to its assistance in time.*

A consideration of the above facts can hardly fail to show the remarkable strength of the Russian naval position in the Pacific as compared with that of any other European nation, not excepting ourselves. Now that Russia has resigned Alaska and the Aleutian Archipelago to the United States, her dominions lie altogether within a ring fence. In addition to that, Possiette Bay, Vladivostok, and Olga Bay are at no great distance from the path taken by the ships that trade to Shanghai, the Yang-tze, Northern China, and Japan. Vladivostok, indeed, is only 1,600 miles from Hong-kong, and is therefore nearly the same distance from it that the latter colony is from Singapore. It is only about four days' run north of Shanghai. The possession of an island station in the narrow waters between Japan and Corea or off the southern extremity of the latter peninsula would, without doubt, to a great extent neutralise these advantages. In the absence of such a possession it would seem that the only course open to a navy called upon to protect the trade of this country against cruisers issuing from the Siberian ports would be to attack them in form and destroy the ships which they might contain. One significant anecdote may be given, which will explain with much distinctness what the escape of a cruising squadron from those harbours would imply as against our commercial interests in the Pacific. When, towards the end of 1878, the late

* It should perhaps be noted that very large ships cannot pass from the Gulf of Tartary to the Liman of the Amoor; but it is not likely that ships of such a class would be employed on either side in those waters.

Prime Minister was presented with a gold box by the British residents in San Francisco, the spokesman of the deputation, Mr. Harrison, said in the course of his address, 'We had 'thirteen Russian cruisers lying in our harbour, and some '600,000 or 700,000 tons about leaving it.'* As the greater part of the cargoes of the ships whose sailing depended upon the event of peace or war, was composed of food for this country, we may concede that there was something more than mere business interests that might have had to look to our navy for protection.

The strength of the force at the disposal of the Russian governor of the maritime province has of late been considerably increased. The navy of Russia is divided into several distinct divisions, of the Baltic, the Black Sea, &c. The men and the ships stationed in the newly acquired dominion belong to the Siberian fleet. Both officers and seamen are engaged on terms of service differing from those in force in the other sections of the navy, and are paid on a different and a higher scale. The normal strength of the *personnel* is, as has been said above, one *équipage* or 'ship's company,' of about 2,500 men, a number which probably falls but little short of that of the united crews of our whole China squadron, and is about equal to those of our Pacific and Australian squadrons put together. In order that the seamen may be free to man the vessels of the Siberian fleet, it appears, if we may trust recent accounts from China coming from an English source, that a large force of Cossacks has been ordered to the country in consequence of the threatening aspect of the relations of Russia with the Chinese Empire. The military force maintained in the whole Amoor region is some 15,000 strong, of which about two-thirds are to be found on the lower portion of the river and in or near the coast ports. An ordinance of the middle of May of the present year directs the formation of four battalions of riflemen from amongst the settlers.

The ships of the Siberian fleet of all classes numbered till recently five sea-going cruisers of moderate size, and nearly twenty transports, gunboats, and river steamers. These have been considerably reinforced, and one of the latest pieces of intelligence received concerning this portion of the Russian navy is that five vessels of large dimensions are to be added to it. The well-built and rapid ocean steamers purchased by

* Commander Gurdon, R.N., says (Journal of Royal United Service Institution, vol. xxi. p. 686): 'I have seen 70,000 tons of British ship-ping lying at anchor at one time in the harbour of San Francisco.'

the Government and by patriotic societies during the Turkish war have been employed to run at regular intervals between Odessa and Vladivostok, carrying convicts and warlike stores, and being prepared to remain out if circumstances should render their presence in the far East desirable. One of these, the 'Nijni Novgorod,' is just about to make her second trip from the Black Sea. These vessels have great speed and exceptional coal-carrying capacity, and are, in fact, exactly the kind of craft which would prove most formidable in war to an enemy's commerce. It will be remembered that our own Admiralty made preparations, during the complications in the East of Europe, to equip, if desirable, a certain number of the faster steamers of our mercantile marine, with the special object of aiding in the protection of our ocean trade. The authorities of St. Petersburg have actually put into practice that which we have been providing for as a possible future expedient. In a list of the ships of the Russian navy now before us we can count no less than twelve of such vessels purchased from the merchant service at home, in Germany, and in the United States; whilst another, which promises to be the most efficient of all, is being constructed by a French company at La Seyne, near Toulon.

In addition to this Siberian squadron the Russians have also a regular division of ships in Chinese waters under an admiral who is, in peace at all events, quite independent of the commander of the former. For some years this has consisted, as a rule, of a large cruiser as flagship and four or five smaller ones, all unarmoured. But a short time ago it was powerfully reinforced; two armour-clads, the 'Minin' and the 'Prince Pojarski,' and three new swift and well-armed cruisers of the new type, two of which spent some time at Spithead on their way out, have been added to it. One of the armoured vessels has, however, lately passed through the Suez Canal on her return to Europe. There are thus two distinct naval divisions available for the different duties of defending the base of operations and of harassing the commerce of an enemy who may have an important Pacific trade.

The other European navies most largely represented in the different parts of the Pacific are the French, the German, and our own. The first has a stationary force in the colony of Cochin-China, some small vessels, generally not steamers, at the islands in the southern portion of the ocean, and a China and a Pacific squadron, which together comprise two armour-clads and nine cruisers of the second and third classes. The Germans usually have four or five ships, all unarmoured, in

the waters of China or cruising at large throughout the Pacific. They have recently sent one armoured vessel to the coast of South America for the protection of their interests during the war between Peru and Chili; and, as the imperial government appears resolved to second the efforts of private adventurers to effect a settlement or establish a colony at Samoa, an extra vessel or two will probably continue to be employed in that neighbourhood. Our own force in number of vessels is highly respectable. We have, in the China, the Pacific, and the Australian stations, thirty-four vessels, besides harbour ships and sailing schooners. Of these three are efficient armour-clads, one is an old-fashioned turret-ship for the defence of Hong-kong, another is a powerful coast service turret-ship belonging to the Government of Victoria, and fourteen are cruisers of different sizes; the remainder are gun-vessels and gunboats not adapted for cruising purposes. This force is at present much above the strength at which it was kept for several years previous to 1878. In those days it was, without question, superior to that of any other Power in the Pacific. At present it would seem as if not only Russia, but Japan also, with her three new armour-clads, can show squadrons which do not fall very much behind it.

The possession of a suitable base is a powerful factor in determining the real strength of a naval force. However numerous the ships composing it may be, and however efficient their condition, they cannot be depended upon to carry out extended operations if required to act at a distance from a coaling station. In the western portion of the Pacific we possess no coaling station north of Hong-kong which would be available in war. Ample supplies of coal may indeed be obtained in Japan, and probably within a short time in Northern China. But these countries have now become recognised members of the family of nations, with which the regular forms of international courtesy must be observed. Both would hasten to issue a proclamation of neutrality were a war to occur between European nations with fleets in their waters; and both are to a great extent provided with the means of enforcing respect for their neutrality. The Russian ships would have the enormous advantage of a long line of coast and many harbours to which they could resort, where they would find plenty of fuel and supplies of all kinds procured on the spot or brought to them by a land route quite secure against attacks from hostile ships. No other European Power has the same resources on the spot.

The French colonies in Cochin China and in the South

Pacific are too isolated, and in some cases too completely commanded by our own dependencies near them, to prove formidable to us for any length of time, were we ever so unfortunate as to be engaged in war with France. The same may be said of all the transmarine possessions of the other European powers which belong to what has been called the Pacific system. However little may have been done towards protecting the outlying dominions of the English Crown against maritime enemies, there can be no question that the great Australian colonies have already reached a pitch of development which would enable them, in case of emergency, to play a very distinguished part in a naval contest in the South Seas. It is certainly to be regretted that no attempt has been made as yet to organise the materials which they possess in evident abundance for the equipment of a cruising navy which might, at the least, prove equal to neutralising the advantages derived by a hostile power from the occupation of a station near them. The labours of the Royal Commission on Colonial Defence may result in devising some satisfactory arrangement for utilising the undoubted powers of self-protection which our fellow-countrymen at the Antipodes enjoy.

One other country possesses a strategic position on the Pacific which is even more formidable than that held by Russia in the Gulf of Tartary and further north. The Californian harbours of the United States are in intimate connexion with the rest of the Republic, are situated in a temperate latitude, and, besides having the command of practically unlimited wealth, have every appliance for the equipment and repair of ships. In addition to this, San Francisco is placed directly on the flank of the trade route which runs from the Straits of Magellan and the Isthmus of Panama to our colonies in British Columbia and Vancouver. It is not too much to say that this port, which contains a naval yard of old standing, practically dominates the whole northern portion of the Eastern Pacific. In some local peculiarities, such as those to which attention has been called in enumerating the advantages of the maritime province of Eastern Siberia, the Californian coast is strategically inferior, as a base for a force acting on the defensive, to the Russian. But this inferiority would be to a great extent, if not entirely, compensated by the excellence of its geographical situation. As a matter of fact, however, we can afford to disregard the striking superiority of the American naval position in the ocean more readily than that of any other important power. By far the greater part of our trade in that quarter of the world is with San Francisco itself, and

a quarrel with America would mean simply the disappearance from the neighbouring waters of perhaps more than nine-tenths of the tonnage sailing beneath our flag. What would remain might, were proper precautions taken in time, be effectively defended from Vancouver. If the proposed canal to join the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans be ever made, the bulk of the trade in the latter will run along fresh routes, and the problem of protecting them will assume a new aspect.

It has been said that, studded as this ocean is with archipelagoes and detached islands, there is a remarkable absence of them in the belt of water which washes the western shores of the whole American continent. We do not possess even a coaling station for mail steamers south of the straits of Juan de Fuca. There is, nevertheless, one remarkable group of islands in a position which can hardly fail to render them very attractive to anyone desirous of remedying the strategic defects of our naval position. The Galápagos Islands lie at a most convenient distance from the Gulf of Panama, and form a sort of halfway-house between the Straits of Magellan and Vancouver. They are between 500 and 600 miles from the coast of South America. 'Considering that these islands are 'placed directly under the Equator,' says Mr. Darwin, who visited them in H.M.S. 'Beagle,' 'the climate is far from 'being excessively hot.' There are plenty of springs on the larger islands, and in certain spots vegetation is luxuriant; the anchorages are not inconvenient, and altogether they promise to form a naval station in all respects equal, if not superior, to that which we have at Ascension, in the Atlantic. The policy of acquiring additional territory is at present, and apparently not unjustly, rather discredited; but perhaps it is permissible to hope—as a mere matter of what may be called abstract strategy—that before the new canal is completed some amicable arrangement may be come to with the indebted and impoverished proprietor of the Galápagos, the republic of Ecuador, for the purchase of one or other of these islands, which that state does not use, as it does some of the rest, even as a convict station.

The most exacting strategist will probably content himself with the reflection that there is little use in acquiring new positions until those that we have already are adequately secured. Opposite to the Russian possessions we possess some of our own which are in many respects, and especially as regards climate, incomparably more favourably circumstanced than the former. Mr. Rhodes, the Swedish consul at Victoria, says that 'Vancouver Island has the best coal for naval purposes

'in the Pacific.' It has a fair amount of agricultural land and much magnificent timber. There has been, since the time of the Crimean war, a small naval yard at Esquimalt. The annual output of coal from the Nanaimo mines is about 110,000 tons. What we have done to render this, our only North Pacific base, capable of meeting the surprises of modern war, will best appear from the report of General Selby Smyth, commanding the military forces of Canada, which was published a few weeks since in this country. Speaking of the 'present inadequate force' at Victoria, he directs attention to the fact that Vancouver is only 4,500 miles from Petropaulovsk, and that the Amoor is barely 500 miles further off.

'In the event of war,' he says, 'Russia would be in a position to harass not only Hong-kong and the China and Japan trade, but to send a squadron across the ocean in thirty days to attack the western sea-port of the Dominion. Our security in the Pacific requires Esquimalt to be well guarded; our fleets must keep the sea, if necessary, in all weathers, and they cannot do so without coal. That important element is in ample stock and of prime quality at Nanaimo. The British navy is scattered over the Pacific, and there were no works of defence at Vancouver till last year; no forts for the protection of our coal; nothing but British prestige and a few companies of militia at Victoria and up the Fraser river.'

He mentions that some works were hastily thrown up in 1878, when a Russian squadron was known to be near the coast; but since then apparently nothing has been done to provide against the recurrence of the alarm that was then experienced.

But it is not only by the possibility of war between this country and any other great Power having naval forces in the Pacific that British interests may be seriously affected. We hope no such calamity will occur, though it may be necessary to provide against it. A much less improbable contingency is the occurrence of hostilities between one of those Powers and China. At this very time the relations of China and Russia are strained. The treaty which was to regulate their Kashgarian frontier has been repudiated, and in both Empires preparations for actual hostilities are contemplated. We cannot venture to form an opinion as to the result of military operations conducted in the heart of Central Asia; but the Chinese armies are said to be vastly improved in arms and discipline, and, however superior the Russians might be in these respects, they would necessarily be operating at an enormous distance from any civilised base. Everything leads us to believe that, in the event of a rupture between Russia

and China, the former Power would rely mainly on naval operations to compel the Chinese to submit to terms; and such naval operations, conducted from the harbours we have described at the mouth of the Amoor, might involve very important consequences, not only to the Chinese Empire, but to Great Britain. The blockade by Russia of the ports open to European trade would suspend mercantile transactions of great magnitude, of which four-fifths are under the British flag; and it might cause losses to the revenue of England and of India, which could with difficulty be endured. If, therefore, any real danger of hostilities between Russia and China should exist or arise, such a case would call for a strenuous effort on the part of the British Government to adjust by mediation the differences between these Powers, which arise out of a contest for some barbarous regions in Central Asia. And, in order to support such an offer of mediation with effect, we require the presence of a naval force in the Pacific capable of making itself respected by every Power in the world. Indeed, in no part of the globe is the presence of the British Navy more indispensable, for the reasons we have given at some length in the preceding pages.

General Selby Smyth's remark that 'the British navy is 'scattered over the Pacific,' was exemplified in a very conclusive manner just about the time at which, according to Mr. Harrison's statement, given on a former page, a large Russian squadron was concentrated at San Francisco. Our Pacific force was asserted to be thus distributed: the flagship was in Peru, one ship was in Chili, one at San Francisco, one in the Sandwich Islands, one at Panama, and two—of which one was an old-fashioned gun-vessel—were at Vancouver. It appears difficult to escape the conviction that a redistribution of our navy employed in distant seas is required quite as much as, perhaps even more than, reinforcement. Not even our vast fleet will enable us to be numerically superior to an enemy at all points. We should endeavour to be, and may be with proper arrangements, superior to him at decisive points. The practice of distributing our fleet about the world by tiny squadrons, and even by individual ships, however justifiable in the past, seems unsuited to the conditions of the present day. On both sides of the Pacific, in the treaty ports of China and Japan, and the more important commercial harbours of South America, there was, no doubt, a long period during which our countrymen required the presence of a British man-of-war to ensure the transaction of their business unmolested, and even the security of their lives. A single vessel

of very moderate power was quite adequate to the performance of this necessary duty. But times have changed ; relations with those countries have been more closely knit, and they have provided themselves with fleets, or at least with ships, of respectable power with which it would be folly for one of our diminutive gun-vessels to provoke a contest. Their governments have come to recognise that an international quarrel cannot now be settled locally, and that an insult or an injury to a European state means the chance of having to face the whole power wielded by that state. It is, therefore, very much open to doubt if the plan of making up a foreign squadron to a large extent of small vessels, which can only lie at anchor off some settlement, and move slowly from one to another, is still a good one. It is on the high seas that the heaviest blows will be aimed at our commerce, and it is only by ships able to cruise upon them that it can be properly protected. Our ships abroad should form squadrons in reality as well as in name, and should visit the different ports in groups rather than singly. The advantages to discipline and training resulting from the adoption of such a plan would be considerable, whilst it is nearly certain that the appearance of a powerful division from time to time would impress the native mind with a far greater idea of the ability of Great Britain to protect her interests than it would ever be likely to conceive from the uninterrupted presence of some gunboat of small size and very limited powers. Where circumstances rendered the continuous protection of our countrymen settled abroad necessary, it would be easy for the squadron to drop a member at that place to be picked up or relieved by the other detachment, whose advent would be only a month or two behind the departure of the other.

Few will care to deny that our whole naval position in the Pacific Ocean has undergone an important change. Interests, which thirty years ago we could hardly have considered very important, have attained dimensions which render their protection a matter worthy of serious consideration. A great colonial empire has grown up there in the interval, which not only promises to increase in wealth and size, but which also draws to it more and more of our trade, and is now holding out the hope of aiding in the supply of food which we require. A large proportion of the capital of the country invested in shipping and the cargoes carried by it is continuously employed in the commerce of the Pacific. Throughout its wide spaces we have but few resting-places for our ships. We have no real basis for naval operations between Sydney, Vancouver, and

Hong-kong. The days in which the coast ports of Spanish America monopolised nearly the whole of the tonnage sailing on its waters under our flag have quite gone by. New routes upon it are every day being followed. At the same time powers far more formidable than the turbulent republics of the South and Central American coast, or than the Celestial Empire, have gained a footing on its shores. If ever our navy should be called upon to protect our trade against an enemy, it will not be in the Pacific that the least important portion of its duties will be performed.

ART. IV.—*The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Vols. IV. and V. London: 1879–80.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN may be sincerely congratulated on the successful completion of a laborious, delicate, and difficult undertaking; and at a moment when honours have been conferred with excessive profusion, the distinction conferred upon this gentleman has at least been earned by a considerable service to the Queen. We can readily believe that this work has largely exceeded the limits originally assigned to it by the author, for the documents placed at his disposal are very copious, and the peculiar nature of his task precluded him from subjecting them to as rigorous a process of selection as was desirable. In its present form this book contains a vast quantity of valuable material for the history of our times, and affords ample proof of the indefatigable activity and high moral feeling of the illustrious subject of the memoir. The Prince's collection of papers relating to the Crimean War alone fills no less than fifty folio volumes. But a biography of the Prince, in the stricter sense of the term, is still to be written. The *Life of Agricola* or a few pages of Plutarch in classical literature, the '*Life of Nelson*' by Robert Southey in our own, convey to the world at large a more striking and accurate portrait of a life and of a man than this diorama of a Court. The bulk of a work in five large octavo volumes is altogether disproportionate to the personal importance of the subject: its length and its costliness prevent it from obtaining the circulation it deserves. The generous intention of Her Majesty to make the life of her consort universally known, and to exhibit his character as a model of all excellence, can only be effectually accomplished by a brief popular account

of him; and Sir Theodore Martin would, in our judgment, perform a second task, of equal or even greater utility, if he would favour the world with a compendious abridgment of the work he has already produced. As a literary performance it would gain considerably by such an operation, and no one is better qualified than Sir Theodore himself to produce a lifelike and touching biography of the Prince in a moderate compass. We should gladly dispense with the numerous details of Court ceremonies, royal births and marriages, and all those puerilities which devoured so large an amount of the valuable life of the Prince. To English taste the fulsome sentiment which the Germans are wont to lavish on anniversaries, birthdays, and the loss of their relations by death, is inexpressibly wearisome, and we cannot understand the feeling which leads people to throw the glare of publicity on the most secret and sacred emotions of the heart, on the most touching incidents of life, and even on the bed of death. These passages in life are common to humanity. They are as frequent and as intense in the cottage as in the palace; and it seems to us to savour of a vulgar curiosity to wish to know whether royal personages are affected by them in the same manner as they affect ourselves.

More serious exception might be taken to the numerous political allusions and innuendoes contained in these volumes, affecting the conduct and character of statesmen, some of whom are still alive, and all of whom, doubtless, served their sovereign in their turn to the best of their ability. These passages appear sometimes to have been suggested or dictated by considerations arising out of transactions long subsequent to the life of Prince Albert, and to have a reference to contemporary politics. It is obvious that insinuations proceeding from such a source admit of no discussion and no reply, and the indiscriminate introduction of strictures of this nature may be regarded as invidious, and not in keeping with the true purpose and spirit of this biography.

We should therefore be disposed to make large excisions from the future editions of this book, which deserves to retain a place in literature as the record of a singularly noble life, and also as an important contribution to the history of the present reign. Sir Theodore Martin has told us that in his survey of the character of Prince Albert he came upon no such defects as would have furnished that relief of shadow which is essential to pictorial effect. Sir Theodore Martin has the eye and the pen of a courtier. To a more dispassionate observer it is obvious from these pages that Prince Albert

somewhat misconceived his position in this country; that he had been misdirected by the adviser who is styled 'his political confessor at Coburg;' that his own inexhaustible desire to do good and to strive after the highest excellence led him to attempt many things he had better have left alone; and that he literally overtaxed his physical and intellectual powers to such a degree as to exhaust the very sources of life. These were not defects, but rather errors from an excess of zeal and goodness. Though he undoubtedly possessed extraordinary powers of self-control, and sought to conceal, even to the extent of effacement, the power he aspired to exercise, it seems never to have occurred to him that the Kings of England do, in fact, exercise no such power, and that the husband of the Queen was not a King of England. When the title of 'Prince Consort' was conferred on him by patent in June, 1857, he writes to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg: 'Now I have a legal status in the English hierarchy. Our sons were English princes, I merely a Coburg prince. It was a source of weakness for the Crown that the Queen always appeared before the people with her *foreign* husband.' What a singular delusion to suppose that the introduction of an unfamiliar title could in the slightest degree alter the actual status of the Prince or the character inseparably attached to his person! A man can no more alter his nationality by a great marriage than he can change his skin, and no man ever retained his original nationality as a Coburg prince more strongly than Prince Albert.

We have no desire, however, to dwell on the portions of these volumes which are of inferior importance, and which we should gladly see omitted. To us, the chief interest of the book consists rather in the frank, though somewhat indiscreet, language which the Queen has allowed Sir Theodore Martin to use, with her sanction, in speaking of the most illustrious of contemporary sovereigns and statesmen, and in the light thrown on many of the great transactions of Her Majesty's reign. To these we shall now turn.

We showed, in reviewing the third volume of these memoirs, that it was the Crimean War that called forth a truly British energy in the Prince, that he did not hesitate to upbraid in the strongest language his German friends for their halting and equivocal policy, and that he applied himself with excellent success to study the character of the Emperor Napoleon III., and to strengthen the alliance of the Western Powers, which reached its culminating point in the State visit of Queen Victoria to Paris in August, 1855. The conclusion of the

story places before the reader, by slow and almost imperceptible steps, the reverse of this picture, and even foreshadows that great catastrophe which, many years after the death of Prince Albert, brought the second French Empire to a calamitous end.

In the winter which followed the capture of Sebastopol, the French Government and the French nation displayed great eagerness for peace. They had had enough of a war which was to lead to no territorial acquisitions, and in the subsequent negotiations which took place at the Congress of Paris the Emperor Napoleon showed a strong disposition to protect and conciliate the enemy who had brought about the rupture. His object was no doubt to secure the *neutralité bienveillante* of Russia in the event of future complications between France and Austria, or France and Prussia, which he discerned in the far horizon. In this he was not unsuccessful, but his cordial relations with England received at that moment their first shock.

In the following year (1857) the whole power and interest of this country were absorbed by the Indian Mutiny, an occasion which certainly tried our strength to the utmost, but which called forth in a striking manner the friendly feeling of foreign States. It does not appear that Prince Albert had previously directed much of his attention to India. Soon after the outbreak of the Mutiny he writes to the Prince of Prussia a letter full of inaccuracies, in which he even states that 'for the country and its civilisation almost nothing has been done up to this time;' and he appears to suppose that the East India Company still derived part of its revenue from commercial enterprise. Such mistakes are rare in his correspondence; for his information, especially in all that concerns the British Empire, was usually both accurate and various; but in this instance he did great injustice to the government of the East India Company, which he evidently desired to supersede by the authority of the Crown. But the military views which he hastened to convey to the Government in the Queen's name were unquestionably sound. Even Lord Palmerston was for proceeding 'step by step,' when the whole of Bengal was in conflagration, and failed at first to realise the magnitude of the danger. The Prince, to use his own expression, 'dug his spurs' into the Government. The militia was embodied. Larger reinforcements were despatched. Yet the Queen said:—

'That the late accounts from India show so formidable a state of things, that the military measures hitherto taken by the Home Government, on whom the salvation of India mainly depends, appear to the Queen as by no means adequate to the emergency. We have nearly

gone to the full extent of our available means, just as we did in the Crimean War, and may be able to obtain successes, but we have not laid in a store of troops, nor formed reserves which would carry us over a long struggle, or meet unforeseen new calls. Herein we are always most short-sighted, and have finally to suffer either in power and reputation, or to pay enormous sums for small advantages in the end—generally both.

‘The Queen hopes that the Cabinet will look the question boldly in the face. Nothing could be better than the resolutions passed in the House of Commons ensuring to the Government every possible support in the adoption of vigorous measures. It is generally the Government, and not the House of Commons, who hang back.’ (Vol. iv. p. 90.)

But whilst the Queen and the Prince rightly estimated the magnitude of the danger, and strove by the most energetic measures to face it, they supported with equal firmness those principles of humanity and toleration on which Lord Canning, to his immortal honour, was resolved to act. These principles touched the very heart of the policy and character of the Prince. Whatever was rancorous or vindictive was abhorrent to the Christian purity and nobleness of his nature. There was in him ‘no hatred to a brown skin—none,’ to use the gracious words of the Queen, and his first desire after the suppression of the Mutiny was that the shaken edifice of the Indian empire should be reconstructed on broader and more liberal principles.

But his chief interest centred in the politics of Europe. On January 14, 1858, occurred the attempt of Felix Orsini to destroy the Emperor and Empress of the French by hand grenades at the door of the opera-house in Paris—an event not more remarkable for its sanguinary and audacious character than for its subsequent effect on the affairs of the world. It is not too much to say that the Orsini conspiracy was the spark which kindled a great conflagration. It produced a strong effect on the friendly relations of the French and English Courts and nations. The confidence that had existed since the outset of the Crimean War was succeeded by distrust and alarm, which aroused even fears of invasion. The Volunteer movement in these islands took its origin from that event. It led to the fall of Lord Palmerston’s Government by the rejection of the Bill against foreign conspiracies, and the return of Lord Derby to power. The Emperor of the French, cooling in his attachment to the English alliance, and desirous to give effect to his early sympathies with the cause of Italian freedom, which Orsini on the scaffold had armed with new terrors, now engaged in intrigues with Sardinia and Russia, of which

it was impossible to foresee the extent or the consequences, and the final result was that the territorial fabric of Europe, as established by the treaties of 1815, was shaken, attacked, and at last overthrown.

Whatever else may be said of the labours of the Congress of Vienna and the Treaties of 1815, this much is certain, that they preserved for forty-four years the general peace of Europe. Prince Metternich boasts in his memoirs that they emerged fire-proof from the eruption of 1848. The Crimean War, undertaken for a different and a defensive object, did not destroy them. The principal changes Europe had undergone in this interval, especially by the severance of Belgium from Holland, were the work of diplomacy, legally working in the councils of Europe; and although there was much in the state of Germany which Prince Albert and his patriotic German friends desired to see reformed and improved, he and they invariably took their stand upon the existing constitution of Europe, which was still recognised down to 1859 by all the Powers. France herself, though often inveighing against the treaties of 1815, had passed through two or three revolutions without denouncing them; she still affected to respect their authority, and the alliance of England with France rested on this basis.

The first great event which really struck a fatal blow at the existing rights and engagements of the European Powers was the Italian war of 1859. Then first the Emperor Napoleon showed that he was prepared to use his armies to impose on foreign States his personal policy and the policy of France. It might well be that the objects he proposed to himself, the liberation of Italy from the Austrian yoke and the establishment of the dynasty of Savoy over a united Italy, were beneficial objects, calculated to excite the sympathy of the liberal party in this country and in Europe. But, as was pointed out in this journal at the time, those results were purchased by the overthrow of existing public law. The treaties and engagements of general import to Europe, then first broken through, have since been scattered to the winds by far greater events. The destruction of the European concert dates from that hour, and it has not yet been renewed. The consequence of the extinction of mutual confidence and the abandonment of a system sanctioned by the union of all the Powers is that we are living in a state of armed peace, with enormous military establishments which weigh heavily on the populations of every State.

These things, with the political discernment and prescience he had now acquired, the Prince foresaw. He foresaw that

the time would come when the arms of France would be turned against Germany. He perceived that the restraining power the alliance of England had thus far exercised over the Emperor Napoleon was at an end, and, as was not unnatural or peculiar to himself, he exaggerated the imminence of the danger; for the catastrophe which overtook Austria in 1866 and the still greater catastrophe which overthrew the French Empire in 1870 were long subsequent to his own death.

When the late Lord Derby returned to power in 1858, after having contributed to the rejection of the Conspiracy Bill, which he had previously approved, by a sudden alliance of the Tories with the Radicals, he succeeded to what Count Persigny justly called an *héritage de rupture*. The relations of the two countries were critical, but the relations of the two Courts were still friendly, though less confiding than they had been. In August, 1858, the Queen and the Prince visited Cherbourg, where they were received by the Emperor and the Empress with all honour. Guns were fired, speeches were made, but the Emperor was grave; there was something in the air. Sir Theodore Martin quotes the significant lines which describe a cooling friendship. They were received

‘With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.’

At that moment, and just before the Cherbourg visit, the Emperor had concluded at Plombières that secret arrangement with M. de Cavour, which he knew both the Queen and the Prince must condemn, because it involved war, and could not fail to plunge Europe into a long course of perils and difficulties. The secret of the Imperial policy lay heavy on his tongue, and could not be disclosed, until, on January 1, 1859, it broke forth to the amazement and alarm of France and of the world. The danger lay, not in the probability of any attack on England, which the Emperor himself steadily repudiated, and which Lord Cowley firmly believed never to have entered into his designs, but in the chances of a war beginning in Italy, likely to extend to Germany, and avowedly intended to effect what the Emperor termed ‘a better equilibrium in Europe.’ General Espinasse declared that he accompanied the Emperor with pleasure to the campaign of Italy, because it was the first step to the Rhine. This was the opinion which excited such universal alarm in Europe, and powerfully affected the mind and conduct of Prince Albert.

The Emperor himself hesitated, for he soon had reason to perceive that he ran the risk of calling into existence a European coalition against France, and could rely on the support of no other Power; but Count Cavour had entangled him in engagements from which there was no escape, and the war policy with all its risks at length prevailed. Cavour had in fact obtained from the Emperor written engagements, of which the exact tenor has never been disclosed; but the nature of them was such that when Napoleon hesitated to fulfil them, Cavour threatened to go to America, publish the documents there, and blast his fame. Under this compulsion he yielded, and the die was cast.*

It so happened that in the previous month of October the complete failure of the faculties of the King of Prussia had compelled the present Emperor Wilhelm to assume as Prince Regent the reins of government in that kingdom. So that, whilst the course of events had shaken the confidence of Prince Albert in the French alliance, it opened a door to a much closer understanding with the chief State of Northern Germany. It is somewhat amusing to remark that within a few weeks of the accession of the Prince Regent to power, he was favoured with copious admonitions from Windsor Castle from a kinsman who had at least not half his years or his experience. But the laudable intentions of our Prince are the best apology for his zealous interference. 'What especially pleases me,' he said, 'is the prospect of seeing, for the future, among the five Powers, a Continental Power that

* It is stated by Kossuth in his 'Memoirs of my Exile,' that on December 7, 1858, Prince Napoleon had informed Microslawsky, an exiled Polish general, that war with Austria had become unavoidable, and that his plan was that Piedmont should cede Savoy and Nice to France, and should receive in exchange the province of Milan as far as the Mincio: as soon as the province of Milan is occupied and Austria agrees to its cession, peace would be concluded. Certain it is that these are precisely the terms on which the war was made and terminated by the Emperor Napoleon. On the other hand, Kossuth relates that after the peace of Villafranca, Cavour said to Pietri, in his presence, 'Your Emperor has disgraced me; yes, sir, disgraced me; *il m'a déshonoré*. My Lord and my God! He gave me his word, he took an oath, that he would not stop until Austria had been finally driven out of Italy; in return, he stipulated that Savoy and Nice should be ceded to him. I persuaded my King to accept the bargain and to submit to this sacrifice for the sake of Italy; and now your Emperor takes his reward and deserts me shamefully half-way.' This scene ended by language of still greater violence. (Kossuth, p. 415.)

'will take its stand simply and solely upon the domain of justice and equity, and will thus become a corrective element of the highest importance in the great continental policy of intrigue.'

It was not given to Prince Albert to look so far beyond his own times into the future as to foresee a Bismarck; otherwise, we venture to say that, although he desired the unity of Germany and even the ascendancy of Prussia, there has been much in the subsequent course of events which he could not have reconciled with 'the domain of justice and equity,' and which he would cordially have disapproved. But in 1859 the prospect of a sincere union with a German Power, capable of holding in check the uncertain and alarming proclivities of the Emperor Napoleon, revived in the strongest manner his German sympathies and hopes. The following letter from the Prince Regent to Prince Albert is one of great interest:—

'Events,' the Prince Regent wrote, 'have been only too frequent within the last few weeks, which force upon us the question, What political constellation will the proximate future bring us? and how will England and Prussia be placed in it?

'I used to compare the political position of Napoleon with regard to Italy with that of a player at "Zweckmühle," who moves the winning stone to and fro till the time comes to strike the decisive blow. Every day shows more and more the aptness of the simile. The necessity for this decisive blow (viz. his going to war) I always expected would arise when he should see no other means of keeping himself on his throne. I cannot see that this is the case at the present moment. Something else must therefore be the motive power, and I believe it may be shortly expressed by the words, "*La guerre ou le poignard*," not the French but the Italian poignard. But is this a sufficient motive for a war? Unfortunately the Italian dagger seems to have become an *idée fixe* with Napoleon. It made him stretch out his feelers, and try where to find allies upon whom he could count. He appears to have drawn them quickly back when he found there were no sympathies anywhere with a proceeding, for which none of the Cabinets, calm, prudent, and unmoved by passion as they are, could see a reason. What seems to have surprised him most is, that in England there should not—at least for the present—be any sympathies for this kind of support to be given to the Italians. I believe that the saying will again prove true of him: "*Il recule bien pour le moment, mais il n'abandonne jamais!*" And this shows us the position we ought to take—"to be vigilant and to come to an understanding with one another." This understanding must first and foremost be directed towards removing any cause for war, and therefore to exhort to peace. We are, moreover, moved to take this course by the decision of the last Treaty of Paris.

'The pretext for a war in Italy is to be the form of government of the different States. But the true cause is Sardinia's desire for

aggrandisement. And Governments, which are not concerned with the matter, are asked to take part in it. Where is the statute of international law to be found, that teaches us to wage war against a State, because we do not like its form of government? Or are we compelled to aid the unjustifiable desire for aggrandisement of one State at the cost of another?

'There is also another reason which will drive Napoleon into war, viz. his opinion that a Napoléonide *must* break through the Treaties of 1815, whenever an opportunity for doing so arises. To this there is a simple answer, that all the other Governments are called upon to ensure the maintenance of these treaties. If France be perfectly convinced of this, she will think twice before going to war.

'But, on the other hand, Austria must also be exhorted to desist from taking any provoking steps in Italy. "Whoever provokes wantonly will not easily find allies!" This is a standing phrase of mine with foreign diplomatists here; it expresses my firm conviction.

'Now the question arises for Prussia: What is she to do if France assists Italy in a conflict with Austria? Public opinion has for the last four weeks expressed itself throughout Germany in such a decided manner against France in case of such an emergency, that one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact. And herewith Prussia's line of action would seem to be clearly marked out; for the wars of the Revolution have shown us that, should the French arms be victorious, they would soon be turned against Germany and Prussia, if they had remained neutral and had quietly looked on at all the disasters of Austria.

'But what would be our position if England should declare in favour of France and thereby of Italy in such a war? And further, what are we to do, if Russia should threaten to join such an Anglo-French alliance? Would not such an alliance force a neutrality (though an armed one) upon Germany and Prussia?

'On the other hand, suppose that England and Russia should remain neutral, and Austria be victorious against the Franco-Italian alliance, while Germany and therefore Prussia remained idle spectators—what would be the position of Prussia? How are we to escape the dangers of such alternatives? This question I put to you. I most anxiously await your answer, *for it will be decisive for us.*' (Vol. iv. p. 380.)

These last words are remarkable. They show how great was at that time the influence of England, even over the policy of Germany, and that in these royal or semi-royal communications between sovereigns, the Prince was exercising a very powerful control over the foreign policy of the country. But it would be unjust to assume that this power was used for any other purpose than to support the policy of the responsible Ministers of the Crown. This important communication from the Prince Regent of Prussia was shown by the Prince to Lord Malmesbury and Lord Derby, then in office, and with their assent he returned to it an elaborate answer, in which he advised the Prussian Regent

to rely mainly on public opinion enlightened by free discussion, to negotiate little, to hold stoutly to the maintenance of existing treaties, and to promote in Germany the organisation of the Federal forces. Prussia and Germany would then always have time to take part in the war with advantage, before France could have so cleared her hands of the Austrians that she could launch all her force against Germany.

This advice was followed, and matters turned out, at the time, better than had been anticipated. The Emperor Napoleon, in spite of his success at Magenta and Solferino, found out that he had none of the qualities of a great commander. He was in no condition to undertake the siege of the great fortresses of the Quadrilateral. It was by no means certain that a prolongation of hostilities would not bring Prussia and the forces of the Germanic Confederation into the field. A great service—greater than he intended or desired—had been rendered to Italy. And with equal promptitude and good sense he terminated the campaign and the war at Villafranca.*

* It does not appear in any part of Sir Theodore Martin's volumes that the Prince was aware of the conspiracy (for such it must be called) then going on between the Emperor Napoleon and Kossuth, as the head of the Hungarian exiles; but the disclosures recently made by Kossuth himself powerfully corroborate the case as against the Emperor, and they certainly are of the most extraordinary description. According to his statement, Kossuth was introduced by Prince Napoleon to a secret audience of the Emperor on May 5, 1859, the result of which was that the Emperor undertook to extend the seat of war from the banks of the Po to those of the Danube and the Theiss, and to land a French army in Hungary, Kossuth pledging himself to *secure the neutrality of England* (which was an indispensable condition) by the overthrow of Lord Derby's Government on the question of its foreign policy, with the assistance of his friends the politicians of the Manchester school: he was then to raise an Hungarian army from prisoners and deserters from the Austrian ranks; and finally, with the open support of France, to raise the whole Hungarian nation into insurrection, with the assistance of Roumania and Servia. Kossuth boasts that he executed the whole of his share in the plot. He came to England to agitate. The speeches he delivered at the London Tavern, at Manchester, and at Bradford, were really *the speeches of an agent of the French Emperor*, sent to dupe the people of England into a tacit connivance with his designs. The general election followed, in which Kossuth conceives himself to have achieved the defeat of Lord Derby, and to have brought into the Liberal Cabinet at least two members who were pledged in writing to abet the policy of France. The Manchester politicians were the mere tools of Kossuth, who used them, not for the preservation of peace, but for the extension of the war, by paralysing, as far as possible, the action of the Queen's Government. In the

Sir Theodore Martin has been led by the interest of the subject and the importance of the papers to which he had access to enter at far too great length into the narrative of the affairs of Italy at this crisis. They belong, no doubt, to the history of the times, and future writers will make use of these materials, for which in this sense we are grateful. But the disputes over the Italian Duchies and Garibaldi's expeditions in Southern Italy have only an indirect connexion with the biographical purpose of the present work.

In June, 1859 (before the close of the Italian campaign) Lord Derby's Administration came to an end, and was succeeded by the second Administration of Lord Palmerston. The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, Lord John Russell, were eager at any sacrifice to promote the independence of Italy; and six months later Lord Palmerston proposed to his Cabinet a triple alliance of England, France, and Sardinia against Austria, to settle the affairs of Italy even at the risk of war. The Cabinet did not share or adopt this opinion of its chief. Yet even when this proposal was made by Lord Palmerston, he was not without mistrust of the Emperor Napoleon, and within a month from the date of it, it became apparent that the cession of Savoy and Nice was the price to be paid for French intervention. Lord John Russell wrote to the Queen on February 5, 1860:—

'Lord John Russell encloses a private letter from Lord Cowley which he has read to the Cabinet. It is very unsatisfactory. The same reasons which are given for the frontier of the Alps apply more strongly to the frontier of the Rhine, inasmuch as the German armies will at all times be much more formidable than the Piedmontese, Lombards, and Tuscans. It seems we are to have no rest in Europe. The Austrians are ready to be quiet provided they are not attacked at home. This is all that can be fairly asked of them, if they prefer leaving France loose to binding her by an international engagement not to interfere in Italy. But French appetite for change is insatiable.'

end, notwithstanding all these promises, the Emperor duped Kossuth as effectually as he had duped Cavour.

The Hungarian agitator was admitted to the Imperial headquarters at Valleggio on July 3, after the battle of Solferino, when the Emperor renewed to him his declarations in favour of Hungary. Three days later, on July 6, General Fleury was sent to the Austrian Emperor to propose the armistice which led to the peace of Villafranca, and the whole scheme of the Hungarian insurrection collapsed in a moment. Whilst such things as these were going on in Europe, it is not surprising that the British Court should have watched the course of events with anxiety.

To this Her Majesty replied :—

‘We have been made regular dupes (which the Queen apprehended and warned against all along). The return to an English alliance, universal peace, respect for treaties, commercial fraternity, &c., &c., were the blinds to cover before Europe a policy of spoliation.’

Strangest of all, at this very time M. de Cavour declared to Sir James Hudson that no engagement of any sort or kind exists between France and the Court of Turin for the cession of Savoy. ‘I agree with Lord John,’ he added, ‘that the King would be disgraced were he to “*céder, troquer ou vendre la Savoie.*”’ The fact is that no treaty of cession had actually been signed; but the French refused to withdraw their armies from Italy until they had got their spoil. Cavour was perfectly aware when he made this declaration that the bargain he had himself concluded at Plombières did contain this surrender of the provinces.

In looking back on these transactions we cannot think that it was of any real importance to the balance of power in Europe, or to the material interests of any other European State, whether Savoy or Nice were to be Italian or French. The Sardinian Government had made enormous acquisitions with the help of France, and France chose to be paid for her services. But what was of vast importance to public faith and to our alliance was the scandalous duplicity which had marked the whole transaction. It was, as Lord Grey said, ‘a private stipulation for dividing the prey entered into before the quarrel took place, and before the booty could be obtained. It would be difficult,’ he added, ‘to find in the annals of the world a case of more flagrant iniquity.’ M. de Cavour was a man of purpose, and he accomplished a great patriotic object; but he was perfectly unscrupulous in the means he employed. At a subsequent period, when there was some question of the renewal of hostilities against Austria, he contemplated assisting an insurrection in Hungary, and he had undoubtedly contracted very intimate relations with Kossuth. The Prince says in one of his letters to Baron Stockmar (Jan. 24, 1861): ‘Cavour has allowed the arms for the Danube to be packed and shipped in the arsenal at Genoa. This we learn after he had assured us solemnly that he knew nothing of it.’ In the opinion of the Prince nothing justified diplomatic mendacity: he abhorred it.

The State which was really affected in its interests by the cession of Savoy was Switzerland, but, except in England, the Swiss found no sympathy or support in Europe. No

other Power cared even to protest against the invasion of their territorial rights. The French Government was more inclined than Sir Theodore Martin supposes to make a compromise on this question. It is within our own knowledge that M. de Thouvenel was authorised to propose the surrender of a considerable portion of the districts of Chablais and Faucigny to the Canton of Geneva, or to form a new Canton, so as to separate the French frontier from the Lake of Geneva. This proposal was conveyed to Lord Palmerston, but he rejected it, probably because it implied his assent to the rest of the bargain. His words were: 'We shall shame 'them out of it!'; but in this he was signally mistaken. The French Government professed at the time a strong desire to strengthen the position of Lord Palmerston, which was somewhat shaken in the House of Commons. They regarded him as their best ally.

Prince Albert considered that the projects of France had been helped by the more than stupidity of the other Powers. Russia gave her silent assent, a service for which she expected to be paid in the East. 'Austria was delighted that 'Sardinia should have justice meted out to her according to 'her own code; Prussia is, as usual, timorous and undecided, 'and so one of the most perilous arrangements is brought about 'which Europe, and Prussia in particular, could by possibility 'have had to face.' Subsequent events have shown that there was in all this a great deal of exaggeration. Europe has since had to encounter greater perils than this, and the cession of Savoy and Nice has not thrown an ounce weight into the scale. But to a politician who was himself the very soul of truth and honour, and who sought to infuse his own pure moral principles into the relations of states and governments, the immorality of this cession, the secrecy in which it had been veiled, and the effrontery with which it was denied, were revolting, and from that moment all possibility of a close alliance between the English Court and the Imperial Court of France was at an end. Indeed it would seem that henceforth a morbid dread and distrust of France took possession of the Prince's mind. On March 25 the Queen, in writing to Lord John Russell, expressed her fear 'that it will not be long 'before the union of Europe for her safety against a common 'enemy may become a painful necessity.' The same conviction had by this time taken strong hold of the leaders of the English Cabinet. Lord John Russell advised more intimate relations between Prussia and Austria, and drew nearer to those Powers; Lord Palmerston, in spite of his avowed pre-

dilection for the Emperor Napoleon, insisted on spending nine millions on fortifications and improving our system of defence. France, the Queen said (May 8), 'must needs disturb every quarter of the globe and try to make mischief, and set every one by the ears. Of course this will end some day in a regular crusade against the universal disturber of the world.' The Prince continued to pour forth exhortations to promote the union of Germany and the ascendancy of Prussia. A mutual agreement between England, Austria, and Prussia was declared to be essential to restore confidence and maintain peace, and it was resolved that, 'in order to carry the views of these Governments more completely into effect, it would be advisable that, if any proposition were made to either of them tending to affect the territorial circumscription of Europe or to disturb the balance of power, no answer should be given by the Power to whom such a communication should be addressed until a communication should be received from the others.'

Political forecasts, even when they proceed from the most august and illustrious lips, are proverbially fallacious. In Mr. Senior's interesting conversations of about the same date with the leading members of the Liberal party in France, who were excluded from the Government, the same apprehensions are manifested in every page. The Emperor had made war in Italy with partial success, therefore he was bound to continue in the same course, and it was merely a question of time when he would assail the whole fabric of the States of Europe. It may, no doubt, be contended that the precautions taken to avert this calamity did, in fact, avert it, and this appears to be Sir Theodore Martin's opinion, as he claims for the Prince the merit of a keen foresight and sagacity. But, although we are not disposed to view with much favour any part of the career of Napoleon III., justice requires that his policy should be correctly understood, and it is clear that subsequent events entirely refuted the apprehensions entertained in 1860. Strange as it might have appeared to the Prince, the danger to the peace of Europe, the circumscription of territory, and the balance of power lay on the other side of the Rhine, and in that Germany which he regarded as the champion of treaties and of peace. We do not believe that it ever was the intention of the Emperor Napoleon III. to engage in hostilities with England. On the contrary, peace with England was the cardinal point of his policy. As a matter of fact, during the ten years which succeeded the Italian campaign, he made no war in Europe. The two wars in which he did engage in

that interval were first a war in China in conjunction with Great Britain; secondly, a war in Mexico, caused by a rash attempt to place an Austrian Archduke on an American throne. In the very height of the controversy of 1860, to which we have just referred, he concluded the Commercial Treaty with England, the wisest, the boldest, and we hope the most enduring measure of his reign, for it destroyed the restrictions on the intercourse of the two greatest nations of the world. Twice in the course of this period he had remarkable opportunities to engage in European war—once when the Danish question opened, and England herself offered her co-operation to oppose the invasion of the Duchies by the German armies; and again in 1866, when Prussia turned her arms against Austria and revolutionised Germany. He allowed those opportunities to pass by. Perhaps in the true interests of his dynasty he was mistaken, for on both those occasions he would have had a powerful ally. These events took place long after Prince Albert had quitted the scene of human affairs; but we advert to them because they appear to us to throw a somewhat different light on the Emperor's policy. The Emperor himself emphatically disclaimed the designs which were attributed to him. In his letter to Count Persigny, published in these volumes, he declared that 'since the peace of Villafranca he had had but one thought, one object—to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on the best terms with all his neighbours, especially with England.' Lord Clarendon saw him in August, 1860, and declared that 'he had never seen him in a more sober and less speculative state of mind.' Ten years elapsed before the armies of France were arrayed against those of Germany, and though the cause of the declaration of war in 1870 was as unjustifiable as it was impolitic, the real origin of that fatal contest undoubtedly lay in the violent changes which had been brought about by Prussian ambition. It was Prussia, not France, which altered the relations of Europe. Had he lived to see it, the Prince would have been the first to acknowledge that the invasion of the Duchies, the Treaty of Gastein, the secret agreement with Italy to join in an attack on Austria, and the annexation of Hanover and Frankfort, were actions far more remote from 'the domain of equity and justice' than any which the French Government had attempted. One man may steal a horse, when another may not look over a stable-door. The Emperor Napoleon was, no doubt, looking over the stable-door, but others stole the horse. What the Prince foresaw, and what was, most repugnant to his principles, was that, the barriers

of public law and the existing constitution of Europe being once overthrown, no man could say where the evil would stop. Events have justified his previsions, for each successive act of violence is connected with those that preceded it by an irresistible necessity.

The very last act of the Prince's life, and one of the most effective and meritorious, was to draft a minute of the despatch in which the British Government demanded the surrender by the United States of the envoys taken forcibly out of the 'Trent.' The language in which this demand was couched by the Prince in the Queen's name was at once so dignified and so conciliatory that it accomplished the object of obtaining redress without wounding the American Government. But on this occasion also, the measures of Great Britain were cordially and energetically supported by France, and the Emperor performed to the last moment of the Prince's life the part of a sincere ally. Perhaps if these things had been foreseen, the Prince would have spoken of the Emperor in milder terms than are to be found in these volumes.

Amidst all these grave subjects of interest and anxiety, and although symptoms were beginning to show themselves of declining health and physical power, the Prince continued to carry on his incessant and multifarious occupations. No man ever worked harder. Even the time given to the sports of the field was curtailed, necessary as they were to exercise and health.

'Even during these few hours of recreation the brain could have had little rest from its pre-occupations. The day was too short for the claims upon the Prince's attention, and the frequent attacks of illness, even although slight, showed that his body was growing weaker, while every day increased the strain upon his mind. In every direction his counsel and his help were sought. In the royal household, in his family circle, among his numerous kinsfolk at home and abroad, his judgment and guidance were being constantly appealed to. Every enterprise of national importance claimed his attention; and in all things that concerned the welfare of the State, at home or abroad, his accurate and varied knowledge, and great political sagacity, made him looked to as an authority by all our leading statesmen. Let those who worked with and for him do their best—and he could not have been served more ably or more devotedly—they could not prevent a pressure which constantly compelled him to do in one day what would have been more than ample work for two. But all this fatigue of body and brain did not deprive him of his natural cheerfulness.'

In addition to all this the projectors of International Exhibitions had urged forward a scheme for the renewal in 1862 of that World's Fair in which the Prince had taken so active

and useful a part in 1851, and it was hoped that he would again be the mainstay of the enterprise. This prospect filled the Queen with alarm. Her Majesty was already conscious that the Prince was overworked, and was less able than formerly to devote his time to the details of such an exhibition. She therefore addressed a private letter, expressed in the strongest language, to one of the Ministers most familiar with the subject and most attached to the Prince, entreating him to relieve his Royal Highness from this additional duty, or the consequences might be most serious. This was done as far as possible. But the preliminary arrangements for the exhibition, nevertheless, took up much of the Prince's time. The exhibition took place, but he to whom the original conception had owed its success was no longer amongst us; and a melancholy contrast forced itself on the mind between this posthumous effort and that bright May day of 1851, which was one of the happiest and most glorious of the Queen's reign and of our times. Such a spectacle as that was could never be repeated.

Surrounded by the splendour of a court and the innumerable duties of an Empire, mankind might have deemed the life of the Prince an enviable one. He had conquered prejudices and calumnies; he had made himself a reputation for wisdom and rectitude in England and in Europe; he was surrounded by the devoted attachment of a family of no common promise. But the inexorable shadow, which follows all human activity, moved on, and he was not unconscious of its approach.

'It was characteristic of the Prince Consort that he contemplated the prospect of death with an equanimity by no means common in men of his years. This was owing to no indifference or distaste for life. He enjoyed it, and was happy and cheerful in his work, in his family circle, in loving thoughtfulness for others, and in the sweet returns of affection which this brought back to himself. But he had none of the strong yearning for life and fulness of years which is felt by those who shrink from looking beyond "the warm precincts of the genial day" into a strange and uncertain future. He had no wish to die, but he did not care for living. Not long before his fatal illness, in speaking to the Queen, he said, "I do not cling to life. You do; but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow." In the same conversation, he added, "I am sure, if I had a severe illness, I should give up at once, I should not struggle for life. I have no tenacity of life." This was said without a trace of sadness; he was content to stay, if such were Heaven's will; he was equally ready to go hence, should that will be otherwise.

'Death, in his view, was but the portal to a further life, in which he

might hope for a continuance, under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself and in those he loved, unclogged by the weaknesses, and unsaddened by the failures, the misunderstandings, the sinfulness, the sorrows of earthly existence.

'This spirit,' the Queen writes in a memorandum in 1862, 'this beautiful, cheerful spirit, it was, which made him always happy, always contented, though he felt so deeply and so acutely when others did wrong, and when people did not do their duty; it was this power he had of taking interest in everything, attending to everything, which prompted those blessed feelings about eternity. He was ready to live, ready to die, "not because I wish to be happier," as he often remarked, but because he was quite ready to go. He did not do what was right for the sake of a reward hereafter, but, as he always said, "because it was right."' (Vol. v. p. 415.)

To a man who has made the purest earthly good his scope and aim, and has sought to raise the path of life to its highest level, the sense of human imperfection and the longing for a nobler state of being come early. These were the characteristics of Prince Albert. By the universal testimony, not only of those who loved him, but of those who knew him at all, none have lived in our time, or perhaps in any times, with a loftier conception of duty or a more complete resolution to fulfil it. If men are great not so much by what they do and suffer, as by what they *are*, he deserves to occupy a rare position in the records of our race; and not the less so that, although his rank was exalted, his sphere of action was confined, and his activity, though it was extreme and incessant, rarely met the face of day. Perhaps no one will again occupy so singular a position; but the virtues he practised would dignify any position in life. They 'became him better than his crown.' Self-denial, unselfishness, a devout reliance on the purposes of Providence, and a kindly regard for the wants of men, form a character which we contemplate with sincere admiration and regard. Royalty is apt to make those who are invested with it self-important and exacting: they look down on society from a point of view which distorts its true relations. In Prince Albert the love of truth and justice was invincible; and he laboured to take an honest estimate of his duties to God and to mankind.

We shall not attempt to follow the narrative of his closing hours, which has been traced with the painful minuteness of bereaved affection. It is impossible to read a more touching story. These are the scenes of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, through which we all must pass by the side of those we have loved, or in the gloom which is closing round ourselves. But they are seldom described in real life. Seldom

certainly has life closed more mysteriously, ere yet the day's labour was more than half done. Seldom has a larger void been left by the removal of a single citizen from his adopted country. Sir Theodore Martin concludes his task by a few well-chosen sentences, and he borrows the majestic lines which the feverish genius of Shelley breathed over the grave of Adonais, as of one

‘ Who has outsoared the shadow of our night,
 Envy and calumny, and hate, and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight.’

There is in these lines a ring of suffering, singularly appropriate to Shelley himself, on whose monument, in Christchurch Minster, they are also inscribed, but less adapted to a well-balanced life and mind. We should rather have chosen for the close of such a literary monument to the dead those noble lines of Milton's *Attendant Spirit* which contain the moral of Albert's life :

‘ Mortals that would follow me,
 Love virtue ; she alone is free ;
 She can teach you how to climb
 Higher than the sphery clime ;
 Or if virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.’

- ART. V.—1. *Etudes sur la religion des Soubbas ou Sabéens, leurs dogmes, leurs mœurs.* Par M. N. SIOUFFI, Vice-Consul de France à Moussoul. Paris: 1880.
2. *Reisen im Orient.* Von H. PETERMANN. 2 vols. Leipzig: 1860.
3. *Codex Nazaræus, Liber Adami appellatus.* Ed. NORBERG. Lond. Goth.: 1815.
4. *Thesaurus, sive Liber Magnus, vulgo 'Liber Adami' appellatus, opus Mandæorum summi ponderis.* Descr. et ed. H. PETERMANN. 2 vols. Berlin: 1867.
5. *Qolasta, oder Gesänge und Lehre von der Taufe und dem Ausgang der Seele.* Mandäische Text mit sämtlichen Varianten. Herausgegeben von J. EUTING. Stuttgart: 1867.
6. *Mandäische Grammatik.* Von TH. NÖLDEKE. Halle: 1875.
7. *Die Ssabier und der Ssabismus.* Von Dr. D. CHWOLSOHN. 2 vols. St. Petersburg: 1856.

AMONG the various problems that have vexed the souls of learned men, few have provoked greater controversy, or given rise to more fanciful and conflicting theories, than that connected with the name of Sabian. What the Pelasgians and Etruscans have been to classical commentators, the Letters of Junius and the personality of the Man in the Iron Mask to students of modern mysteries, the origin, character, and *habitat* of the Sabian religion have proved to Oriental writers and their European followers. To write the history of the numerous significations which have been attached to the word Sabian is to chronicle the errors of the learned world in its Oriental department; whilst to denominate anything as 'Sabian' is even less definite than to call it 'Turanian.' *Omne ignotum pro Turanio* has been the maxim of philologists; and to cast every unknown or problematical creed into the general rubbish-hole of 'the Sabian religion' has been the principle of Orientalists. The conquered subjects of the Khalifate recognised this principle, and when they wished to escape the financial penalties of heathendom, and could not persuade their Muslim lords that they were Jews or Christians, they would boldly style themselves 'Sabians,' in the full conviction that the Mohammedans knew no more about that religion than that the Prophet of the Arabs had specially excluded it from the general outlawry of idolatry. The problem is one of comparatively

modern growth. The ancients knew no such sect as the Sabian; Greek and Latin historians, the early Armenian annalists, the Syrian Fathers, make no mention of such a creed. The *Sabaans* of Arabia Felix are the only people of similar name referred to by the classical writers; but these, though their name has given rise to frequent confusions among scholars of all ages, have absolutely nothing in common with the genuine Sabians. The Sabæans are simply the people of Saba in the Yemen, the traditional descendants of Sheba, the rulers of that wonderful but little known Cushite kingdom in Southern Arabia which is now known by the name of Himyerite: as Philostorgius puts it, τοὺς πάλαι μὴν Σαβαλοὺς νῦν δὲ Ὀμερίτας καλουμένους.* In language, religion, race, and history, these Sabæans are totally distinct from the Sabians of the Koran and of the mediæval antiquaries.

The Mohammedan writers are the first to mention the Sabians, and it is not till the study of Arabic and the Jewish redactors of Arabic works became the fashion in Europe that we have any discussion of this mysterious people. Maimonides' 'Moreh han Nebukim,' in the fifteenth century, was the beginning of the fray; and since the discovery of his passage on the Sabians no scholar-knight thought his spurs won till he had broken a lance *de Zabiiis*. Casaubon lighted on the place, and forthwith wrote urgently to Joseph Scaliger, 'Doce me, obsecro, quæ hæc gens fuerit;' to whom Scaliger, omniscient as ever, 'Scito esse Chaldæos, Arab. Tzabin; dicti a vento 'Apeliote: quasi dicas Orientales.' He has not the least doubt about it, and Casaubon receives the decision meekly. Our own John Selden walked in the same way, and in his work on the Syrian gods, 'De Diis Syriis,' identified the Sabians with the ancient Chaldeans, curiously citing Eutychius to prove that Zoroaster was the founder of the Sabian religion. Salmasius came to a similar conclusion, and laid it down that the Sabians were a sect of the Chaldees. Stanley, in his 'History of Philosophy' (1655), devotes a remarkable chapter to the Sabians, in which he collects a fine cluster of myths, cites the passage in the Book of Job wherein it is related how 'the Sabeans fell 'upon' the patriarch's oxen and asses, 'and took them away; 'yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword;' and ends by placing the Sabians (i.e. Sabæans) in Arabia, adding the definition 'Arabes, hoc est Sabæi,' which, if over comprehensive, is sufficiently correct as regards the Sabæans, but entirely false if taken to describe the Sabians. Pococke in-

* Hist. Eccl. iii. 4.

geniously, but erroneously, derives the name from a word meaning 'army,' and defines the Sabians as worshippers of the heavenly host; and Bochart and Golius follow him in his etymology. So the theories went on. Everybody had a conjecture to offer about the Sabians, but nobody really had the necessary data on which to ground an opinion. The only point on which all agreed was that the essential characteristic of the Sabian religion was the worship of the stars; and this idea has generally been the prevailing notion in Eastern and Western minds when they thought of the Sabian creed. Meanwhile, travellers in the East were bringing back accounts of a peculiar people, called Sabians, who dwelt in the fens of Lower Mesopotamia, and had a religion of their own which could not be explained altogether by the old conception of star-worship, and whose reverence for St. John Baptist gained for them, among Europeans, the name of 'Christians of St. John.' Ignatius a Jesu published at Rome, in 1652, his 'Narratio' of the origin, ritual, and errors of the Christians of St. John; and for a long time after this the history of the controversy is only a 'narratio' of the errors of Ignatius a Jesu. Further complications were introduced by the discovery of many references in Oriental writers to a sect also called Sabian, dwelling at Harran. The problem now seemed involved beyond hope of extrication. To distinguish or to unite the Sabeans of Job and Philostorgius, the Sabians of Babylonia, and the Sabians of Harran, was beyond the skill of the scholars of the day. They tried to identify the Sabians of Babylonia with those of Harran, and had to invent for that purpose a new Harran in Mesopotamia, instead of the ancient Carrhæ; but a junction between these and the Arabian Sabæans was not to be effected.

The wonderful growth of Oriental studies in the present century could not fail to clear up much of this obscurity. It was easy to separate the Sabians from the Sabæans, when it was discovered that the two words began with different letters, and went on with different letters, and had, in fact, nothing in common. It did not require much scholarship to do this; but as the writings of the vast body of intelligent, observant, studious men who composed that enormous Arabic literature which is slowly being unfolded to our view, became better known and understood, it became apparent (1) that there was a distinction between the two sects called Sabian, that of Harran and that of Babylonia; and (2) that the solution of the difficulty, at least as far as the Babylonian division was concerned, would have to be sought elsewhere than in the Mohammedan literature. The Muslim writers maintain a difference between the two

kinds of Sabians, and give considerable details about those of Harran; but of the Babylonian Sabians they tell us next to nothing. Now, interesting as the sectarians of Harran seemed to be, with their bizarre combination of Greek philosophy and the old heathen religion of Syria, the geographical position of the more eastern sect, as well as its greater mystery, gave it an even superior charm. Who could these Sabian 'Christians of St. John' be? Living in the swamps of Lower Babylonia, on the site of the old Chaldean empire, could they be a relic of the Wise Men of the East? Might we not find among them the religion which the Assyrians borrowed from the Babylonians, with its triads of gods and its planet-worship? Would their divinities have Accad names? Might we not even find the people now 'weeping for Tammuz,' as they did in the days of Ezekiel (viii. 14), and in older days, long before the Greeks set up their answering Adonis?

However delightful such speculations might be, a little serious study soon proved their futility. The publication of one of the sacred books of the Babylonian Sabians, under the title of the 'Book of Adam,' or Codex Nazaræus, by Norberg, at the beginning of this century, provided scholars with something approaching to a definite ground on which to build with more security than before. Although by no means a scientific edition, containing mistakes which led to corresponding errors in those who worked from Norberg's premisses, the Codex Nazaræus was a genuine Sabian authority, and dispelled a good many of the mists which surrounded the character of this people and their religion. But the first really scientific work on the subject did not appear till 1856, when Chwolsohn in his 'Ssabier und Ssabismus' conclusively demonstrated who were and who were not Sabians, showed the fallacies and confusions of the earlier hypotheses, and, touching lightly on the Babylonian Sabians, gave a very comprehensive account of the Harranian sect. This elaborate and thoroughly scientific work cleared the ground for ever of all the undergrowth of fancies and myths which had sprung up round the name of Sabians; and though among the advanced German school of Orientalists it is now the fashion to adopt a somewhat patronising tone towards the 'careful and painstaking' Chwolsohn, and to dispute his conclusions about the Babylonian sect, his researches into the antiquities and religion of Harran have a worth that can never be depreciated, and his labours in this direction will never have to be done again.

The disappointing thing in Chwolsohn's book is the slight notice he takes of the Babylonian sect, which he admits to

have been the true Sabians, as understood by the early Mohammedan writers, but to whom he nevertheless devotes only one short chapter, whilst the rest of his bulky volumes is entirely concerned with the Sabians of Harran, who only took the name of Sabian in A.D. 830, under the reign of the Khalif Mamun, in order to escape the penalties of heathens, and to enrol themselves among the recognised sects of the Koran. Mohammed had said in the fifth Sûra, 'Verily, they who believe, and the Jews and the Sabians and the Christians—whoever of them believeth in God and the Last Day, and doth what is right, on them shall come no fear, neither shall they be put to grief.' The people of Harran could not pretend to be Christians or Jews, but the other sect mentioned with these in this sentence of amnesty, the Sabians, was so vague, and the Mohammedans knew so little who they were, that the Harranians adopted the name, and thereby avoided the obloquy and oppression which was the lot of those whom the Koran treated as heathen. This sect, therefore, was only adoptively Sabian, and it is to these adoptive Sabians, and not to the true Sabians of Babylonia, whom the Mohammedan writers had long before recognised as the people referred to in the Koran, that Chwolsohn devoted his main attention. However much we may regret that he did not investigate the other part of the subject more closely, it is impossible not to feel grateful for the completeness and accuracy of his researches into Harranian religion. Though not true Sabian, the Harran adopters of the name are well worthy of study. Their religion is one of the most curious religious phases that Syria, the land of changing creeds, has produced. It was the old heathenism of the country, mixed with many foreign elements. 'Eclecticism prevailed at that period, and it was not only Greeks and Romans that found the influence of foreign, chiefly Eastern, metaphysical speculation irresistible.' We find at Harran Biblical legends, Jewish ceremonial laws, Greek gods, such as Helios, Ares, and Kronos—probably translations of native divinities—and finally something of Aristotle and a good deal of the Neo-platonism of Porphyry. It was the symbolical veneration of the planets, which formed a part of this græcised Syrian heathenism, to which we owe the modern idea that Sabian means star-worshipper. After the people of Harran adopted the name Sabian, the Mohammedan writers began to use the word as synonymous with star-worshipper, and finally called all and any idolaters Sabians. The process is very similar to that by which Hellên came to mean Pagan; and Harran itself was called Hellenopolis, the city of paganism.

The explanation of the true Sabian religion, as preserved in the remnant of a religious sect in Babylonia, was reserved for another hand. Whilst Chwolsohn was clearing up the obscurities surrounding the name of Sabian, and explaining the characteristics of the adoptive Sabians of Harran, Petermann was travelling in Mesopotamia, studying the true Sabians (or Mandæans, as they call themselves) *in situ*, learning their language, and taking down their traditions and doctrines from Priest Yahya, the most learned man of the sect. The results of these researches appeared in his 'Travels' in 1860, and seven years later he published the text of the great scripture of the Sabians, which Norberg had imperfectly edited before, whilst Dr. Euting did the same service to another of their sacred books. Petermann's writings still form the highest authority on the true Sabian religion, and the publication of accurate editions of the Sabian scriptures enabled other scholars to investigate the mythology and legends in detail, and finally gave Professor Theodor Nöldeke the means of making an exhaustive study of the Sabian language, and to collect the most important results of his investigations in his 'Mandäische Grammatik.' The linguistic importance of the sect would alone make them worthy of careful study. They speak an Aramaic dialect closely allied to Syriac and Chaldee, but much freer from foreign influences than either. Whilst Syriac shows in many ways the effect of Greek influence, and Chaldee is obviously deeply affected by its greater Hebrew kinswoman, Mandæan, the dialect of the Sabians of Babylonia, is comparatively untouched, for the importation of some Persian words does not affect the language in any fundamental manner. Hence no one who wishes to understand the character and history of the Aramaic branch of the Semitic family of languages, especially in its syntactic relations, can afford to neglect the Mandæan dialect, which is, in fact, the legitimate descendant of the tongue of the ancient Shemites of Babylonia.

Finally, the French Vice-Consul at Mossoul, M. Siouffi, has published this year the results of his conversations with a Sabian youth who had been converted to the Catholic faith by the energies of the Carmelite mission at Baghdad. As far as ceremonies and customs go, M. Siouffi's book is interesting and useful; but as soon as he ventures upon theological ground he is not to be trusted. Both the knowledge and the honesty of the young convert Adam are questionable; he certainly seems to have endeavoured to deceive M. Siouffi on more points than one—a feat, however, not very difficult of

accomplishment, inasmuch as the enquiring mind of the Vice-Consul was wholly unread in the subject, and he knew absolutely nothing of the discoveries of Petermann and Chwolson. The extracts from various superseded authorities at the end of the volume show the extent of the author's ignorance, whilst the invention of a sole supreme god, Alaha (probably an improvement on Hayya), shows the imaginative faculty of the Sabian convert and his desire to convince M. Siouffi of the monotheistic character of his former religion at the expense of veracity. The spelling of the names of the divinities and the translations of formulas show that M. Siouffi knows next to nothing of the Mandæan language. Indeed, had he really studied it to any purpose, he could hardly have failed to hear of Norberg, Petermann, Euting, and Nöldeke, and to have read the Sabian scriptures in the European texts.

One word must, however, be said in favour of M. Siouffi's account of the Mandæan religion, as explained to him by the convert Adam. It has been assumed that, because this account differs widely from that set forth in the Mandæan scriptures, it is therefore wholly inaccurate. Admitting M. Siouffi's ignorance and his teacher's possible dishonesty, these are scarcely sufficient to account for the origin of all the traditions and beliefs described in the '*Etudes sur la religion des Soubbas*.' We cannot help thinking that the religion set forth in the pages of this work has some existence in fact, and is not merely the result of an ingenious fabricator and a too confiding and ill-informed pupil. The Mandæan religion, as found in the scriptures of the sect, is too complicated and too profound for the mass of believers; moreover, even in this form, it shows a remarkable process of degradation from its original conception. Very few of the modern Mandæans know the contents of their sacred books, and it is quite possible that an exoteric doctrine grew up beside the priestly religion, and that some of M. Siouffi's traditions really represent the vulgar religion, as opposed to the scriptural. Among a people filled with the legends of such a land as Babylonia, with neighbours on all sides of every imaginable difference of mythological tradition, it seems impossible that the form of Gnosticism which the Mandæan scriptures represent should have remained long unmixed with the many and diverse beliefs of the soil. The doctrine of the sacred books is itself an amalgamation of several mutually inconsistent creeds, and there is no reason why the process of corruption and adulteration should have come to an end when the Mandæan scriptures were finally redacted. On the contrary, there is every pro-

bability that the common people clung to the local traditions, though the priests rejected most of them, and that they continued to mix the teaching of their spiritual guides with the mass of legendary myths they had inherited from their forefathers. In that case, Petermann's account of the Mandæan creed would be the esoteric, the priestly, view; whilst the basis of M. Siouffi's probably garbled description of the religion of the Soubbas would represent the popular belief of the ignorant and superstitious Mandæans of to-day. At present it is only possible to suggest this theory as one that deserves to be tested: nothing but a further examination, on the spot, of modern Mandæan beliefs can settle the question whether M. Siouffi is merely the dupe of a cunning deacon, or the expositor of the vulgar conception of their religion by the Christians of St. John.

There is, however, no doubt that the true source of a right understanding of the historical Sabian religion, as taught and practised by its priests, is to be derived only from the sacred books and the explanation thereof given to Petermann by his instructor, the Mandæan priest Yahya. We shall have occasion to relate some of M. Siouffi's traditions of the common folk at a later page; but the first thing necessary is to comprehend what is meant by Sabism or Mandaism as thus authoritatively expounded. To avoid confusion it is necessary to premise that *Mandæans* (equivalent to οἱ λογικοί or 'Gnostics') is the proper name of this sect, and the only one used among members of it. *Sābi*, or Sabian, (plural *Subba*,) is the name given to it by Mohammedans, and is derived from a Syrian word meaning 'a washer,' and was applied first by the Syrians to the Mandæans on account of their frequent baptisms. We shall use the terms Mandæan and Sabian indifferently.

The principal scripture of the Mandæans is the *Sidra Rabba*, or 'Great Book,' also called the *Ginza*, or 'treasure' (and incorrectly, by Norberg, the 'Book of Adam,' *Liber Adami*), which contains the whole doctrine of the sect in a hundred separate unconnected sections. It is divided into two parts, called respectively 'the right' and 'the left.' The 'right,' which occupies about two-thirds of the whole work, contains the dogmatic teaching of the religion, legends, moral doctrine, polemics against heresy, and the like. It is wholly wanting in order and method, frequently self-contradictory, always confused. Much of it is as yet incomprehensible to the most accomplished scholars; and in reading it we feel that we are in the presence of a strange medley of creeds, imperfectly

understood even by its professed expositors. The second part, the 'left,' deals with the future state of the soul, and is apparently designed for liturgic use. This chief scripture must have been composed about 700 A.D., but portions of it are earlier. It is evidently the work of many writers and different ages. It has undoubtedly preserved its present form (as edited by Petermann) for many centuries. Another important book is the anthology of hymns and formulas edited by Dr. Euting, under the title of *Qolusta*. Besides these, the Mandæans have two or three collections of prayers, a book on Astrology, and another containing the Legends of St. John Baptist. The 'Divan,' attributed to them by Ignatius a Jesu, is unknown by that name in the present day; it was probably the *Sidra Rabba*.

The result of an examination of these authorities is to reveal to us one of the strangest religions that the world has seen. The sect variously known by the names of Sabians, Mandæans, Nazarenes, and Christians of St. John, presents the most curious combination of wholly diverse creeds that can well be conceived. As the descendants of the ancient Semitic population of Chaldea, and the inheritors of the Babylonian language, it is natural that we should find among the Mandæans some trace of the early religion of the country. The mythology, indeed, cannot be connected to any great extent with that of ancient Babylonia, so far as we know it at present, but the astrological and magical leanings of the people, the names still given to the planets, and the preference for certain sacred numbers, e.g. 360 and the epoch of 480,000 years, point distinctly to their Chaldean and Nabathean ancestry. It is even asserted by a Mohammedan historian of the tenth century that in his time the Mandæans kept the feast of Thammuz, the Babylonian prototype of Adonis, and it is likely that many other of their beliefs and practices may be traced to their Babylonian descent. Next to the Chaldean must be placed the Parsee element, which was introduced by the problematical Parthian founder of the sect, and which is shown in the occurrence of Mithra and Rauso and Razista of the Zend Avesta among the Mandæan objects of veneration. But the most considerable element in Mandæan religion is derived from those peculiar Gnostic sects which sprang from the dying struggles of paganism. We shall not here concern ourselves with the founding or the history of the sect; for nothing certain is known of either. Chwolsohn's ingenious and learned reasoning is now pronounced by the highest Mandæan authority to be mistaken; otherwise we might follow him in identifying

the Sabians with the Elkesaites or Elchasaites of Pseudo-origines, Theodoret, and Epiphanius—the Mughtasilah or ‘Washers’ of the Fihrist—founded at the end of the first century of the Christian era by a holy man named El-Hasaih or El-Chasai, Ἠλχασαί, Ἠλξαι, who came from Parthia and taught Parsee ideas and doctrines to the Babylonians. The sect of the Elkesaites is now pronounced to be distinct from that of the Mandæans, and Professor Nöldeke is even inclined to identify the former and not the Mandæans with the Sabians of the Koran, in spite of the general agreement of Mohammedan writers to the contrary effect. The influence of some sect like the Elkesaites is seen in the Mandæan adoption of the custom of frequent baptisms and ablutions, as well as in other customs, whilst the name Nazarene or Nasorene, so often applied to the Babylonian Sabians, is the common appellation of the Judæo-Christian sects, and must have been derived from them; and the few Jewish legends which are found in the Sidra Rabba must have come from the same source.

The origin of the Mandæans is to be found in the convulsions of religious belief which succeeded the first spread of Christianity. It is one of those bizarre creeds which rose up on the ruins of the great pagan religions. Those who have tried to follow the history of Gnosticism, who have wandered through the mazes of the systems which sprang from the dying throes of Hellenism, and have dived into the writings of the Alexandrian and Syrian schools, have read the Hermetic books, and endeavoured to trace the workings of gnostic and cabalistic doctrines among the Judæo-Christian sects, will understand what a tangle of dogma is found in the Mandæan creed, when we say that it is at bottom a corrupt gnosticism, half understood, and utterly confused. The name Mandæan, which is the only one used among the sectaries, means ‘gnostic;’ and the fundamental notions of gnosticism can be traced, in spite of infinite confusions and the presence of foreign conceptions of every description, in the theology of the Christians of St. John. To show how far this theology is purely gnostic, how far Jewish and cabalistic, how far taken from Parsee or even Buddhist sources, and how far, finally, local, the relic of the Chaldean land-religion, is an impossible task. The sacred books are so much confused, and their accounts vary so hopelessly in different places; the names of the divinities or æons are so frequently confounded, the same being employed in different places for two or more distinct emanations or manifestations, or different names being used

for the same, that it is beyond the power of scholarship as yet to separate the various elements in the Mandæan religion and ascribe each to its proper source. Even the learned Dr. Nöldeke writes, in a pathetic conclusion to a review of Petermann's and Euting's editions of the Mandæan scriptures: 'I have busied myself with the Mandæans for years; I have read the two newly-edited books carefully through twice, and parts of them much oftener; . . . I have endeavoured by a study of the gnostic and other systems to gain an insight into this literature: and yet I have not so far arrived at any adequate understanding.' But though there is an infinite amount of uncertainty and obscurity about much of this strange creed, or collection of creeds, the main outline has been tolerably clearly drawn by Petermann from his priestly teacher; and we cannot do better than recapitulate his account.

At the beginning of all things there were two existences, which may be looked upon as the male and female principles. There was the primæval matter, the *hyle* which, like the Orphic egg of the world, held all things in its womb. And beside this was the intellectual creative principle, *Mana Rabba*, the Lord of Glory, who was throned in the æther of the shining world, through which flowed the great Jordan, the river of the water of life, whence all things and plants that dwell in the shining world derive the spark of life. *Mana* called into being *Hayya Kadmaya*, 'First Life,' and, having thus far advanced the creation, retired into the profoundest obscurity, where he is visible only to certain of the highest emanations, and to the souls of the holiest among the Mandæans, whose greatest privilege it is to be permitted to see once after death the glorious *Mana* from whom they all originally issued. *Hayya Kadmaya* is regarded as the creating working god—not, however, the Demiurgus of the gnostics—and to him belong the deepest veneration and worship. He, and not *Mana Rabba*, who is *above* all mortal reverence, is addressed first in the prayers, and every book begins with his name. It is easy to see that this working god might readily be confounded with *Mana*, the original creative principle, and as a matter of fact the scriptures abound in such confusion. The same attributes are often given to *Hayya Kadmaya* as to *Mana*. Like the latter, he is described as throned in the shining æther world, where runs great Jordan, and where dwell countless angels—*Uthre*—in perpetual bliss.

From *Hayya Kadmaya* proceeded *Hayya Tinyana*, or the 'Second Life,' and *Manda d'hayya*. These two are the Cain

and Abel of the Mandæans. The former wishes to raise himself above Hayya Kadmaya, and he is punished by being expelled from the world of the shining æther and put into the lower world of light. Manda d'hayya, on the other hand, is the ideal of purity and goodness. He is called Father, King of Angels, Lord of Worlds, Beloved Son, Good Shepherd, High Priest, Word of Life, Teacher and Saviour of Mankind, the conqueror of hell, and the chainer of the devil; he dwells with the Father (Mana or Hayya), and is the Christ of the Mandæan religion. They call themselves after his name. Manda d'hayya, who is also called *Adam Kadmaya*, reveals himself through his three sons, Abel, Seth, and Enos, or in Mandæan *Hibil* (or *Hibil-Ziva*), *Shithil*, and *Anush*. Just as Hayya was confused with Mana, so Hibil Ziva frequently receives the same attributes as his father Manda d'hayya, and is treated with equal reverence.

The first emanation from the ejected Cain, or 'Second Life,' was *Abáthur*, or the Father of Angels. He sits at the confines of the world of light, at the great door which leads up from the lower regions, and with scales in hand weighs the deeds of the dead, and sends the souls back to purgatory or on into paradise, according to the weight of their actions. At first there was nothing under Abáthur but a void, and then a stagnant black water; but as he looked down his form was reflected in the water, and thence sprang *Petahil*, or Gabriel, the Demiurgus of the creed. Petahil received a command from his father to form the common world and bring mankind into being, and assisted by evil spirits, as some say, or by his own unaided powers, he created the world and made Adam and Eve, but he could not give them souls. So Hibil-Ziva and his brethren were given a portion of Mana Rabba's spirit, and they poured it into mankind, so that they worshipped Hayya Kadmaya instead of Petahil. Abáthur was enraged with his son for the manner in which he had arranged the creation, and he expelled him from his place, and sent him down into the *Mattaráthas* or hells, where he must dwell till the judgment-day, when Hibil-Ziva will bring him up and baptise him and make him king of angels. There are four purgatories, each ruled by its kings, but the true hell is beneath them all, and its government is distributed among three old men, *Shdum*, *Giv*, and *Krun* the deepest of all. Some slimy water refreshes the inhabitants of purgatory, but in hell even this fails, and in *Krun's* kingdom there is only dust and emptiness, and a fire that does not lighten, but consumes.

The progress of the soul after death is very minutely de-

scribed in the Mandæan books. It repairs first to the Turquoise mount, traverses the superior world, till it arrives at the great encircling ocean, over which a Charon, after certain delays varying in length according to the sinfulness of the soul, will convey it to the entrance to the Mattaráthas, in each of which horrible tortures await it if it has sinned overmuch. At the gate of each purgatory it is asked its name, and has to answer that it was baptised in the name of Hayya Kadmaya and Manda d'hayya, and has given alms, before it can be let through. It has to pass by terrible monsters, even Ur, who eats 3,000 souls daily, but providentially sleeps when a good Mandæan passes. Then it goes on to Petahil's Mattarátha and to Abáthur, who admits it to the world of light, where it wanders, in delight, and may peradventure attain to the vision of Mana Rabba.

Hibil-Ziva, having completed Petahil's work, invaded hell and laid bare its hidden things, and carried off *Ruha*, daughter of Kin, queen of hell, to the upper worlds, where she gave birth to *Ur* (or 'Fire'), the most terrible of all demons, who dared even to attack the world of light. Him Hibil-Ziva cast into the black water and chained there, and enclosed with iron and golden walls. From this unnatural son *Ruha* bare three litters of seven and twelve and five sons. The first became the seven planets, placed in the seven heavens, the sun being in the fourth or middle heaven; the second birth furnished the twelve signs of the zodiac; the third, five stars, including Sirius, baneful to mankind, and the authors of all hurt and mischief. Heaven is of most transparent water, in which the stars and planets float in boats. It is so clear that we can see straight to the Pole Star, which is at the apex of heaven, before the door of Abáthur—and the Pole Star is the Kibla to which the face must be turned in prayer. The earth is a disk, three parts surrounded by water, but bounded on the fourth side by the lofty mountain of blue turquoise. It is only the reflection of this turquoise mountain that makes the sky look blue. Beyond the mountain is another and superior world, dwelt in by Pharaoh and his Egyptians, who are great Sabian heroes, and by the holiest saints of the Mandæan faith. A great sea girdles both worlds.

The Mandæans, in common with many ancient peoples, believe in world-cycles. There have already, they say, been several cycles; the present race will be destroyed about 5,000 years hence by a mighty storm, when a new couple from the better world beyond the Turquoise mountain will repeople the

earth, and their progeny will endure for 50,000 years, after which Ur will destroy all the lower world, and the world of light will alone remain.

Man consists of three parts, body, soul (*ψυχή*), and spirit (*νοῦς*). The soul (*ruha*) is merely the animal nature, the evil tendency, and hence the same name is given to Ruha, the mother of Ur, from whom all mischievous arts and magic are believed to have sprung, and only one good gift, the gift of bearing children, which she gave to women. The spiritual or higher soul is the *νοῦς*, which was implanted by Hibil Ziva, as has been related, and is in constant warfare with the natural soul. So far are the Mandæans from acknowledging any affinity with orthodox Christianity, from which they derived their conception of Manda d'hayya, that they regard the Messiah as the son of Ruha, the arch witch, whom they identify by an obvious etymological process with the Holy Ghost, and hence they give Christ the character of a magician, and place him among the planets as the trickster Mercury. They do not recognise any of the prophets or books of the Old Testament any more than the Gospels; all were false prophets, they hold, except John the Baptist, who is their sole law-giver and teacher, and of whom they relate marvellous legends.

The tradition of St. John the Baptist and the subsequent history of the Mandæans, as given by M. Siouffi, may form a curious if not perfectly accurate supplement to the account of this peculiar religion which has just been given on the authority of Petermann. The legend is obviously corrupt, but it is none the less likely to be commonly accepted by the Mandæan populace. The sect, it must be remembered, does not by any means admit its late origin, but, on the contrary, claims for itself the remotest antiquity, and regards its foundation as coeval with the creation of man. From time to time, however, it has suffered reverses at the hands of unbelievers, its bishops and priests have become extinct, and the diminished people have adopted the faith of the infidels among whom they dwelt. It was at such a time, when the Sabians had joined themselves to their Jewish neighbours and deserted the true religion, that Yahya, whom they identify with John the Baptist, but who might equally well have been any other John, was sent to recall the people to their ancient faith. As there were no more true believers, it followed that no soul went to paradise, and the inhabitants of that blessed region, tired of their own unvaried company, and desirous of some fresh additions to their society, made their plaint to the authorities, and

demanding the resuscitation of the true religion and the consequent arrival of new souls. So Manda d'Hayya sent a bowl of magical water to a woman among the Judaised Mandæans, whose name was Inoshwey—the Elizabeth, in short, of the Sabian tradition. Now Inoshwey and her husband, Abu Sawa, were both well stricken in years, and had no children. Nevertheless, no sooner had she drunk of the magic water than Inoshwey conceived, and in due time, specified as nine months, nine days, nine hours, and nine minutes, bore a child. The Jews suspected that some ill would befall them at the hand of this miraculous infant, and had instructed their women who attended Inoshwey to kill the boy as soon as he was born; but their designs were frustrated by an angelic messenger, who caught the child up to paradise, where he was brought up and instructed in all the mysteries of the Sabian faith. When John was perfected in wisdom and had attained to manhood, Anush carried him back to the earth. The two were met by a maidservant of Inoshwey, who recognised the family likeness of the youth, and ran to her mistress and told her she had seen a young man as beautiful as the full moon. The mother was so transported with joy at the recovery of her son that she hastened to meet him without first putting on her veil. Her husband, deeply offended by this sin against the customs of the people, had a mind to divorce her, but, being warned by an angel, he changed his mind, and embraced his son on the banks of Jordan. Anush, having restored John to his family, called upon the sun and the moon to protect him, and returned to paradise. Meanwhile John went back to the parental roof, and forthwith began his mission by baptising his father and mother, after which he gave proofs of his divine authority by performing various miracles, as healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and restoring strength and soundness to the halt and maimed, so that many of the Jews believed in him and became Sabians. Then John appointed bishops and priests over his people, and baptised Christ, and, having ordered all things, gave himself up to unceasing prayer night and day. His first prayer was to be preserved from the blandishments of women, for he was fair to look upon, and feared to become a prey to their love. And as their prophet would not marry, the whole people in like manner renounced marriage, so that the number of souls that went to paradise became much diminished. Then the dwellers in heaven sent a message to John, and said, 'The end of all your austerity will be the destruction of the Sabian race. You will prevent our paradise from being peopled. Be less severe on yourself in your praying,

‘and take a wife to whom to devote a portion of your time.’ So John married, and the Sabians took wives again. And it came to pass, after four-and-forty years, that Manda d’hayya came and took John over the sea, and through the Mattaráthas, to the abode of blessedness, and his people knew him no more.

After the passing of John, the Sabians were greatly persecuted by the Jews, who were fearful lest all their people should turn Sabians. A daughter of Eleazar, the chief rabbi, had joined the religion of John, and the Jews in revenge massacred the greater number of the Sabians, and the remnant, after having destroyed Jerusalem by divine aid, migrated to another land. It was at this time (continues the tradition, in defiance of chronology) that Moses attacked them, and fought in single combat with the Sabian champion, Ferrokh Malka (King Pharaoh), who drove the false prophet into the sea. But the waters opened behind Moses and let him escape, whilst the Sabians pursuing were all drowned, except Ferrokh Malka and thirty followers, who fled to Shuster. Here, being deprived of their clergy, a new teacher was sent them, named Abu-l-Faras Adam, who performed miracles and taught them the law, and ordained bishops and priests; and then returned to the invisible world beyond the Turquoise mountain. After this the Sabians were greatly persecuted by the Muslims, and were scattered abroad. To centuries of oppression were added the horrors of the plague, which in 1831 (they say, with a curious leap in the chronology) carried off all the clergy, so that for ten years the Sabians had to do without marriage. At this time they went back to Shuster. Some established themselves at Suk-esh-Shuyukh on the Euphrates. They chose fresh priests and bishops, and the order has been unbroken ever since. Misfortunes have reduced them to four thousand souls; but their books say they have still many evil things to endure, that they will yet again be deprived of their priests, and their numbers will be diminished even more.

Such is the popular tradition of Mandæan history, according to the convert Adam, which must be taken for what it is worth. Much more valuable are the accounts preserved by M. Siouffi on the manners and customs of this strange people. The most characteristic of their religious observances is the frequent habit of baptism, in which we cannot but see a relic of some aboriginal Babylonian river-worship, though the sacerdotal adoption of the practice was doubtless due to the various Judæo-Christian sects which enforced the importance of baptism; from sects such as the Hemerobaptists and the Elkesaites, whom many scholars indeed identify with the Man-

dæans, the doctrine of purification by water might have been easily derived; but there must, we imagine, have been some substratum of ancient Euphrates-worship among the faiths of the Chaldean soil, which brought about so complete and rigorous an adoption of the custom of baptism in running water. A good Sabian ought to be baptised soon after birth, directly after marriage, on every Sunday before the great feast-days, on returning from a journey, after a funeral; when one has been bitten by a dog or serpent, or has killed a bird, or eaten food prepared by unbelievers, or bled at the nose. In any of these circumstances, and many others which it is impossible to describe, at all hours of the day and night, and in every variety of weather, the Sabians hurry to the river and plunge in. The poor fellows turn quite blue in cold weather; and it is worse still for the women, who must go before daybreak, in the chill of the morning, to avoid being seen. These lustrations are variously termed baptisms or ablutions according to the presence or absence of a priest, and other differences; but practically the two are very much the same thing, as in ablution the performer keeps his face to the polestar and plunges three times, repeating the formula of invoking the names of Hayya and Manda d'hayya, just as in baptism. No one who is not baptised is a Mandæan; and the souls of children who die before baptism go straight to the monster Ur, who devours them. It is forbidden even to kiss an unbaptised child. In christening, a child is given more names than one. For sacred matters he uses his mother's name, for worldly affairs his father's, whilst he has also a general appellation among his fellow-citizens. Prayer is a very important and exacting duty among the Mandæans. They had originally three obligatory prayers, one before sunrise, the second at noon, and the third at sunset; and each of these ought to last two hours or more; but, finding these devotions incompatible with business, they suppressed the noon prayer. Four or five hours' prayer a day still remains for laymen, and the bishops and priests have even longer orisons to make. All prayers are addressed in the first place to Hayya, and then to Manda d'hayya, Hibil-Ziva, Anush, Yaver-Ziva, and a host of other divine emanations, including John, and the Persian Sâm, who has often been confused with Shem the son of Noah. The substance of the prayers is little more than an invocation to the gods to protect the worshipper from all ills that may befall him, from evil spirits and jinn, and the imprecations of women. The Mandæans believe that women have a peculiar vein or nerve which was put into them by the devil, which renders them powerful for mischief, and makes their

good vows of none effect, whilst giving extraordinary potency to their malisons. Hence, when a Mandæan sees an angry woman, he puts his fingers in his ears and flies with all possible speed from the spot, lest he should fall a victim to her curse. A believer must never pass a river without invoking peace upon it. Fasting proper forms no part of the Sabian religion, but the people are enjoined to abstain from flesh meat on thirty-two special days of the year. Besides Sundays, they have five great feasts in the year. The first is Nauroz, or new year's day, which is believed to be also observed in paradise; it includes new year's eve and the first six days of the new year. Among the many ceremonies and prohibitions of this feast, it is curious to note that it is not allowed to draw any water while Nauroz lasts; all that will be needed is drawn the day before, and the people take the same occasion to be baptised. They pass the night before new year's day without sleeping. On the day itself they remain at home, to be secure against possible defilement; for to touch as much as a blade of grass would render fresh baptism necessary, and total abstinence from food for twenty-four hours. On this day the priests consult their astrological books, to see what will befall in the new year, and whether it will be fat or lean. Next day everybody calls on the priests and pays them the customary fees. No beast or bird may be killed during the feast, nor is it permissible even to milk the kine. The next feast is on the 18th of Taurus (the Mandæan months are named after the zodiacal signs), and lasts five days. It is held in commemoration of Hibil-Ziva's return from his conquest of hell; and the new life of the earth in spring is deemed the fittest time for such a festival. The third feast-day is a month later, and is in honour of the Sabian hero Ferrukh or Pharaoh. The fourth is on the first of Capricorn; and the last is the greatest of all, *Pancha*, which is held on the five additional days that make up the year, when the twelve months, of thirty days each, are over.

The priestly office is regarded with the highest veneration among the Mandæans, and is in nowise underpaid. On the other hand, it is no sinecure. The priest is constantly called upon to baptise, to hear confessions, and administer a species of eucharist, to marry people, visit the dying, kill the meat for the community, draw horoscopes for children, and write amulets for the sick, foretell future events, and, in fact, do everything that has to be done outside the ordinary routine of work. The office of public sacrificer is not the lightest part of the priest's duty. No meat can be eaten by a Mandæan which has not been pro-

perly killed by either a priest or a duly authorised deputy; and the supply of meat to the community involves considerable energy on the part of the sacred butchers. The custom is very analogous to the Mohammedan law of food. The priests themselves have special rules as to eating. They must take their meals in solitude, apart from their family. If a layman touches the viands, or a fowl pass by them, they become unfit for a priest's palate. They must fetch their water themselves from the well, and must not mix it with the water drunk by the other inmates of their house. Every priest is compelled to marry, and may marry a second time on his wife's death. Women may take orders; virgins can become deacons; but to be made a priest a woman must first marry a priest. There are three orders in the clergy. Any boy of pure descent (i.e. without divorce or illegitimacy in his family), who is free from physical defects, may become a deacon (*shganda*). The apprenticeship, according to M. Siouffi, lasts twelve years, from the age of seven to nineteen; and then, after a year of diaconate, the deacon may become priest (*tarmida*). From the ranks of the priests, in general synod, is chosen the bishop (*ganzibra*), whose first duties are two months' separation from his wife, three baptisms on three successive Sundays in the river, the public reading and explanation of the principal Mandæan scriptures, and the visiting of the deathbed of a holy Sabian, whom he must charge with a message to Abáthur. The last condition sometimes involves the scouring of the country for a dying man, before the bishop can assume his functions; and very unseemly rejoicings take place when the dear departing one is discovered. There used once to be a still higher grade, that of *Rësh-amma*, or 'head of the people,' who enjoyed temporal as well as spiritual authority; but the last who held this office is related to have been the prophet Abu-l-Faras Adam already referred to. The dress of the clergy, when engaged in sacred rites, is of pure white—a white stole and white turban, a gold ring on the little finger of the right hand, with the inscription 'The Name of Yaver-Ziver,' an olive staff in the left hand, the feet bare. The dress of the lay folk ought strictly to be white like the priests', but, as a matter of fact, they dress very much like the ordinary Muslim Fellaheen, in blue or brown and white striped blouses, with a coloured cloth on the head. The men wear their hair long, but that of the women is cropped close. They are very fond of turquoise ornaments—doubtless they remind them of the blue mountain which lies on the road to paradise.

Their churches are curious little edifices, constructed of the

rudest materials, and built just big enough for two men to move in them. There are no altars, no ornaments. The door faces south, so that on entering the pole-star is before you. Hard by there is always running water. They are only for the use of the priests, who prepare there the eucharist cakes (which after consecration turn into the veritable manna of heaven), and perform the various ceremonies peculiar to their order. The consecration of a church is a singular ceremony. It requires four priests and a deacon, and lasts the whole of the five days of the feast of Pancha. After mutually baptising each other, the priests and the deacon enter the church, carrying with them a handmill, some charcoal, a dove, and some corn and sesame. The deacon grinds the corn in the handmill, while the priests light a charcoal fire and extract the oil of the sesame. They then make a cake, kill the dove, and drop four drops of oil and four of blood on the cake, saying a certain number of prayers the while. Finally they pray aloud, and the people outside the church respond, the priests touch hands solemnly, and retire to their own houses, after carefully closing the church door. For four days similar rites are performed, and at the end of the fifth day they bury the remains of the dove under the floor, put the cakes away in a vase, and the church is regarded as consecrated for one year, after which the ceremony must be repeated. The lay people do not take part in the services in church; indeed they know extremely little about their religion beyond its common external observances. Petermann says they are expected to learn by heart one hundred and eighty rules of conduct, but most of them do not accomplish this, and are quite satisfied with the knowledge of the formulas of baptism; and the priests themselves often know little more; yet the value of their instruction is so highly estimated that M. Siouffi says a priest who has the charge of fifty or sixty souls draws a yearly income of a thousand francs.

A weighty part of the priest's duty is the exorcism of devils. The Mandæans believe in a variety of evil spirits, and attribute all the accidents and misfortunes of life to their influence. When a man is possessed by a devil, the priest is immediately summoned, and if the fiend is of a gentle and compliant disposition he will probably depart at the bare sight of the holy man; but, if he prove obstinate, a solemn ceremony must be performed and the name of the Giver of life invoked. It is usual upon this for the devil to demand time in order to effect a convenient retreat; and when the time granted has elapsed, the priest returns to see if the evil spirit has departed. Should he be a

dilatory devil, another exorcism is performed on the ensuing Sunday, with much burning of incense, saying of prayers, and application of amulets. It is a rare thing for this second effort to prove unsuccessful; but should the fiend by some extraordinary perversity remain still in the man, the whole body of priests come and exorcise him *en masse*. No devil was ever known to resist this final resource, except one peculiar and terrible species, which is born of the union of human beings and demons, and can never be expelled. M. Siouffi's instructor has seen and assisted in many exorcisms, he says, and entertains no doubt whatever as to their efficacy. He also records a curious superstition about these spirits, who are supposed to live on food snatched from the tables of talkative people. Adam says it has often been noticed that the meat ran short after some one had spoken. Hence the Mandæans eat their meals in complete silence.

Another responsible duty of the priest is that of interpreting the stars. The Mandæans have enough of the old Chaldean spirit to prefer divine to natural assistance, and always value the priest's amulet more than the doctor's prescription. No newly-born child is considered properly cared for till his horoscope is drawn; and no affair of the slightest consequence is undertaken without first consulting the stars through the priests. Before setting out on a journey, or building a house, the priest is referred to, and the most propitious time is selected, and the stars are even consulted as to the lines of the foundations and the position of the doors. Sick people and childless wives resort to the priest for amulets inscribed with sacred formulas, and pay high sums for them.

The Mandæans in no sense worship the heavenly bodies; though they fear the five stars that Ruha bore at the last birth, and ascribe powerful influences to the planets, who are believed to cause wars, inspire men with discoveries, and make the thunder and lightning. In spite of their veneration for the science, the Mandæans know nothing of astronomy, and hold the most superstitious and ignorant notions about the phenomena of the sky. A halo round the sun or moon is believed to be a ring of stars summoned in council to arrange administrative details. Shooting stars are messengers from the moon to the planets. Eclipses are the result of the seizure of the sun or moon by the guardian angels who are appointed to watch their proceedings. If either of these luminaries conceives a malicious design against the world, its guardian immediately squeezes it until it abandons its wicked intention: and this squeezing produces the eclipse.

A bishop has the special duty of superintending the *Mas-sakhta*, which is a sort of mass, generally said for the souls of the dead, but which anyone may say for his own soul before death and thus escape many penalties in the other worlds. It involves seven days' unceasing prayer, and a variety of initiatory ceremonies; after which the performer is considered dead to the world and is the object of intense reverence: when his soul is weighed in Abáthur's balance it is found to be as heavy as Shithil's own.

The 'whole duty of man,' as conceived by the Mandæans, has been summarised by M. Siouffi, and will serve as a fit conclusion to the sketch we have given of the tenets and customs of the 'Christians of St. John.' A year after birth—if possible earlier—the Sabian must be baptised. At seven years he enters a school, kept by a deacon, where he learns (or ought to learn) to read the sacred books and to say the prescribed prayers. On leaving school he must be apprenticed to a trade—generally he becomes a goldsmith, carpenter, or ship-builder. In a foreign country or a strange house he must eat no food he has not dressed himself. He must be baptised every Sunday. He must pay the debts of others, labour for the freeing of those who are in captivity, be generous, hospitable, kind-hearted, never complaining. He must be humble, and rise if even a beggar salutes him; chaste and modest; his dress unassuming. He must never be angry or return blow for blow, but must rather seek reconciliation with his enemy. In society he must always seek to take the lowest place, his voice must be always subdued. He must never cut his beard, and he must always be in a state of legal purity. He must not forswear himself, nor steal, nor lie. He must keep the Sundays and feast and fast days, must honour his parents, and kiss his mother's brow and his father's hand each day; he must not covet another man's goods, and in the presence of women he must avert his eyes. He must always be agreeable and respectful to his wife, and devote himself assiduously to the bringing up of his children. His alms must be given in secret, and his prayers earnest and regular. To be quite perfect, he should copy the sacred books and perform the Great Mass.

Although the modern 'Christians of St. John' do not always attain to the standard of excellence thus held before them, they are a very well-meaning, inoffensive people. They hate orthodox Christianity, and only tolerate Islam 'upon compulsion;' but they manage to live fairly peaceably with their Mohammedan neighbours. They work steadily at the trades

they adopt, and are famous for their skill as jewellers. And if they are ignorant of the fundamental doctrines of their religion, at least they are indefatigable in carrying out its ceremonious law in the wholesome matter of baptism, and are cleanly if they are not godly. Their diminishing numbers and the secrecy in which they preserve the mysteries of their faith render a further enquiry into their tenets and customs very desirable. There is so much that is conflicting and obscure in our present information as to the Mandaean religion that a visit to the people by some qualified scholar could not fail to be an advantage, and might throw fresh light on the many difficulties that attend the student of the peculiar creed of the Babylonian Sabians or Christians of St. John.

ART. VI.—*Hodge and his Masters.* By RICHARD JEFFERIES, Author of 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' 'Wild Life in a Southern County,' &c. London: 1880.

THERE was a time, and not very long ago, when rural tranquillity was not only the theme of poets, but the envy of toil-worn workers in cities. The members of the landed interest from the landlord down to the labourer seemed to be associated in a happy and united family. If there were trifling domestic jars, outsiders heard but little of them. The squire of the type the late Lord Lytton scarcely idealised in the Mr. Hazeldean of 'My Novel' was the genial despot of the parish, and the beneficent Providence of his neighbourhood. He had been brought up with a sense of the responsibilities that were to devolve upon him, as he had been born to the enjoyment of country pursuits. If his rent-roll was not absolutely unencumbered—for there must be charges in the shape of jointures and family provisions—yet there was always a handsome balance at his bankers'; his bills were paid with exemplary punctuality, and he needed to hurry no man for rent. It would have blunted the edge of his admirable appetite, and spoiled the flavour of his famous old port, had he known of any family in misery upon his acres. Yet while he was always ready to do a kindly action, he was the last man in the world to be imposed upon, and had too great a respect for independence to think of 'pauperising' the poor. In his good works he went hand in hand with the parson, whom he had probably presented to the living. And as for the parson, he was the safest of counsellors in matters temporal as well as spiritual. Visiting about from farmhouse to cottage, listening

to the complaints, sorrows, and troubles which seldom went directly to the ears of the squire, he became the common confidant, and on occasion the intercessor. But as for the farmers, great and small, they rarely needed a mediator between them and 'the master.' The homesteads of not a few of them had been in their families for generations; and even newcomers of similar ways of thinking soon fell into the fashions of the place. Many of them had known 'the young squire' from his childhood: they had drunk luck to him through life in rare old ale at his christening; he had shot over their holdings since he had been strong enough to carry a gun. Even latterly he had often turned his cob down the lane to the farmyard, and dropped in for five minutes' friendly chat in kitchen or parlour. He interested himself in the weddings of their buxom daughters, and was always willing to lend a helping hand to their sons. If they were in temporary straits in a bad season, or had suffered from giving surety for a friend in defiance of Solomon's warnings, they had only to put the matter straightforwardly to him, and might surely reckon on his forbearance.

As for the labourers, they worked tolerably hard, it was true, but if their fare was coarse, it was plentiful. Their actual money wage might be moderate, but, never looking for more, they were seldom discontented. They had employment and their wages all the year round, with the certainty of wind-falls in haymaking and harvest times. They stuck generally to the farms on which they had been bred, as their fathers had done before them. Often the unmarried men had their home in the farm kitchen, taking their meals at the same table with their employer. They were rather his humble friends than his servants, and did not hesitate to give their opinions bluntly when he talked over the course of farming operations. So they came to regard his interests as their own; nor did they grudge him their services beyond every-day hours if disease had broken out among the cattle, or rain-storms were threatening the hay. They would as soon have thought of giving warning as of receiving it, and so they had become practically 'bound to the soil' like the old Scottish salters and colliers. The farmer on his side was understood to have care of them in sickness, and to see that they had to put up with no unnecessary privations when their strength failed with old age. Had he shown any inclination to be churlish, all the parish would have cried shame on his parsimony, and he would have lost indirectly far more than he saved.

Such used to be the popular impressions as to the state of

society in the country districts, and in the main they were fairly true. Life in the rural districts was far less of a lottery than in cities; and if there were no great prizes to be gained, save those to which lucky landowners were born, at least there was a general average of comfort. Above all, men were free from the fever of speculation, and from that intense ardour of excessive competition that stimulates the more malignant forms of the passions. Of course nobody at any time believed in an idyllic immunity from sin, self-seeking, and covetousness. But it was supposed that those worthy rustics were relieved from many of the temptations which are the bane of more artificial societies; while their easy conservatism, with the sense of 'a margin,' saved them from the worries that wear men out. They were content to live as their fathers before them; they were not perpetually making enemies among their neighbours by struggling for front places in a crowd; they might suffer from a succession of unfavourable seasons, but experience told them that things must work round in the end; and while they waited for the inevitable turn for the better, they had something to come and go upon. For they were naturally a frugal generation, and when the body was fairly well cared for, they found a real satisfaction in denying themselves; while, in spite of their ingrained habits of acquisitiveness, they had cultivated a serenity, or a stolidity, which closely resembled Oriental fatalism. The farmer who grudged each shilling out of pocket slept and ate little the worse while the drought was shrivelling his sprouting root crops, or the rain was beating on the ripening wheat. His imagination, like his intellect, was imperfectly developed, and he never let it run riot in conjuring up the misfortunes which no amount of forethought or carefulness could avert.

In short, it was an easy, jog-trot existence, which kept men in sleek condition, like their stall-fed cattle, if it had no temptations for ambitious spirits. Not, by the way, that feeding cattle in the stall was common then, or anything that involved speculative outlay. There was slight expenditure on oil-cakes and artificial manures to aggravate the risks of bad years. The agriculture was still primitive as the implements, though improvements were being slowly recognised and adopted. As the ponderous wagon, built up in the back yard of the village wheelwright as if its solid timbers were put together for eternity, went lumbering along the deep-worn lanes, so the simple ploughshare forged by the local blacksmith seemed barely to scratch the surface of the soil; and horses went their tedious rounds in the threshing mills, if,

indeed, flails wielded by sinewy arms were not swinging in cadence on the barn floors. The easy life was reflected in the aspect of the country, which had the rude picturesqueness it is likely to lose when science has taken possession of the field, and profits are more closely considered. The farms, as they had been from time immemorial, were laid out in a labyrinth of irregular enclosures. On every slope, and in every nook, were hanging copses or spinneys; there were thickets of gorse noted as fox-covers, and osier-beds luxuriating in undrained swamp. The great straggling hedgerows formed no inconsiderable percentage of the acreage, and the hedgerow timber flung its broad shadows over many a patch of arable land. The grass grew rank and coarse in the bottoms, innocent as yet of patent drain-pipes; there were unsightly tufts of rushes, the favourite forms of hares; and the banks that overhung the weed-grown ditches were burrowed by colonies of destructive rabbits. As nobody dreamed of grubbing the hedgerows for the sake of turning the ground to remunerative purposes, so it had never occurred to the farmer to straighten the winding lanes. Except when pressed by the obvious urgency of the case to unwonted exertions in his hay-fields, he had never realised that time is money. His men worked leisurely through long hours, and he went as leisurely about his supervision, when he was not lending them a hand himself. His household was managed frugally, and if the farm was not absolutely self-supporting, the outgoings were on the simplest scale. He was singularly abstemious in point of self-indulgence; he seldom spent anything on show or pretence, and though gradations of rank were defined and acknowledged, yet the tenants among themselves were much on an equality. They had not learned as yet to look down on their occupation, and rather prided themselves on the old-fashioned title of 'Farmer.' And though they exercised the farmer's privilege of grumbling, it was understood that the grumbling never meant much. They might be sluggishly alive to certain class grievances, which it was to be hoped that the King and his Parliament would redress; but among themselves there was harmony and kindly feeling. They followed the political lead of the squire, and voted for representatives with a stake in the county. Whatever might be their opinions as to the propriety of tithes, they respected the sacred office of their pastor, and were regular in their attendance at his church, though they probably slumbered through the sermon. Radical *doctrinaires* would have gone crying in the wilderness had they preached a political revival in the rural parishes, and the stump orator who agitated for

revolt among the labourers would have encountered rough usage at the hands of his audience.

The rural districts were never altogether a paradise, yet there was a time when men of contented dispositions might enjoy as much of the happiness of Eden there as is likely to fall to mortal lot. Unfortunately, we know that things have changed materially; and, according to all we hear from those who should know best, 'rural felicity' is becoming a mockery and delusion. The cheerful grumbling that implied some fullness of prosperity is become a luxury of the vanished past: the griefs of the present are undeniable, while the future is worse than doubtful. The landowner must bear such losses as used to fall to the city speculator; nor can he cheer his heart with the hope of some inevitable revulsion in his favour. The burdens he carried lightly while his rents were punctually paid begin to weigh crushingly upon him. The old sources of prosperity are drying up, and the ancient landmarks are being shifted. There is nothing but change about him, and all the changes seem to be for the worse. The farmers whose families had been institutions on the estate are breaking and throwing up their farms. Their sons have been emigrating or going away to the great towns, and it is daily more difficult to replace the old acquaintances he has been parting with. He has half his property thrown upon his hands, with the land left wretchedly out of condition. He has himself to farm perforce through bailiffs on a most extensive scale, with none of the organisation for extensive operations. If he succeeds in re-letting, he has to contract on hard terms; and the first stipulation of the incoming tenant is either a temporary exemption from rent or a heavy outlay on the land. Yet capital is almost impossible to obtain now that his credit is seriously impaired, and he has to tide over his increasing difficulties in the face of depressed or falling markets. As for the crippled farmers, many of them are far worse off, for they have held on to their old holdings and habits, while their substance has been wasting away. When they strike a balance before going forth on the world, it may be a question of their sinking into the class of the labourers, for it is too late to betake themselves to other pursuits, and ample capital in farming is more indispensable than ever. At present, of all classes connected with the soil the lot of the labourer is the most enviable. He has always lived from hand to mouth: he has frequently had to struggle with hard times, and should the worst come to the worst, he looks to the Union as a haven. But even the labourer is being in a measure superseded by

steam-power: the work that comes to him in spurts is more precarious than it used to be, and when agriculturists are retrenching, and farms being thrown up, the demand for field hands must necessarily be slackening.

Nor is it simply the decline in material prosperity, important as the agricultural interest is to his country, that the patriot has to regret. There are occasions when common misfortunes strengthen a common sympathy; but these times of sharp and widespread distress tend to set the agricultural classes at variance. The landlord is pressed for reductions or remissions when his personal necessities are urgent. The concessions to which he resigns himself at a heavy sacrifice are accepted resentfully as miserably inadequate. He is a tyrant if he insists upon claims for arrears; he is doubly a tyrant if he gives notice of ejection. Yet he has his own family to care for, and obligations to discharge, and nothing but the family estate to look to. Old kindnesses are forgotten in the bitterness of present disputes, when both the parties to contracts have been fretted by their troubles. And now the new men who bid for the old acres come upon the land from the first on a different footing. They dictate the terms of what seems a hard, though it may be a fair, bargain to a man who has hitherto been unaccustomed to the screw. More or less the landlord and tenant stand thereafter on the footing of natural antagonists; and that state of feeling spreads downwards to the labouring classes, who, partly owing to their own behaviour, are being treated much after the fashion of workmen in towns. They hire their services on the best terms they can command—as, indeed, and naturally, the labourers always did—but neither the master nor the men feel bound to anything that is not in the bond. Should work slacken, the employer feels free to send them adrift; and when they age or are struck down by sudden sickness, he leaves them to the club, the relieving officer, or the parish doctor; while they, on their part, do what they are paid to do, at least while they are under proper supervision; and should an effort be necessary at some particular season, they seek their advantage in the urgency of the case, and insist on being handsomely bribed. In cities, where men live in crowds and yet apart, strictly commercial relations are tolerable. But in the little world of a country parish, the constant chafing of agitated minds is violent out of proportion to its size, as the ground swell on a mountain tarn; and speaking to the squire or the farmer of the charms of his life seems something like the very irony of insult.

The immediate causes of this melancholy revolution are

patent to all. First, though hardly foremost, comes the almost unprecedented succession of disastrous seasons, which ought infallibly to be retrieved on the doctrine of averages. But, then, we have other causes which threaten to be permanent, and may possibly be aggravated in arithmetical progression. The spread and displacement of a farming population is conspiring with the increasing facilities of communication to lower markets all over the world. The tide of emigration has fairly set towards that vast extent of virgin territory where the capacity of production is practically inexhaustible. Capitalists tread closely on the heels of the pioneers, laying down the roads and railways that are to make reclamation immediately remunerative. Science steps in to solve the problems of bringing perishable articles from fabulous distances. And when modern invention is fairly at work, with magnificent prizes to reward its ingenuity, we are inclined to back it at odds in the end against those hitches in detail which have hitherto baffled it. There can be no question that old-settled countries like our own, firmly 'hand-fasted' to their immemorial practices, must be heavily handicapped in the coming struggle. There can be no question that, if they are to redress the disturbance of the balance, it can only be by a radical subversion of their systems. The pessimists assert that our day is gone by, and there is a natural tendency when depression is general to take the most desponding views of our agricultural prospects. Again, there are sanguine spirits and people with some obvious interest in making the best of things who assure us that our apprehensions are premature and in a great measure unfounded. Agriculture has seen bad times before, and will recover to flourish and to suffer again. The weather and the seasons will account for much; a backwardness in the beginning of the opening heat in the international races to which we are committed is quite sufficient to explain the rest. Capital will flow back from the towns to the country; science will direct new systems of cropping; the farmer of the future will really be a commercial man who happens to have his domicile and office in the rural districts; and then landed property will again go up, and be more sought after than ever as a substantial investment.

Of course, the truth lies between these extremes, although reluctantly we are constrained to believe that it is to be sought for nearer the former than the latter. But the subject is one whose importance it is difficult to exaggerate; for, after all, the agricultural interests of our islands are the very backbone of

their well-being. There can hardly be an English reader of this Journal who is not interested, either personally or through friends, in the troubles through which the agricultural interest is passing. At the same time, it is exceedingly difficult to find the materials for coming to even plausible conclusions. Proprietors and their tenants are sometimes prejudiced, and often self-deceived; their knowledge of the pursuits by which they live may be limited and purely local; while not unfrequently they are such indifferent accountants and men of business that they have hardly yet realised the full measure of their embarrassments. As for the labourers, from the very nature of things, they can make no intelligible statement of their case; and assuredly we are by no means inclined to trust the agitators who have been indefatigably educating them in a knowledge of their wrongs. So we are bewildered in a mass of conflicting testimony volunteered by deeply-interested witnesses. What we want is information by practical men to assist us in forming an unbiassed opinion.

We have here a most valuable and seasonable contribution to the scanty literature of the land questions, in a series of contributions to the 'Standard' newspaper, reprinted under the title of 'Hodge and his Masters.' The author is already favourably known by his delightful volumes on sport and natural history, which we took an opportunity of noticing in a former article.* As an acute and sympathetic observer of Nature, Mr. Jefferies stands almost unrivalled. Evidently brought up in the country, he has educated himself by the closest observation into the most intelligent of naturalists. Between the heavens above and the earth beneath, from the drift of the clouds and the signs of the seasons, down to the most insignificant mosses on the stones with the tiniest insects that they shelter, nothing appears to escape his notice; while he has marshalled his accumulated stores of knowledge by the aid of a singularly retentive memory. We have remarked before on the brightness of his style, and the beauty and fidelity of his rural pictures. It was impossible that one who, as a field botanist and naturalist, had so carefully watched the habits of the lower animals and so minutely investigated inanimate Nature, should have been indifferent to the more serious study of mankind. Indeed, 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' the 'Amateur Poacher,' and 'Wild Life in a Southern County,' abound in telling and vigorous sketches of the landlords, the tenant farmers, and the villagers, as in

* Edinburgh Review, No. cccvii.

disquisitions on their pursuits and their pleasures, their manners, customs, and superstitions. But except when he singles out some type or special character for picturesque description, like the Amateur Poacher or the Gamekeeper, those personal sketches and references are, for the most part, incidental. His latest work, while as lightly written as any of the others, is more ambitious in its purpose and more comprehensive in its scope. Not that Mr. Jefferies professes to be didactic, nor is he ever obtrusively instructive, which might very possibly have resulted in his being dull. On the contrary, with all his admirable versatility kept strictly within his usual limits, he contents himself with giving a series of brilliant photographs of a state of society which is too rapidly passing away, and of the new order of things which promises to replace it. He would seem to have arranged them on no preconceived system. Now you are in the farmhouse, now in the cottage—in the bank parlour, in the taproom of the disreputable alehouse, in the church, in the county court, in the farmer's fields, or in Hodge's allotment grounds. In one chapter we are keeping company with the old-fashioned farmer, as firmly wedded to his old-fashioned ways as to the good woman who sits by his side when he drives to market in his spring cart. In another we listen to the rhapsodies of the theoretical professor of agriculture, who has mapped out the farms of the future by the glowing inspirations of his fancy. We see the great steam-ploughs at work on broad expanses of arable land, and inspect the new ranges of farm buildings, where the architect has been working by the light of science. We peep into the cottages of the lower classes, from those that have been built after models that have taken honours at Industrial Exhibitions to the hovels run up on corners of common land by squatters who multiply like rabbits. We are introduced to the tradesmen of provincial towns—the capitals of recognised agricultural districts—and are invited to dine at farmers' ordinaries, where the talk is of stock and markets. And as we are carried from one scene to another, from cronies chatting over the parlour fire in the farmhouse to clowns gossiping over pipes and pots at the bar of the village 'public,' we hear the views of all conditions of men set forth with a natural *vraisemblance* that is inimitable. Frequently Mr. Jefferies addresses us in his own person, explaining things as they used to be, and the changes in progress, with his very remarkable minuteness of information. So that when you have read his volumes from the first page to the last—and he has the art of treating unattractive subjects attractively, so as to

deprecate any intentions of skipping—you feel that you have learned a great deal, while seldom conscious that you were being instructed. Incidentally this writer leads one to modify conclusions that have been hastily arrived at on imperfect knowledge. Casually he throws a side light on some point that had hitherto been shrouded in doubt or obscurity; he sets out the practical objections to some highly plausible theory; or by a simple statement of facts, and by relating actual experiments in the way of illustration, he explodes many a popular fallacy.

Considering the special range of subjects embraced in his books, and the intensity of his feeling for the beauties of Nature, it was almost inevitable that Mr. Jefferies should lay himself open to the reproach of writing with a certain monotony. And no doubt there is some appearance of iteration in the lingering fondness with which he dwells on the aspects of Nature in different seasons. When a man can describe so well, necessarily he delights in description. But it will be found that he rarely actually repeats himself, for the simple reason that he follows Nature conscientiously, and Nature in the inexhaustible freshness of her originality seldom reproduces her combinations. Each separate detail of his word-painting is part of a study, where each touch has its actual meaning that contributes to the truthfulness of the general effect, and may be a new revelation even to careful observers. And although we have always admired that happy talent of his, we doubt if he has ever displayed it to more advantage than in the brilliant landscape-painting in his present volumes. Take, by way of example, his scenery of the seasons in his chapter on 'Hodge's Fields;' and before passing on to his notes on men and agriculture, we cannot resist making some selections, though with the conviction that, in pulling the picture to pieces, we do the painter most imperfect justice. The opening passages serve to illustrate the author's exactness of observation; while the others breathe the spirit of poetry that animates his keenly artistic susceptibilities:—

'The remarkable power of wind upon leaves is sometimes seen in May, when a strong gale, even from the west, will so bend and batter the tender horse-chestnut sprays that they bruise and blacken. The slow plough traverses the earth and the white dust rises from the road and drifts into the field. In winter the distant copse seemed black; now it appears of a dull reddish brown from the innumerable catkins and buds. The delicate sprays of the birch are fringed with them, the aspen has a load of brown, there are green catkins on the bare hazel boughs, and the willows have white "pussy-cats." The horse-chestnut

buds—the hue of dark varnish—have enlarged, and stick to the finger if touched ; some are so swollen as to nearly burst and let the green appear. Already it is becoming more difficult to look right through the copse. In winter the light could be seen on the other side ; now catkin, bud, and opening leaf have thickened and check the view. The same effect was produced not long since by the rime on the branches in the frosty mornings. While each smallest twig was thus lined with crystal, it was not possible to see through. Tangled weeds float down the brook, catching against the projecting branches that dip into the stream, or slowly rotating and carried apparently up the current by the eddy or backwater behind the bridge. In the pond the frogs have congregated in great numbers ; their constant “croo-croo” is audible at some distance. . . .

‘In another broad arable field, where the teams have been dragging the plough, but have only just opened a few furrows and gone home, a flock of sheep are feeding, or, rather, picking up a little, having been turned in that nothing might be lost. There is a sense of quietness, of repose ; the trees of the copse close by are still, and the dying leaf, as it falls, drops straight to the ground. A faint haze clings to the distant woods at the foot of the hills ; it is afternoon, the best part of an autumn day, and sufficiently warm to make the stile a pleasant resting-place. A dark cloud, whose edges rise curve upon curve, hangs in the sky, fringed with bright white light, for the sun is behind it, and long, narrow streamers of light radiate from the upper part like the pointed rays of an antique crown. Across an interval of blue to the eastward, a second massive cloud, white and shining as if beaten out of solid silver, parts the sun and reflects the beams passing horizontally through the upper ether downwards on the earth like a mirror. . . .

‘Still later, in November, the morning mist lingers over gorse and heath, and on the upper surfaces of the long, dank, green blades, bowed by their own weight, are white beads of dew. Wherever the eye seeks an object to dwell on, there the cloud-like mist seems to thicken as though to hide it. The bushes and thickets are swathed in the vapour ; yonder, in the hollow, it clusters about the oaks, and hangs upon the hedge looming in the distance. There is no sky—a motionless, colourless something spreads above—it is of course the same mist. . . . A creaking and metallic rattle, as of chains, comes across the arable field—a steady gaze reveals the dim outline of a team of horses slowly dragging the plough, their shapes indistinctly seen against the hedge. A bent figure follows, and, by-and-by, another distinct creak and rattle, and yet a third in another direction, show that there are more teams at work, plodding to and fro. Watching their shadowy forms, suddenly the eye catches a change in the light somewhere. On the meadow yonder, the mist is illuminated ; it is not sunshine but a white light, only visible by contrast with the darker mist around. It lasts a few moments and then moves, and appears a second time by the copse. Though hidden here, the disk of the sun must be partly visible there, and as the white light does not remain long in one place, it is evident that there is motion now in the vast mass of vapour. Looking upwards, there is the faintest suspicion of the palest blue, dull and

dimmed by mist, so faint that its position cannot be fixed, and the next instant it is gone again.'

Nor is there anything much better in the way of *genre* painting than the description of market-day at Woolbury, with which the book begins. The little town is still very much as it must have been any time in these last two or three hundred years. At Woolbury there has been none of the rage for improvement, and no removing of landmarks. 'Had the spot been in the most crowded district of the busiest part of the metropolis, where every inch of ground is worth an enormous sum, the buildings could not have been more jammed together or the inconvenience greater.' Here you looked down into a shop like a cellar; there the joists of the first-floors of the tenements projected over the street. As for the strip of pavement, it was so narrow that a single burly countryman trod it as if he were walking on the tight-rope; and the thoroughfare where the 'Jason Inn' was situated might be blocked by a loaded wagon. In the 'Jason' itself, which was the chief house of call of the farmers, inconvenience had been carried to an excess that ingenuity could hardly have improved upon. An ordinary street-door opened into a narrow passage, and though the customers, almost to a man, arrived in their vehicles or on horseback, the only communication between the street and the stable-yard was by a circuitous route of some quarter of a mile. Within doors the crowd and bustle were so great that the landlord must long before have retired on a fortune had market-day come much oftener than once in the week. The bar-room is 'full of farmers as thick as they can stand or sit, the rattle of glasses, the clink of spoons, the hum of voices, the stamping of feet, the calls and orders and sounds of laughter, mingle in confusion. Cigar smoke and the steam from the glasses fill the room—all too small—with a thick, white mist, through which rubicund faces dimly shine like the red sun through a fog.' Those groups within, managing to transact their business somehow in the midst of the mirth, noise, and confusion, with their faces beaming through clouds of tobacco smoke and illuminated occasionally by the striking of a match, show the lights and shadows of a sombre Rembrandt with the quainter humours of a Teniers or Ostade. All are discussing topics of common interest; some are giving themselves over to the pleasures of the hour; others are scratching cheques under difficulties, with pens that will barely mark, and in spite of jogs of the elbow. But Woolbury lies somewhere out of the world, and the men who put up with the inconveniences of the 'Jason' are scarcely

likely to be hurried faster than they can help, or to listen readily to sermons from the apostles of progress.

So, when they have climbed the creaking staircase of the inn to attend a meeting of 'the Farmers' Parliament,' and hear an address from an agricultural lecturer, we scarcely know which to admire the more, the courage or the serene self-assurance of the instructor. Overflowing with warnings, reproaches, and denunciations, he figures in the part of a Job's comforter, telling his hearers that they have to thank their own slowness and stupidity for the various troubles of which they complain. The needful reforms can only be brought about by a prompt and general movement in advance, and a lavish and unanimous outlay of capital. Should anyone object that he has no capital at command, the conclusion is that he must give up farming. The dogmatism of the lecturer may be over-coloured, though it is difficult to set limits to the presumption of theorists, but it seems to us that it is the purpose of Mr. Jefferies to strike the key-note of his book at the beginning, and to show that many plausible specifics for agricultural relief will never stand the test of practical application. For by-and-by the voluble and confident lecturer is answered by a slow-speaking and illiterate farmer with dry irony and sound common sense.

It is in such out-of-the-way districts as Woolbury that we must seek Mr. Jefferies' type of the old-fashioned farmer, though even there the race is beginning to die out. There was old Harry Hodson who had rolled up what was a handsome fortune for a man in his position. Time; it is true, had been a good friend to Hodson, for, next to indefatigable industry, he had made his money chiefly by saving and pinching. He had lived as roughly as his own field hands—on coarse bread and coarser bacon—and it was only in old age, when his teeth began to fail, that he had indulged in the extravagance of a joint from the butcher. His wife, who was even more parsimonious, did most of the work of the house. And Hodson had carried his closeness into his system of farming. He was no amateur of oil-cakes and artificial manures; he never parted with his hard cash when he could avoid it; he bought his beasts cheap and out of condition, turning them down upon his own undrained meadows and leaving them to pick up flesh at their leisure. Yet simple habits of saving would never have made Hodson. Born in a different state of life, he might have excelled as a great financier; for though his instincts and training had taught him to hoard, he was capable of a venture when he saw his way. To the astonishment of his neighbours, who

whispered that he must be going mad, and who had no suspicion of the reserves he had been hiding away like a jackdaw, he suddenly made an offer for a great upland farm. The farm was out of condition; Hodson was believed to be poor though substantial; he drove a stiff bargain and got his new holding cheap. Forthwith he went to work upon it characteristically. He brought out his capital by easy instalments; he gradually got the land into better heart again, and turned his attention chiefly to sheep-breeding, because he saw that sheep promised to turn out more profitable than corn.

Hodson, though narrow-minded and prejudiced, was naturally shrewd and thoughtful, as was proved by his steady success. And the remarks which Mr. Jefferies puts into his mouth, as the results of his life-long experience, may go some way towards accounting for the present depression.

‘As he grew older, he became more garrulous, and liked to talk about his system. The chief topic of his discourse was, that a farmer in his day paid but one rent, to the landlord; whereas now, on the modern plan, he paid eight rents and sometimes nine. First, of course, the modern farmer paid his landlord (1); next he paid the seedsman (2); then the manure manufacturer (3); the implement manufacturer (4); the auctioneer (5); the railway for transit (6); the banker for short loans (7); the lawyer, or whoever advanced half his original capital (8); the schoolmaster (9). To begin at the end, the rent paid by the modern farmer to the schoolmaster included the payment for the parish school; and secondly, and far more important, the sum paid for the education of his own children. Hodson maintained that many farmers paid as much hard cash for the education of their children, and for the necessary social surroundings incident to that education, as men used to pay for the entire sustenance of their households. Then there was the borrowed capital, and the short loans from the bankers: the interest on these two made two more rents. Farmers paid rent to the railroad for the transit of their goods. The auctioneer, whether he sold cattle and sheep, or whether he had a *dépôt* for horses, was a new man whose profits were derived from the farmers. There were few or no auctioneers or horse depositories when he began business; now the auctioneer was everywhere, and every country town of any consequence had its establishment for the reception and sale of horses. Farmers sank enough capital in steamploughs and machinery to start a small farm on the old system, and the interest on this sunk capital represented another rent. It was the same with the artificial-manure merchant and the seedsman, &c.’

Hodson, though he had pushed himself forward, was lagging behind the age, and doubtless he spoke too dogmatically. Some of those new-fangled ‘rents’ the modern farmer is compelled to pay, such as school-rates, railroad freights, and the occasional services of a capable auctioneer. Yet there is hardly

one of the several points he makes which does not well deserve consideration, as Mr. Jefferies demonstrates in the stories of other individuals who are more go-ahead than Hodson, and far less fortunate. Steam machinery, manures, and patent foods for cattle have ruined many an agriculturist, not by their use but by their abuse. As for farming upon loans, and leaving burdens to hang on and accumulate, the folly of that short-sighted practice is self-evident. We shall notice presently the spirited sketch of the 'man of the day' who cultivated farming on credit as a fine art, and rivalled the enterprise of the city promoter whose 'credit' must be gauged by the extent of his commitments. But, in fact, the practice of borrowing has been far more universal than is supposed, and it explains the otherwise inexplicable dividends that are paid by many of the provincial banks. Those banks do a great deal of lucrative business in hills at short dates which are constantly in course of renewal; but there are also many permanent loans put out at satisfactory interest in what seem to be safe quarters. Secrecy is the essence of these transactions, and nothing may be suspected of the indebtedness of some apparently well-to-do farmer till the revelation comes with his death or insolvency. The bank has probably seen to its security—its business is to keep an eye on the affairs of its debtors—the landlord has his lien on stock, produce, &c., but the family or the unsecured creditors go to the wall. Mr. Jefferies, in his chapter on 'Going Down-hill,' describing the descent of a farmer to the condition of a labourer, gives a typical case. A son succeeds, in middle age, to his father's farm. Judging from appearances and common belief, he flatters himself that he has come into a fortune, and, having always hitherto been stinted of pocket-money, proceeds to celebrate the succession by a brief outbreak of dissipation. When he settles down to administer and to look into his affairs, he discovers to his astonishment that his self-gratulation has been premature. He is doomed to a struggle with difficulties, and his father was really a plausible impostor. The old man had himself been a prodigal in his time, and had borrowed right and left from jovial companions. Being in easy circumstances and receiving their interest regularly, they had never pressed for repayment of the principal. So with the local bank. It had advanced 1,000*l.* to launch the father in a second farm he had taken, and had been content to leave half the money on permanent loan, knowing the borrower to be safe and steady. But in his acquisitiveness, strangely enough, he had sacrificed the substance to the shadow, and,

presumably because he liked to have the sense of floating capital, had never liquidated the balance of that encumbrance. While, to crown the whole, a brother had been literally a sleeping partner in the concern, receiving some percentage of interest at irregular intervals. Now that the old gentleman is dead, and that his son seems inclined to be extravagant, all these claims are urged simultaneously. The shock sobers a man who had only become a spendthrift for the nonce, and he is effectually awakened from his dreams of self-indulgence. But even in the best of times, with everything in his favour, it would need no ordinary energy, ability, and self-reliance to find a way out of his embarrassments. As for him, his training, or rather the want of training, utterly unfitted him for his false position. He has had little schooling; he has worked with the labourers and fallen to their habits of dependence, while his father, in place of giving him the benefit of his practical wisdom, in churlish jealousy of the heir has always kept him at arm's length. That short-sighted parsimony which men like old Hodson preached and practised, has much to answer for now that the rising generation, hampered by the debts bequeathed with the holdings, is brought face to face with foreign competition. 'At this hour,' writes Mr. Jefferies, 'throughout the width and breadth of the country, there are doubtless many farmers' heirs stepping into their fathers' shoes, and at this very moment looking into their affairs. It may be safely said that few indeed are those fortunate individuals who find themselves clear of similar embarrassments.'

It may be safely said, we may add, that there is small prospect of any great number of them having recourse to extraordinary means for their extrication. As the lecturer at Woolbury rejoined, when taunted with the scientific reformers he praised coming to as signal grief as their neighbours, that was more their misfortune than their fault. Isolated and spasmodic efforts towards revolution are almost inevitably foredoomed to failure; the rather that they are undertaken by over-sanguine spirits, who take Lord Strafford's 'thorough' for their motto, and contemptuously refuse to feel their way. Mr. Jefferies presents us with a couple of specimens of these men, in contrast to the old reactionaries and conservatives. There is the 'man of progress' and of many ideas, who 'goes into farming as a commercial speculation with the view of realising cent. per cent.' He has been highly educated; he is gently bred; he has refined and even æsthetic tastes, and has married a lady who is a congenial helpmate. On casting

about for farms suited to his ample means, he found that he would be fettered by the invariable covenants. He would have to lay down his land at his landlord's dictation, and be restricted by penalties and forfeitures from disposing of the produce as it pleased him. So he determines to become his own landlord, and buys a small estate, which he takes into his own hands. Before he has stepped over the threshold of his enterprise, he sees his calculations somewhat upset. 'He was even then annoyed and disgusted with the formalities, the investigation of titles, the completion of deeds, and astounded at the length of the lawyer's bill.' However, the deed of sale is signed and sealed, and he settles down hopefully to make the best of his purchase. The eyes of the whole neighbourhood are rivetted upon him. He begins by remodelling his picturesque English enclosures after the pattern of some prairie farm in Iowa or Minnesota. He grubbs the hedgerows, clears away the copses, and levels the ground by the theodolite. He drains it to an unprecedented depth, utterly regardless of expense. He sets up a forcing pump, driven by steam, that distributes water over the property. He lays tramways across its length and breadth, to save the legs and time of the labourers. Steam machinery is working at full pressure everywhere; the steam ploughs are laying bare the virgin substrata from early morning to dewy eve; cargoes of coal and manures are being perpetually delivered by rail and canal boat. His building is, of course, on a commensurate scale, and he has a costly staff of skilled superintendents. It appears to be an insane venture to the slow-going neighbours, who are watching it critically; and yet it answers for a time beyond all expectation. The crops he raises are simply marvellous; his high-bred cattle fetch fabulous prices, and he does a steady business in sheep and wool sales. His fame is gradually noised abroad, and intelligent visitors flock to him from all quarters. The hospitality he is only too eager to show them in his natural pride in his successful achievements is, of course, a serious drain upon his income. But he is a man of substance, and he flourishes in spite of all; and other people who have capital at call begin to think of imitating him. They and he are, not unnaturally, being deceived by the fallacy which is to prove fatal to his estimates; and he shares the fate of many a shrewd city speculator. He had entered on the enterprise in times of inflation, and had been floated over his outlay by buoyant markets. The lean years follow upon the fat years, and then the case is altogether altered. There is no more 'plunging' in high-bred cattle by eager connoisseurs.

Dry seasons suited his soil; damp years saturate it, in spite of deep drainage. Owing to the general depression of trade, there is a visible falling away in purchasing power. While England has been enveloped in rains and mists, lands across the Atlantic have been basking in sunshine; the wheat he used to sell standing at 18*l.* per acre now fetches barely half the money; while his working expenses are the same as before, or even higher, for the wages of his men have been tending upwards. Now he is constrained to pinch where he used to spend freely, and though he cheers himself with the prospect of better times, there can be no question that in the meanwhile he must tide over a period of adversity. He has to possess his soul in patience, and bear as he can the mortifying sneers of those whom he had almost persuaded to follow him. But though loth to confess that he had been guilty of reckless speculation, he is compelled to own that he has gone too fast. The sharp schooling of his own experience brings him to very much the same conclusion as the *doctrinaire* lecturer in the 'Jason Inn.' If a solitary individual tries to move the mass of an old-fashioned world, he only shakes it at his own peril. Yet the bold reformer might have done fairly well had he laid to heart some of the lessons of reactionaries like old Hodson.

"I feel convinced," he says, "that my plan and my system will be a success. I can see that I committed one great mistake. I made all my improvements at once, laid out all my capital and crippled myself. I should have done one thing at a time. I should, as it were, have grown my improvements—one this year, one next. . . . But intelligence, mind, has ever had every obstacle to contend with. Look at M. Lesseps, and his wonderful Suez Canal. I tell you that to introduce scientific farming into England, in the face of tradition, custom, and prejudice, is a far harder task than overcoming the desert sand."

But though a man must plead guilty to folly who has gone too far in advance of the age, there is a compulsion being exercised on ordinary farmers, especially when they are within reach of the metropolis by rail, which forces them to keep pace with recent changes. Take the development of the milk trade, for example. There is 'Farmer George,' or 'Mr. George,' as he is called nowadays. His lines have fallen to him in a grazing country, and in his father's time the dairy was superintended by his mother, who put her own hand to the churn, and who had a stout countrywoman to help her. The butter was disposed of in the neighbourhood, and the cheeses went to market in due course. Now Mr. George has decided that it

is more profitable to contract with a great metropolitan dairy for forwarding a regular supply of milk. Yet the contract is by no means so lucrative as it would appear to be, while it ties him hand and foot in many ways. In the first place, it involves the purchase of a new 'plant,' characterised by lightness in contrast to solidity. Time is everything, and in the bustle of swift transit his wares are exposed to a great deal of rough usage. The new milk-vessels are made of metal. The light wagons that convey them to the nearest station are drawn by fast-trotting horses. The vehicle rattles along the country road at the pace of a smart hansom-cab; and the wear and tear of horseflesh is proportionate. The tins when they are sent back must be carefully cleansed with boiling water, and there is no inconsiderable expenditure of coal. So Mr. George has to keep relays of horses for his milk-carts, for his mowing machine, for his horse-rake. When work is slack the horses stand eating their heads off, and he can no longer maintain the brood mare to throw the foal that invariably meant so much money in his pocket. The milk that is retailed at one shilling and eightpence per gallon in the metropolis is supplied by him at fivepence or fivepence halfpenny. If he had a regular market for all his milk, he might make a good profit even at that price; but he is limited to a fixed quantity all the year round, and, of course, his cows yield more in summer than in winter. The summer surplus must be made into butter or cheese. For that, besides laying in the necessary utensils, he must employ a competent dairywoman at high wages. For great part of the winter she is probably idle; and nothing, moreover, is more precarious than the quotations for cheese. When trade is bad, it may be a drug in the market. 'Cases have been known of American cheese being sold in manufacturing towns as low as twopence per pound retail—given away by despairing competition.' So that Mr. George at the utmost holds his own; and if he manages to get a living out of his anxieties, the life has ceased to be repose on a bed of roses. The continual rattle of those spring milk-wagons of his has brought the jarring bustle of the railway station down into the heart of the country. To maintain the smartness and punctuality that are the soul of the trade demands the most incessant personal surveillance; and his children, believing they may better themselves in cities or abroad, have left him to manage his affairs singlehanded.

A novel type of farmer altogether, and, as we should fancy, decidedly an exceptional one, is that Mr. Jefferies describes as the 'Borrower and Gambler.' Mr. Frank D—— has risen by

sheer recklessness. Beginning with little or nothing to lose, he has played boldly upon credit, and made his game with other people's money. He had no special knowledge of farming, but he was an excellent judge of cattle and sheep, and speculating in these helped him to his fortune. Like the advanced scientific farmer, he had the luck to make his start in times of inflation. He got the reputation of making hits in his especial line of business, and men gathered to him and backed him up. He was pushed by a keen country solicitor, who appropriated the lion's share of the profits. Still, with the margin left him Mr. Frank made a flourishing appearance. He increased the holdings he had taken on credit, putting out his gains to fresh usury. The successful man, who paid a handsome rate of interest, borrowed money from respectable maiden ladies. He satisfied the squire of his solvency, and the squire favoured him as an improving tenant. His self-assurance established a certain social ascendancy, and he subscribed liberally to public objects by way of advertising himself. So substantial a man was evidently an eligible client for the county bank, when he condescended to accept temporary accommodation, and the facility with which advances were made encouraged him to *exploiter* that rich vein. When the tide had turned, and the prosperity of the farmers was on the decline, Mr. Frank felt the change in common with the rest. But though the state of his affairs is hopelessly rotten, he still manages not only to live, but to make a show by perpetual renewal of his short obligations. So many people have 'stood in with him,' from the squire and the solicitor downwards, that they conspire for their own sakes to keep him afloat.

Whether the smash of such daring gamblers as Mr. Frank is averted, or merely postponed, is a question of the future. Nor is it of much consequence to any but those immediately concerned; for his case, as we have said, must be a very exceptional one. But we have no doubt that Mr. Jefferies, in drawing a moral from his career, is right in the main, although he uses somewhat sweeping language.

'Of late years farming has been carried on in such an atmosphere of loans and credit and percentage and so forth, that no one knows what is or what is not mortgaged. You see a flock of sheep on a farm, but you do not know to whom they belong. You see the cattle in the meadow, but you do not know who has a lien upon them. You see the farmer upon his thoroughbred, but you do not know to whom in reality the horse belongs. It is all loans and debt. . . . And latterly the worst of usurers have found out the farmers—i.e. the men

who advance on bills of sale of furniture, and sell up the wretched client who does not pay to the hour. Upon such bills of sale, English farmers have been borrowing money, and with the usual disastrous results. In fact, till the disastrous results became so conspicuous, no one guessed that the farmer had descended so far.'

To measure that widespread network of embarrassments, we turn to the chapters on 'The Solicitor' and 'The Bank.' We see the tenant farmers crowding to the solicitor's office to negotiate mortgages or to arrange for their renewal. As for the bank, as we have observed already, it must earn its handsome dividends out of its clients' embarrassments. With a class of men who hold so hard to their visible and tangible substance, the fact that all payments were made in hard cash used to be a great check on injudicious expenditure. Out came the purse or the greasy pocket-book, and notes and coin were deliberately counted, to be most reluctantly parted with. Now all payments are made by cheque; and a cheque is so easily filled in and signed, especially under the influence of liquor. The bank flourishes by its agricultural customers, who swarm into the office on a market day, drawing out money or paying it in. But

'the toll taken by the bank upon such transactions as simple buying or selling is practically *nil*; its profit is indirect. But besides the indirect profit, there is the direct speculation of making advances at high interest, discounting bills and similar business. It might almost be said that the crops are really the property of the local bank, so large in the aggregate are the advances made upon them. 'The bank has, in fact, to study the seasons, the weather, the probable market prices, the import of grain and cattle, and to keep an eye upon the agriculture of the world. The harvest and the prices concern it quite as much as the actual farmer who tills the soil.'

Credit had been much too generally given, or has been based on the confidence that had grown up in times of prosperity; now there is the inevitable reaction towards excessive distrust, and collapses are precipitated by universal contraction. But while lenders are summarily calling up loans, the borrowers are committed to an expenditure they are very loth to retrench upon. The households of the farming classes have launched out in a style of living that would have scandalised the last generation. The portrait of 'The Fine Lady Farmer' may be as highly coloured as that of 'The Borrower and Gambler,' but the chapter on 'Country Girls' must be confirmed by the observation of everybody. It is a pleasant rural picture, though tinged by the melancholy reflection that it has been fading into the past—that of the friendly visit to the old-world farmhouse. There

was a warm welcome, and nobody cared if you came begrimed from a long day's shooting. The dogs followed you into the old-fashioned parlour, where you found the tea-table spread for the family at half-past four in the afternoon. A cup and plate were quickly provided, and the neat-handed girls were glad to wait upon you, and laughingly resisted your relieving them of the pleasure. With the yellow butter and the home-made bread, and the profusion of rich cream, there was a superabundance of simple luxuries. Pipes were produced when the table was cleared, and the girls, who rather liked tobacco smoke, remained to join unaffectedly in the conversation. Now, when you make your 'morning call' at the farm, you find the inmates aping the manners of the Hall, with a stiffer infusion of state and ceremony. You are ushered into a parlour by a pert maid, who demands your name in due form; wine is brought solemnly in upon a salver; and you are not entreated to stay and dine, because dinner must be served *selon les règles*. The 'young ladies' put on their company airs, as they are dressed out in second-hand provincial fashions; and as city people sink their business in the suburban villa, so here all talk about farming matters is tabooed, and any allusion to the dairy or the hencoops would be resented as an intolerable insult. The white hands of these unidea'd and half-educated girls may be familiar with the keys of the jangling piano, but they never touch the churn; and that unfortunate speech of Lord Burleigh's, which probably cost him his seat, stung in reality from its straightforward truthfulness. But all that is a double drain upon the farmer. Now he must hire servants for the work that once was the pride and pleasure of his woman-kind; while the bills they run with the milliner and dressmaker are formidable items in his annual balance-sheet.

Much must necessarily depend upon the landlord. 'Needs 'must' is a time-honoured proverb, and the man who is in debt or difficulties cannot be even commonly fair to his tenants. Self-interest fails to move him; for even though he should see his way to ten per cent. upon outlay, he cannot produce the money for the advance. Even a landlord who has considered himself reasonably well-to-do has the inclination to keep on the safe side. He lives on his means, and does not care to speculate; and everything that involves an element of risk, or does not show an immediate return, seems to him to savour of speculation. And the pressure of the times squeezes him heavily. Say his nominal rent-roll is 5,000*l.* a year; from that there falls to be deducted a jointure of 1,200*l.* at the least, while the interest on mortgages counts for another 500*l.* at an extremely

moderate computation. He has 3,300*l.* left to live upon, and he has always managed to pay his way, looking forward to the demise of his mother, which in the course of years must relieve him sensibly. But then he must remit 15 per cent. of his rents to his tenants—a remission they may accept with anything but gratitude—and he becomes not only poor but practically insolvent: that is to say, he finds that he cannot meet his half-yearly bills, though undoubtedly the alternative of retrenchment is open to him. But to retrench means the lowering his social status; possibly letting his place and leaving the country; certainly it involves denying his family those advantages they have been brought up to expect. Rather than that he and his family should suffer, he is inclined to let his tenants go to the wall; at all events, he is chary of conceding any expenditure to which they have no legal claim. Hence heartburnings which are not easy to assuage. The tenant bears a grudge to the landlord, who is bemoaning himself as the unfortunate victim of circumstances.

‘The farmers have long since discovered that it is best to rent under a very large owner, whether personal, as in this case’ [that of ‘the despot of Fleeceborough’], ‘or impersonal, as a college or corporation. A very large owner like this is, and can be, more liberal. He puts up sheds, and he drains, and improves, and builds good cottages for the labourers. Provided of course that no serious malpractice comes to light, he, as represented by his steward, never interferes, and the tenant is personally free. No one watches his goings out and his comings in; he has no dread of an eye for ever looking from the park wall. There is a total absence of the grasping spirit sometimes shown. The farmer does not feel that he will be worried to his last shilling. In cases of unfavourable seasons, the landlord makes no difficulty in returning a portion of the rent: he anticipates such an application. Such immense possessions can support losses which would press heavily upon comparatively small properties.’

This plain statement of obvious facts seems to bear the impress of common sense in every sentence. It is the practical answer to the wild philippics of eminent demagogues against the existing distribution of landed property in Great Britain. A large portion of the acreage, say these hot reformers, is in the hands of a very limited number of great landed capitalists. So much the better, the farmer would rejoin. For the means of living and making money are thus indefinitely multiplied among that class of moderate tenant-capitalists who can turn the country to the most profitable account.

This leads us to the subject of peasant proprietors, which is treated in the chapter on ‘Four-Acre Farms.’ The ideal

of those *doctrinaires* to whom we have made allusion is an England subdivided into enlarged allotment grounds. Each man, stimulated by the sweets of ownership, is to do his utmost with the spade and by personal supervision. All the land is to blossom like a garden, and while poor-rates fall in proportion to the rise in the yield, half the wards in the country Unions may be closed. The advocates of this dream argue rashly from analogy and selected instances. The system works well in many countries on the Continent: why should it not be as successful here, more especially as its success has been demonstrated in cases that are triumphantly quoted? There, again, Mr. Jefferies comes in with his strong common sense and his varied range of actual experience. The plan has been tried, and tried successfully; but if it is extended and carried out to its logical consequences it can only result in disastrous disappointment. Everything depends on the circumstances of each particular case—on personal capacity; on the locality of the allotment; above all, upon those habits of application and thrift which are literally foreign to the English temperament and training. Mr. Jefferies gives a couple of examples—one of success, another of failure—which admirably illustrate his argument. In either case the experimentalist made his start under circumstances that apparently were extremely favourable. As it proved, in the second case the advantages were real; while in the former, the promise, though plausible, was delusive. One man took three acres of fairly good soil at a cheap rent. He already had his cottage and garden, with a pair of horses, which earned him something handsome by hauling. There was no fault to be found with his industry, and he cropped his ground intelligently enough. But he had to devote his team and the whole of his time to this new venture of his, and he began to miss the ready money he had hitherto received from his employers. He stinted his horses in corn and they fell out of condition. In the winter, when he had nothing for them to do at home, they were not equal to the work he might have hired them for. Meantime returns came in slowly and unsatisfactorily. Living some distance from a city, he had but a poor market for his vegetables. His potatoes failed;

‘his wife and family had often to assist him, diminishing their own earnings at the same time; while he was in the dilemma that if he did hauling he must employ and pay a man to work on the “farm,” and if he worked himself, he could not go out with his team. In harvest time, when the smaller farmers would have hired his horses, wagon, and himself and family to assist them, he had to get in his own harvest, and so lost the hard cash.’

In other words, he had omitted to count the whole cost beforehand, and had forgotten that he could not both eat his cake and have it. He could not make money as a 'hired man' as he used to do, and at the same time do justice to his three-acre patch. He did not fall into actual insolvency, because he came upon benevolent neighbours for subscriptions; but the resource of charitable assistance could hardly be relied upon if the system of three-acre plots became universal. This man, of course, was not literally a proprietor, but a tenant; but the very trifling rent he had to pay did not sensibly affect the conditions of his investment.

As for the successful man, he was one of those exceptions which prove the rule, and point the general moral which Mr. Jefferies is impressing on us. He had made his settlement near a populous town, where there was a ready market for fruits and vegetables. He saved the cost of gathering and housing his crops by selling them standing to gentlemen with stables. He kept pigs, whose keep came from his customers' kitchens; he obtained his manure for the trouble of carting it; he tended other people's gardens in his leisure hours, and even condescended to beat carpets on occasions. In short, he was an industrious and intelligent jack-of-all-trades, who took advantage of a combination of favourable circumstances to do something more than keep himself from poverty. Mr. Jefferies sums up the case clearly and concisely:—

'If the land were subdivided in the manner the labourer is instructed would be so advantageous, comparatively few of the plots would be near towns. Some of the new "farmers" would find themselves in the centre of Salisbury Plain, with the stern trilithons of Stonehenge looking down upon their efforts. The occupier of a plot of four acres in such a position—many miles from the nearest town—would experience a hard lot indeed, if he attempted to live by it. If he grew vegetables for sale, the cost of carriage would diminish their value; if for food, he could scarcely subsist upon cabbage and onions all the year round. To thoroughly work four acres would occupy his whole time; nor would the farmers care for the assistance of a man who could only come now and then in an irregular manner. . . . He could not pay anyone to assist him in the cultivation of his plot.

'And then, how about his clothes, boots and shoes, and so forth? Suppose him with a family, where would their boots and shoes come from? Without any wages—that is, hard cash received weekly—it would be next to impossible to purchase these things. A man could hardly be condemned to a more miserable existence. . . . Imagine a town surrounded by two or three thousand such small occupiers, let them be never so clever: where would the extra employment come from? . . . Where one could do well, a dozen could do nothing. If this argument be carried still further, and we imagine the whole country

so cut up and settled, the difficulty only increases, because every man living (or starving) on his own plot would be totally unable to pay another to help him, or to get employment himself. No better method could be contrived to cause a fall in the value of labour.

'The examples of France and China are continually quoted in support of subdivision. In the case of France, let us ask whether any of our stalwart labourers would for a single week consent to live as the French peasant does? Would they forego their white wheaten bread and eat rye bread in its place? Would they take kindly to bread which contained a large proportion from the edible chesnut? Would they feel merry on vegetable soups? Verily, the nature of the man must change first; and we have read something about the leopard and his spots. You cannot raise beef and mutton upon four acres and feed yourself at the same time; if you raise bacon, you must sell it in order to buy clothes.

'The French peasant saves by stinting, and puts aside a franc by pinching both belly and back. He works extremely hard and for long hours. Our labourers can work as hard as he, but it must be in a different way: they must have plenty to eat and drink, and they do not understand little economies.'

Though Hodge's masters fill a larger space in Mr. Jefferies' book than Hodge himself, there is nothing in it more graphic or more suggestive than the pages he devotes to the actual labourers. In the land legislation of the future, in any radical modifications in the farming system, the aspirations, the grievances, the necessities, even the caprices of the labourer must be taken into account. He no longer stagnates from the cradle to the grave in stolid resignation to venerable traditions. Here and there a veteran is to be found who in the rude sagacity of his experience is apprehensive of sweeping subversion, and who will answer the glib-tongued agitator who preaches the abolition of big farms by asking who in that case is to pay his wages. He has been brought up to drudgery and absolute dependence. But, as a rule, the modern labourer is a man of crude ideas, who believes that, as others are better off than he, any changes in the agricultural system must better him. It must be admitted that although wages have been steadily rising on the whole, while the cost of the necessities of life has been cheapened, the conditions of his employment are becoming more precarious. In old times the labourer was rooted in his native parish, and could rely upon regular work, though his wages fell in the short days of the winter. Now, notwithstanding the introduction of steam machinery, the demand for labour exceeds the supply; but the demand is spasmodic and more precarious. There is a flush of work while the hay is being saved or the wheat reaped and threshed; but

the temporary bursts of excessive activity are followed by lulls of stagnation. Certain hands are engaged all the year round to look after the working horses and the cattle ; and these men may take an interest in the prosperity of their master. But the others, who are employed by the job or piece, are naturally inclined to keep well within the letter of their contract. The married men who have given pledges to fortune, remain in their cottages when they can get regular occupation, but the unmarried hands wander about in search of work. They are apt to spend their wages in dissipation ; they listen to the wild babble of idlers and agitators in the low public-houses ; they are slow to marry and settle down, charging themselves with the obligations of maintaining a family ; while the more industrious among them, whom we should gladly keep at home, are exceedingly likely to emigrate. One set of our labourers, roaming from parish to parish, are chronically impecunious ; while another have received an instalment of the privileges of their social superiors, and have been encouraged like them to an abuse of their credit. Our own observation fully confirms the assertion of Mr. Jefferies, that the labourers, according to their means and degree, are even more generally insolvent than the tenant farmers.

‘The labourer, like so many farmers in a different way, lives on credit and is perpetually in debt. He purchases his weekly goods on the security of hooing, harvest, or piece-work, and his wages are continually devoted to payment of instalments, just as the tenant farmer’s income is too often devoted to the payment of interest on and instalments of his loans. No one seems ever to pay without at least a threat of the County Court, which thus occupies a position like a firm appointed to perpetually liquidate a vast estate. It is for ever collecting shillings and half-crowns.’

The labourer’s life is a hard one, but the hardships are not without their compensations, and for long it appeared to have taught him content, or, at least, to have been softened by acquiescence. He had been among employers who knew him from his boyhood as they knew his father before him ; he had lived, as the Scotch say, among ‘kent folk,’ who helped him through sickness and temporary difficulties. It is true that he had to rise long before light in the bitter winter mornings ; he had to huddle on his damp clothes in the dark, and drag on the stiff boots which were still as wet as when he drew them off ; probably, instead of fortifying himself against the cold with a comforting mug of warm tea, he snatched a hasty meal of bread and cheese, washing it down with a glass of water or small beer. He might have to attend to the cattle in a chilling drip

of rain, sinking over the ankles in the mud and filth of the stack-yard, or face the sleet and the piercing wind as he toiled behind the plough through the holding clay. He might have to work in the ditches through the winter day, standing up to the knees in icy water. We should have thought that he was apt to lay up 'rheumatics' for his old age, but it seems to be Mr. Jefferies' opinion that the constant exposure and the drenchings hardened rather than hurt him. It was of that solid labouring stuff that the most enduring soldiers were made, from the time when the peasant, following his lord to the field, handled the same terrible brown-bill he still employs for his hedging, to the days when he went countermarching in the Sierras of the Peninsula or lay out in the trenches on the storm-beaten plateau of Sebastopol. He had been used to play out of doors from his childhood in defiance of weather. If he grew up steady, he was well and substantially nourished; and as for refinements in cookery, he has always set his face against them. What he wants, Mr. Jefferies says, is something solid and bulky; and he can provide himself cheaply enough with wholesome bread and bacon, with cheese, and, above all, with his favourite cabbages. The fare agrees with him; he has a digestion that can cope with anything, and he enjoys excellent health. Then Saturday is generally a short day, and on Sunday he may fancy himself his own master, and give himself up to the lounging he delights in. Once married and comfortably settled, he has every inducement to stick to his service. He grows fond of his cottage, he takes a pride in his garden; he gets some profit out of his fruit-trees and vegetables, and he learns to value his domestic comforts.

But unfortunately, as we have observed, he is becoming unsettled in his habits, and inclines rather to keep clear of expensive encumbrances than to form family ties. The unmarried labourer 'at a loose end,' here to-day and in the next county to-morrow, is infinitely more exposed to temptation than the married man. He has neither home nor household; his taste for dissipation costs money; and, unhappily, he may pretty nearly dispense with a character, since, except when filling some situation of trust, masters, in engaging, seldom ask questions. That class of debauched labourers supplies the patrons of 'the low public,' whose proprietor lives and grows rich by leading them off their legs. Mr. Jefferies gives a vivid picture of one of these places, which are the standing nuisances of decent neighbourhoods, though it is very difficult to put them down. The men who go tippling in them day after day are encouraged to pay their scores in kind. Farming-men have constant

opportunities of pilfering in a small way. The wagoner sent to cut hay in some lonely rickyard drops a truss at the 'public' in passing; the man who is carting coal leaves his contribution for the coal shed. Hedgers who are always about the copses and hedgerows are encouraged to trap and snare; and fowls and turkeys find their way thither as well as pheasants and partridges. The risks of detection are small, and the penalties insufficient to deter from petty offences, for no amount of convictions nor short sentences of imprisonment need seriously affect the labourer's prospects. Where he does suffer is in the deterioration of his character, and from the unwholesome debauchery that saps his constitution. To say nothing of the receiver who keeps the place, and whose business is to encourage men to crime, he is always sure to meet the worst company in the shape of tramps, thieves, and confirmed drunkards. As for the drink, it is drugged and 'doctored' so as to provoke an unquenchable thirst. 'It is a heady liquid, which if anyone drinks not being accustomed to it, will leave its effects upon him for hours afterwards. But this is what the labourer likes. He prefers something that he can feel; something that if sufficiently indulged in will make even his thick head spin and his temples ache next morning.'

The meetings in such low places of resort, the general movement from district to district, the growth of agitation, the formation of leagues, even the universal diffusion of education enforced by statute and school inspectors, are all sources of anxiety or signs of impending troubles. They all tend to dissipate those popular notions of rural felicity which formerly were more or less true to nature. They throw obstacles in the way of profitable farming, and they aggravate the increasing embarrassments of the landlords.

'The growth of a public opinion among the rural population is a great fact which cannot be overlooked. . . . There have been strikes; indignation meetings held expressly for the purpose of exciting public opinion; an attempt to experimentalise by a kind of joint-stock farming, labourers holding shares; and a preaching of doctrines which savour much of Communism. There have been marches to London and annual gatherings on hill tops. These are all within the pale of law, and outrage no social customs. But they proclaim a state of mind restless and unsatisfied, striving for something new and not exactly knowing what.'

What is certain is, that the changes we witness seem to be setting steadily towards agricultural revolution. The labourers may be justified in insisting on higher wages and standing out for easier conditions of work, but by putting this

additional pressure on the overstrained farmer, they are spoiling their own labour market in the meantime ; while there is a general rupture of local ties, as the centres of rural population are being shifted. On the one hand, the capitalist who cultivates by steam machinery employs fewer people permanently ; on the other hand, the new dairy system, which sends quantities of milk daily to the towns, has been multiplying foggers, milkers and their cottages in the pasture countries ; while the ordinary class of farmer who has been striving to work very much in the old ways is being compelled to stint his expenditure simply from lack of cash or credit.

‘ After a while, seeing that his capital is diminishing, because he has been, as it were, eating it, seeing that there is no prospect of immediate relief, whatever may happen in the future, he is driven to one of two courses. He must quit the occupation or he must reduce his expenditure. He must not only ask the labourer to accept a reduction, but he must, wherever practicable, avoid employing labour at all.’

That indispensable struggle to keep wages down tells indirectly on the popularity of the landlord, and on his popularity depends his influence for good. A naturally liberal man is placed in an embarrassing and painful position. He employs a certain number of hands on his home farm, and would willingly give them the wages they ask, and which he does not consider unreasonable. But if he pays them the extra shilling or two which are little to him, his tenants come with a protest. He is dealing unfairly by them in raising the market, and bidding for popularity out of his abundance at their expense. That is only a sample of innumerable difficulties that suggest themselves when we study the subject below the surface. Though the interests of the agricultural classes ought to be broadly identical, yet they clash in a variety of details beyond possibility of easy reconciliation. As the pressure from foreign competition increases ; as ingenuity and the energy of enterprise extend it into department after department, the component parts of the English agricultural machine must work more and more inharmoniously. In most common trials of the kind, men are cheered by hope, and are encouraged to be patient by trusting to time. But here time would appear to be all against them, for each day brings the menace of some new mischief. It is possible that something may be done to alleviate the growing evils, and the cycles of the seasons will bring some temporary relief in the shape of better weather. But the prices our produce will command are at the bottom of the whole matter ; and it is as evident as anything can be in this world, that the prices of the chief staples of our farms can never again be what they once

were. It is idle to point by way of consolation to the extreme fluctuations in the cost of corn and cattle at different periods of our agricultural history. Those depressions were invariably due to causes which were obviously ephemeral. If the future is to be faced, and faced successfully, it can only be by science, system, and frugality; and there is a period of trial and of doubtful experiment to be passed through before any new order of things can organise itself. Frugality must claim the first consideration, because there is no help for it. When landlords have reduced their rents and written off their arrears, they must cut down the scale of their living in proportion; and the men who are constrained to that painful resolution will at least have the comfort of many companions in misfortune. As for the middle-class and humbler farmers, if they mean still to hold by the land, they must fall back again towards the simpler habits of their fathers; while if the wages of the labourer come to a standstill, or decline, he may be reminded that his food and his clothing are cheaper. At the same time that cheapening of food is anything but an unmixed gain even for the consumer. As the purchasing power of the landed classes falls off, the trading classes lose their customers. As money drains away in exchange for foreign imports, there will be a sensible check to the prosperity of the country; and the manufacturers, the retail tradesmen and their *employés* will feel the effects in turn. Then the hands in the mills and manufactories will smart and grumble with the agricultural labourer. In short, we are all suffering from a general misfortune which must be made the best of; nor is anything to be gained by shirking its consideration or diminishing its magnitude. What we may hope is, that, though we fancy we may foresee the worst, we cannot possibly make a forecast of unlooked-for circumstances, which may bring relief from quarters whence we least expect it. The unexpected is an element in human affairs which should always enter into our calculations.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat*, 1802–1808.

Publiés, avec une Préface et des Notes, par son petit-fils, PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Sénateur de la Haute-Garonne. Trois tomes. Paris: 1880.

‘THE manuscript of the Memoirs of my grandmother, lady-in-waiting to the Empress Joséphine, was bequeathed to me by my father, along with the duty of publishing them.’ With these simple words M. Paul de Rémusat offers to the world the most curious of recent contributions to the history of the First Empire. To every student of history this book is a gain, while for Frenchmen at the present moment it is of uncommon value, since the name of Napoleon still acts as a watchword or a test, alternately invoked or execrated by the temper of parties. The disasters which Napoleon III. brought on France in his last campaign have reminded the French that his uncle began a like work of national ruin, and brought a like humiliation upon Paris. On the other hand, the pious fortitude of the widowed Empress at Chiselhurst, along with the untimely death of the Prince who fell in foreign battle, have thrown a sort of halo round fallen Imperialism, whilst the unstable and uncertain fortunes of the Republic, still apparently gliding towards the extreme of democracy, are haunted by the phantom of military despotism and imperial power. Hence the unabated interest in the Napoleonic tradition, and hence the opportune appearance of Madame de Rémusat’s Memoirs. To judge of Imperialism, and to arrive at even an approximate idea of its worth or worthlessness, one must lift those robes of ermine and of purple that cover the crimes of a palace, just as the wreaths of smoke from the guns veil the splendid terrors of a battle-field.

Many authors have worked at this theme. Bourrienne made us familiar with the student of Brienne; Madame Junot with the first dreams and the first love affairs of the rather amorous young officer whom her mother received so often. Constant told us how the great man, when he had become great, shaved and dressed. Savary described how our enemy planned the conquest of England from Boulogne; M. d’Haussonville has dragged to light the horrible persecution of Pius VII.; Las Cases painted the Exile of Longwood; and Lanfrey, in able and scathing pages, has brought home to Napoleon all those acts of violence and deceit which the Emperor assumed to be part of his mission in life, rather than injuries to the liberties of France or outrages on the moral sense of mankind. These

authors, and many more, have given us their likenesses of the first Emperor. It has been reserved for a woman to paint him in his habit as he lived. It is certain that the determinations of Cabinets are often prepared in drawing-rooms, and that many a combination has been overthrown by a word hastily dropped before a woman; so never till now did we know as we now know the Bonaparte of the fireside and of the chamber. His harshness and his caprices we had heard of: but in these volumes the *parvenu* master of St. Cloud is revealed to us less in his military glories than in his moments of weakness, or of cruel and calculated revenge; less as a French general than as an Italian adventurer, who imported into the barrack the morals of a Corsican brigand.

The first volume of these Memoirs caused a thrill of curiosity in Europe. It was immediately translated into English, a thankless task for pens required to render the grace of style that seems to be hereditary in the family of the Rémusats. Readers were divided in their opinions of a book which possessed alternately passages worthy of the best memoirs, and passages of such questionable taste that the pen might have been held by Joséphine's chambermaid rather than by her confidential friend, and by a lady of such parts as Claire de Rémusat. Notices of the book followed each other in rapid succession, but we have waited for the appearance of the third and last volume, with its excellent preface, before attempting a review of its contents. Even now we shall confine ourselves mainly to the last, and certainly the best, portion of the work which M. Paul de Rémusat has given us.

One word, however, of the authoress, and of the manner in which a record so lifelike and so real has been preserved to her descendants and to the public. How did Claire de Rémusat, née de Vergennes, the niece of the well-known Minister of Louis XVI., come to study Napoleon so closely, and with so good an intention of not allowing anything to escape her? Born in 1780, of a Burgundian house, she was the daughter of an *aristo* who perished on the scaffold only three days before the fall of Robespierre. She was then in her fifteenth year; but already among her own and her mother's friends was M. de Rémusat, a guide in their wanderings, a companion in their dangers and in their solitary mourning. We quote from the beautiful little sketch of her youthful attachment and marriage which her son has left:—

‘I look upon it as hardly possible but that our grandmother did not early foresee and acquiesce beforehand in the thing that was to happen, and this without supposing her to have found anything positive as yet

to read in her child's heart. What is certain is that, although my mother was in reality a child, still her prematurely grave intelligence, her heart's susceptibility to emotion, her lively imagination, and finally her solitude, their intimacy and their sorrows : all these causes combined to inspire her with an interest in my father which from the very outset had all the characteristics of a strong and durable affection. Her youth, her extreme youth, was taken captive, as it were, between the fortunate circumstances which were to conduct her through passion up to duty, and which procured for her this singular and touching alliance of the peace of the soul along with the deep emotions of the heart.'

The lovers married in 1796, and the fact that this was a genuine marriage of inclination preserved them from the worst influences of the time, from the sentimental sophistries of Madame d'Houdetot, who was their nearest neighbour, and from the baser temptations of an age that was in every way a law to itself. But they were not rich, and M. de Rémusat went from time to time to Paris, in search perhaps of that which would lift him out of political obscurity, or at least of a place to render the conditions of life easier to his family. Among their friends was Madame de Beauharnais, already, since 1796, the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. The First Consul was at this time in search of a good social lining for the uniform he wore, and not many pieces of available stuff had as yet offered themselves to him. He caught at M. de Rémusat, and named him prefect of his palace; while very soon Madame de Rémusat was named a lady 'to attend upon Madame Bonaparte,'—a modest title, soon to be exchanged for the better-sounding one of *dame du palais*.

The new Court of the Bonapartes was in every sense a novelty, an exception to all rules or precedents. The First Consul was himself an exception, nor was it altogether forbidden even by Royalist prejudices to wear a republican uniform, or to follow in the retinue of a First Consul. It might be the right thing to do, or it might be the reverse; at any rate, there was no rule for or against it, and therefore, though the situation often jarred, as we shall see, on the feelings of M. and Madame de Rémusat, they not only accepted it, but they kept it. As it is well for us, at all events, that they did so, it is only just to pause before we condemn them. If France and the world are not yet cured of some worship for Napoleon, what must have been his prestige in the day of his brightness? What he restored was order compared with the chaos in which he found France. Religion he had permitted again to raise its head, and the young Rémusats may

be pardoned if they hoped at least that he who had rescued civilisation in the shape of the Church, the law, and of marriage—who favoured the arts, and wished to reorganise society in France—had in his own soul some of the noble inspirations which conceive true greatness and put great thoughts into execution. Those who mean to lead the human race astray do so by fair words, promises, and appearances; and when the Rémusats entered the service of Napoleon, both the master and the servants were still young. Time had yet to show at what price Napoleon sold his favour, and the Rémusats had yet to learn all that the servants of a tyrant are expected to sacrifice in the way of dignity and disinterestedness. Nothing, for example, is more striking than Madame de Rémusat's delineation of the steps by which Josephine's husband moved on to deserting her, and by which the First Consul moved on to autocracy in France and to overwhelming power in Europe. His own account of his progress was given with the most unblushing simplicity. He dreamt of rising: he meant to rise, and he rose, because he was, as he said, a 'completely exceptional personage, standing always alone on his own side, 'with all the world standing on the other.'

In the first volume of these *souvenirs* we see Napoleon looking curiously at the 'crown of France on the floor,' and preparing, as he expressed it, to pick it up 'on the point of the sword.' We see him inviting the Church to support him in return for the Concordat, and for a journey made through Belgium in the edifying company of Cardinal Caprara. We see him trying to make Europe believe him necessary to all foreign sovereigns, and to accept him as a safeguard against those republican influences which, when they are rampant in France, are apt to spread beyond her borders. Perhaps at the moment that this poor crown, 'picked up on the point of the sword,' first encircled the pale brows and the smooth dark hair of the Corsican, the kings of Europe did breathe a sigh of comparative relief, not knowing what awaited them. Had the new Emperor been able or willing to give a liberal constitution to France, perhaps by his presence and his power the repose of nations would have been consolidated in Europe. But he did nothing of the kind. He began by being captivated by an equality which was to elevate himself, and then soon contrived, as Metternich said of him, to confiscate for his own benefit all the results of the revolution. It is the curse of all fortuitous power that it needs a series of fortunate accidents to maintain it. It must be always recruited by success, and despotic sovereigns are always either tacitly or openly obliged

to have a personal policy in opposition to the interests of the people, perhaps to those of the nation at large. But Napoleon was not generous, but entirely selfish. He understood the prestige of legitimacy and of hereditary rule, so that the *dynasty* early became an article of his creed; but in the meantime his policy was concentrated egotism, and, provided that he could enjoy the fruits of his ambition, he was cynically content to know and to say that 'the world would give a great *ouff* when 'they heard that he was dead.'

The first volume of Madame de Rémusat's Memoirs, which describes the culmination of his hopes in the possession of an imperial title, also gives the first indication of Napoleon's ultimate decline and fall. To her honour be it said, it gives also the first signs of blame when she saw of what measures Bonaparte was capable, and what arguments he could use to justify them. The prosecution of Moreau, the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and the death of Pichegru first produced a revolt in the minds of Frenchmen. It became apparent that personal advancement and safety were the only objects of his worship, and that all the sacrifices which he imposed on others were but staves in the ladder of his own success. It is true that when he sprang from the blood-stained moat of Vincennes upon the throne of trembling France, the multitude echoed his cry, 'I 'have won the game.' He *had* won it, but from that moment he ceased to be loved, though he flattered himself that upon such a stroke there would follow a cessation of all political action, and that France would appreciate the repose.* The French, he said, can always be ruled through their vanity. 'What,'

* Bishop Burnet relates of Cromwell, that he said, 'Assassinations 'were such detestable things that he would never begin them; but if 'any of the King's party should endeavour to assassinate him, and fail 'in it, he would make an *assassinating war of it, and destroy the whole 'family.'* That is precisely the defence set up by the Bonapartists, and even adopted by M. Thiers, with reference to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. The conspiracy of Georges against the life of the First Consul had nearly succeeded. It was believed in Paris that a Bourbon Prince had landed, or was about to land, in Brittany. Napoleon himself exclaimed, as he left the room after the melancholy dinner on the day of the execution, 'Ils ont voulu assassiner la Révolution française.' We have heard M. Thiers relate the story with extraordinary animation. Bonaparte acted on Cromwell's sanguinary maxim. But we cannot conceive what induced M. and Madame de Rémusat, honourable people, feeling as they did the atrocity of this action, to remain for years in the service of the man who had committed it.

he once scornfully asked of the Rémusats, 'made the revolution? Vanity.—What will unmake the revolution? Vanity.' Bread and games were to please the populace, laurels and bâtons would reward the soldiers, while titles, uniforms, and court carriages and frippery would reconcile the upper classes to his sway. 'Liberty is a mere pretext,' he said one day. 'Men like the Abbé Siéyès may choose to cry out "*Despotisme!*" but my authority will not be the less popular. I have the populace and the army on my side, and the man must be a fool who with those two things cannot manage to rule.'

Madame de Rémusat early began to discover that the part of a lady-in-waiting to Joséphine was really incompatible with pleasant social life. One stormy episode succeeded to the other at the Court, not rendered more agreeable by the intense dislike she felt to the brothers and sisters of Napoleon. There is much matter to their disadvantage in the first two volumes that seems to have been dictated by spite. Joseph Bonaparte had been an attorney's clerk in Ajaccio, and the sisters of Napoleon were far from being models of any of the virtues most prized in women. The great Emperor himself, though the mightiest of monarchs, was never restrained by the feelings or sentiments of a gentleman, and sometimes acted very like a Turk. Madame de Rémusat goes out of her way to be scandalous, and her anecdotes are the more to be regretted because the general impression which this authoress leaves on us is that, unlike Madame Junot, she was a high-minded and a modest woman. She is not flippant, though sometimes indelicate, and her anecdotes of the Bonapartes are almost too horrible to be true. But Joséphine's friend is certainly one-sided in her view of this family circle. Woman-like, she has far more to say against the women than against the men on whom Napoleon bestowed thrones and crowns. This was not improbable when we consider all that Joséphine had to suffer from Elise, Caroline, and Pauline Bonaparte; still, if a strict measure of justice were to be meted out all round, Joséphine's own past, especially in the matter of Barras, left something to be desired; while the existence of the late Duc de Morny cannot be assumed as a pledge of that immaculate virtue on the part of Hortense which Madame de Rémusat wishes us to accept as an article of historical belief. We think, however, that she establishes by sufficient proofs the disputed fact that Napoleon III. was the son of Louis Bonaparte; it is impossible to believe that Hortense engaged in an intrigue with a Dutch admiral immediately after the

death of her eldest child, whom she passionately loved and lamented.

The following sketch of the princesses and of their tempers on the day when Napoleon became Emperor has an air of veracity about it, and shows the jealous feelings that existed among his sisters:—

‘I have mentioned what persons Bonaparte had invited to dine with him on that day. Just before we went to dinner Duroc, the governor of the palace, went round to apprise us all of the titles of prince and princess which it would be necessary to give to Joseph and to Louis Bonaparte and to their respective wives. Madame Bacciocchi and Madame Murat seemed to be thunderstruck at this distinction of rank between themselves and their sisters-in-law. Madame Murat especially had great difficulty in concealing her ill-humour. Towards six o'clock the new Emperor came in, and began, without any appearance of constraint, to greet everybody by their new dignities. I remember that at that moment I received a profound impression, which might well have all the appearances of a presentiment. The day had first been beautiful, but very hot. Towards the moment when the Senate arrived at St. Cloud, the weather suddenly clouded over, the skies grew dark, some claps of thunder were heard, and for some hours we were threatened with a violent storm. This black and ominous sky, which seemed to hang like a weight over the palace of St. Cloud, appeared to me as a sad presage, and I had difficulty in driving away the sadness that I felt. As for the Emperor, he was gay and serene, and I think he privately enjoyed the little constraint which the new ceremonial placed between us all. The Empress preserved all her gentle ease; Joseph and Louis seemed pleased; Madame Joseph resigned to whatever was asked of her, Madame Louis in like manner submissive; and, what can never be too much praised in comparison, Eugène Beauharnais remained simple and natural, and showed a mind free from all secret ambition or discontent. The same cannot be said of the new Marshal Murat; but the fear that he had of his brother-in-law obliged him to control himself, and he preserved a gloomy silence. As for Madame Murat, she was in the depths of despair, and during dinner was so little mistress of herself, when she heard the Emperor more than once name “Princess Louis,” that she could not keep back her tears. She drank several large glasses of water, so as to seem to be doing something, and to put herself to rights again, but the tears had the best of it. Everybody else was embarrassed, but her brother smiled maliciously. As for me, I felt the greatest surprise, and at the same time I may say a sort of disgust, to see this young and pretty face disfigured by these emotions of bad temper. Madame Murat was then twenty-two or twenty-three years old; her face of a dazzling whiteness; her beautiful fair hair, the crown of flowers that encircled it, the pink dress she wore—all this gave to her person a something young and childlike which contrasted disagreeably with those feelings, belonging to a very different age, by which we could see that she was shaken. Nobody pitied her tears. Madame Bacciocchi, being older and more

mistress of herself, did not cry, but she showed herself brusque and cutting, and treated each of us with marked haughtiness. The Emperor seemed at last quite irritated by the conduct of the two sisters, and he aggravated their ill-temper by hits and hints which, if they were indirect, at least hit those ladies very directly. . . . Next day, after a family dinner, there was a violent scene. I was not a witness of it, but we heard the noise of it through the wall which separated the saloon of the Empress from that in which we sat. Madame Murat burst out into complaints, tears, and reproaches; she asked why she and her sisters were to be condemned to obscurity and contempt whilst strangers were covered with honours and dignities. Bonaparte was very rough in his answers to her, declaring several times over that he was the master and able to distribute dignities according to his will. It was on this occasion that he let fall the piquant words which people have remembered:—"In truth, ladies, to see your airs, one would imagine that we hold the crown from the hands of the late King, our father." The Empress told me afterwards of this violent discussion. However good-natured she might be, she could not help being a little amused at the sorrows of a person who hated her most cordially. At the end of this conversation Madame Murat, beyond herself in despair, and at the rough words she had just heard, fell on the floor and fainted away.'

If the names and titles of the new Court proved such apples of discord, the coronation was not likely to pass over without some manifestations of jealousy and mutual ill-will. The new Emperor, of course, meant to be crowned, but his family, if Madame de Rémusat is to be believed, was anxious from the first that Joséphine should have no part in the great ceremony. The princesses were actuated by jealousy; Louis Bonaparte by a view to the interest of his own sons; and Joseph advised his august brother to make the wife who could not give an heir to the new empire a mere witness of the coronation. Pressed in this way by his own family, the Emperor certainly began by lending an ear to their intrigues, and some words which escaped from him agitated his wife extremely; in fact, Joséphine was for some weeks kept in a state of cruel uncertainty. The following is Madame de Rémusat's account of the way in which the matter was at last cleared up between the husband and wife:—

'Harassed too much by his brother, and aware of the joy which the Bonapartes felt when they believed that they had carried their point, touched also by the comparison which he made between the conduct of his wife and her children and the triumphant manners of his own relations, who were imprudent enough to boast that they had at last brought him round to their ends, he felt a secret pleasure in now outwitting the plot which had been spun around him, and after a long hesitation, which threw the Empress into the most mortal anxiety,

he told her suddenly one night that the Pope was coming, that he would crown them both, and that she might therefore now begin to occupy herself with the preparations for the ceremony.'

Assuredly the visitor must be dull of soul who, as he treads the halls and vestibules of Fontainebleau, does not in imagination people them with the figures of Napoleon and of Joséphine, and of the Pope, obliged to be the usurper's guest under the roof of those Bourbon princes who had so long been Rome's 'most Christian' children. No small pressure was needed to bring Pius VII. to Fontainebleau. Some writers declare that the motive force was supplied by four millions of livres distributed among the members of the College of Cardinals. More probably the smooth-spoken Cardinal Fesch induced the Pontiff to visit Napoleon in person by the assurance that, in return for his visit, he would obtain the re-establishment of the religious orders, and the restoration of the property which had once belonged to the Church. He came, and all Christendom was stirred at the event. He came, a man of sixty-two years of age, tall, dignified, and not unfriendly in his demeanour to his host when they first met outside the palace. In the matter of refusing to receive men like Fouché, Pius VII. remained firm to the last. To the Empress he was, says her attendant, gentle and parental in manner, and his presence must have inspired a certain gravity, even while the thoughts of all the women and of many of the men ran on the coming ceremonial. The actors in the drama were busy rehearsing their parts. The court dresses, the trains, the ruffs, the diadems, the hangings, and the whole *mise-en-scène*, as superintended by David the painter, the quarrels about precedence at a Court where precedent was unknown, all stirred the official circle, and delighted the new Emperor. People spoke of him; he was the centre of a great emotion, and when the Court moved up to Paris crowds ran to gaze at him. It was true, as he said, that they would have run just as fast to see him shot; but still he enjoyed the sight. Round him were collected many foreign princes and successful marshals, while scarlet prelates escorted into Notre-Dame the Vicar of Christ, at whose approach a choir (accompanied by an orchestra of harps) sang its 'Graduale' of welcome, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock have I built my Church.' Madame de Rémusat misses many picturesque touches like this, but her account of the day is at once so trivial and so serious that it is all the more likely to be correct, whether we think of the autocrat crushing the crown of France down upon his brows with his own fierce hands, or see Joséphine's unamiable sisters-

in-law carrying her train so badly that locomotion was often difficult, and once became almost impossible. Such details we need not copy here, neither will we dwell on the bitter disappointment of Pius VII. when he was told that the indemnity promised to him in exchange for Avignon, Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna must be deferred till the general peace. Cardinal Fesch was probably left to explain this as best he could to a Roman pontiff, who, while he listened, probably thought in his own mind that a general pacification in Europe was like the shutting of the temple of Janus, a thing so far deferred and so rare as to be wellnigh impossible and beyond hope.

It is necessary, however, in this place to give the details of another transaction on which Napoleon employed his uncle the Cardinal, since it had a direct bearing on the future fate of Joséphine, and is really a curiosity in history from the amount of cruel and profane cunning employed in it. It will be seen that the accounts of the affair as given by M. de Metternich and by Madame de Rémusat are at variance. We copy from our authoress:—

‘Two days before the coronation M. de Rémusat, who was both Grand Chamberlain and Master of the Robes, delivered over to the Empress the beautiful diadem which was just completed for her. He found her in a state of joy which she had difficulty in concealing even from the public. Taking my husband aside, she confided to him that in the morning of that day an altar had been prepared in the Emperor’s room, and that Cardinal Fesch had married her in the presence of two aides-de-camp. After the ceremony she had exacted from the Cardinal an attestation in writing about the marriage. This she preserved always with care, and, in spite of every effort that the Emperor made to obtain it from her, she never consented to part with it.’

It is apparently to that morning’s work that Metternich alludes in his memoirs. He says that the Holy Father, acting under a sense of religious duty, was at one moment disposed to declare that he would not appear at the august ceremony, nor crown a consort whose union to Napoleon was, as he understood it, irregular in the eyes of the Church. He declared that he

‘would sacrifice his own interests unless he received immediate proof of the validity of the marriage between the Emperor and Joséphine. On this two or three French bishops (whom Consalvi named to me) went to present their homage to the Holy Father, and he imparted to them the subject of the disquiet which his physiognomy betrayed. The bishops soothed his doubts, and gave him details as to the marriage of Napoleon and Joséphine, and the sacramental tie that united them to each other. The Pontiff, thus deceived and surprised, crowned them both next day, and it was only a few days after the coronation

that he learnt the trick that had been played on his credulity.' (Metternich's 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 294.)

If Madame de Rémusat is correct in saying that Cardinal Fesch gave the nuptial blessing to the Imperial pair before two aides-de-camp, one is at a loss to understand Consalvi's account of the French bishops and of their false testimony to the Pope, and we believe M. de Metternich's statement to be quite erroneous. A 'sacramental tie' was really formed if Cardinal Fesch did, on the day indicated by Joséphine to her Master of the Robes, unite their hands, and there was no 'trick' for Pius to discover when it was too late; but, as we shall see, there were doubts in Napoleon's mind, and later in Josephine's, as to whether the surreptitious wedding, celebrated in the Emperor's room before two aides-de-camp, might not contain in itself some principle of invalidity. We resume Madame de Rémusat's narrative:—

'It was said later that any religious marriage at which the *cure* of the parish is not present contains in itself a principle of nullity, and that with a view to a future rupture this cause was always kept in reserve. In this case it would have been necessary that the Cardinal should have been a party to the fraud. His later conduct does not give one reason to think this. During the scenes to which the proposal of the divorce gave rise the Empress sometimes threatened her husband with the publication of the *attestation* which she possessed, and Cardinal Fesch, when consulted about it, replied that his conscience would not permit him to deny that the marriage had been made in a way that no one could break it except by an act of arbitrary authority. After the divorce the Emperor again wished to have the *attestation* of which I speak, but the Cardinal advised the Empress *even then* not to part with it. The Empress followed his advice because it coincided with her own wishes, but it will prove to what an extent the persons of that family distrusted each other when I say that she admitted a belief that the Cardinal, in so advising her, was perhaps only acting in concert with the Emperor, who wished to drive her to some *éclat* so as to have an excuse for banishing her from France.'

The Court of Rome was placed in this dilemma: if Joséphine was not canonically married, the Pope should not have crowned her; if she was canonically married, he should have refused to divorce her. The two conditions are incompatible.

From this passage it may be as well to pass at once to the chapter in the third volume, which narrates how the project of divorce ripened in Napoleon's mind, and was divulged to Joséphine at last. The Emperor had been at Tilsit, and he returned from it gorged, as it were, with the proofs of the supremacy which he had obtained in Europe, and of the charm he exercised over the mind of the young Czar, Alex-

ander Pavlovitch. Some idea of an alliance with a Saxon princess seems to have crossed his mind during his absence, and he mentioned the project to M. de Talleyrand. How to break such a topic to Joséphine was more difficult, but Madame de Rémusat will tell us that the autocrat found words even for this overture; indeed, it is clear that the Empress had long been haunted by the apprehension of it:—

‘ One day in talking with her of the differences between the King of Holland and his wife, of the death of the young Napoleon, and of the delicate health of the only boy who remained to them, he spoke to her of the necessity he might experience some day of finding a wife who could give him children. He showed some emotion in developing this theme, and added, “ If such a thing were to happen, Joséphine, then it would be for *you* to help me to such a sacrifice. I should count on your friendship to save me from the odium of an enforced rupture. You would take the initiative, would you not? and seeing my position you would have the courage to determine on your own withdrawal?” The Empress knew the character of her husband too well to smooth by any imprudent word the way for a step which she resisted as much as she could. So far then, in this conversation, from giving him any hope that her conduct would take the edge off such a rupture, she assured him, that though she should obey all his orders, she would never anticipate one. She made her reply in that calm and grave tone which she knew very well how to take with Bonaparte, and which was not without its effect. “ Sire,” she said, “ you are the master, and you will decide on my lot. When you order me to quit the Tuileries, I will obey on the spot, but for that your positive order will be required. I am your wife. You have crowned me in the presence of the Pope; such honours deserve that one should not voluntarily lay them down. If you divorce me, all France shall know that it is you who drive me away, and she will be ignorant neither of my obedience nor of my profound grief.” . . . Sometimes Madame Bonaparte wept bitterly, at others she railed at the ingratitude which forsook her thus. She remembered that when she had married Bonaparte he had thought himself much honoured by the alliance; how odious of him then to drive her away from his elevation when she had been willing to share his bad fortune! Her imagination was sometimes so excited as to allow her to express fears for her own life. “ I will never yield to him,” she said; “ I will certainly behave like his victim; but if I come to be too much in his way, who knows of what he may be capable, and if he will resist the *need of getting rid of me?*” When she said such words as these, I made a thousand efforts to calm her shattered imagination, which had, without doubt, carried her much too far. Whatever opinion I might have had on the facility with which Bonaparte lent himself to political necessities, I in nowise believed that he was capable of conceiving, or of executing, the black designs of which she then suspected him. But he had so acted on different occasions, and, above all, often so spoken, that a

profound grief had a right, in its excitement, to conceive such a suspicion of him; and though I attest solemnly that in my inmost conscience I do not think that his thoughts ever recurred to such a method of getting out of his difficulty, nevertheless my answer to the dreadful anxieties of the Empress could not be more than this: "Madame, be sure that he is not capable of going so far."

The Court went to Fontainebleau, and while the Emperor's cruel plan was maturing, Napoleon saw a great deal of his unfortunate wife both by day and by night, was often agitated, took her in his arms, wept, swore the most lively tenderness to her, and in these scenes, which at first Madame de Rémusat believed to be mere acting, he sometimes displayed a degree of passion and emotion that must have alternately raised the spirits and torn the heart of his unfortunate wife. On one of these occasions he said to her, 'My poor Joséphine, I shall not be able to leave thee;' then, as if referring to the pressure put upon him by fate, by his ministers, and by his family, he said, 'They surround me, they torment me, they make me wretched!' Things had reached this overwrought state between the Imperial couple when the intrigues for the crown of Spain and the invasion of that country came to a crisis; the Emperor and his brother Joseph were otherwise occupied, and the question of the divorce was laid aside for a time.

The episodes of Napoleon's life succeeded each other with such rapidity, and the changes of scene are so violent—from Egypt to the passage of the Alps, from the dormitory at Brienne to the camp-bed at Jena, from St. Cloud to Elba, from Waterloo to Longwood—that one has difficulty in keeping pace with a career so fiery, so erratic, and so rapid in its transit across our sky. It has been calculated that out of a reign of ten years Napoleon spent only 955 days in Paris, and it was only once that this great actor allowed himself to dream away two whole months under the bosky shades of Fontainebleau. Some of St. Simon's pictures—for example, that of the death of the Dauphin—seem to transport us at once to royal Versailles, to show us the personages of the Court, and to reproduce for us the national dismay at a loss that altered the destinies of a royal line. In the 26th chapter of the third volume we think that Madame de Rémusat approaches M. de St. Simon's style when she devotes to these two months of holiday-making at Fontainebleau what is beyond comparison the best description in her book. It will alone suffice to make her memoirs live. Napoleon was thirty-eight years of age; time and battle had not told on his strength, and not much on the cold beauty of that olive face, which

had had in youth the likeness of the young Augustus, and now recalled the type of those severe and terrible emperors of Rome whom turbulent legionaries placed upon the throne to rule a dying world. In this man, as in those military sovereigns, the instincts of civil life were all extinct, and the passion of power prevailed. Napoleon had been able to gratify it. He had many of the kings of Europe for his friends, or at least his creatures, he was absolute master of prostrate France, and he had just returned from Tilsit. To say so is to say that he now had for his greatest admirer the young Czar, to whom belonged not the testament of Peter, or the Slavonic idea, but the seventh part of the habitable globe. Here, under the oaks of the Avenue du Grand Veneur, and within a few hours of that subservient Paris where every class from the highest to the lowest lay torpid under the weight of his power, Napoleon rested for a while on his laurels. He rose early, and walked in one of the long galleries discussing business with his ministers, or pausing before the table where all the letters and petitions lay. With an impatient sweep of his hat he would scatter these to right and to left, and then, with an equally impatient gesture, select perhaps half a dozen of them for his perusal. The rejected addresses in the meantime lay about under the heels of his boots, like leaves in Vallombrosa, or like the destinies of Frenchmen given over to a master who was equally arbitrary whether he heard or whether he refused to hear these, the despised petitions of a people that was enslaved through its own plébiscite and will. He gave dinners and balls, and to these he invited and from these he excluded princes at his pleasure. He drove his horses (badly), rode to hounds in that forest of which the frontier lines ever escape one's eye; he scolded when the stag was too fleet for him, arranged pieces for the theatre, and sat out a number of classical tragedies that wearied the pretty women of his Court. He collected round him the best Italian singers, patronised artists, scolded his brothers, and obliged M. de Rémusat to confess that he was worn out by the mass of important nothings which he was daily obliged to arrange, and over any one of which his imperial master's temper was as likely as not to explode. 'Kings,' remarks Madame de Rémusat, 'are very apt to show their good or bad humour before everyone; and Bonaparte, more king than any other ever was, scolded harshly, often when there was no occasion for it, and humiliated all who belonged to him, as he hectored them for some worthless trifle.'

Perfectly happy this tyrant was not, even though he had

made such war at Jena and such peace at Tilsit as never soldier had made before. What was the secret worm that gnawed at this autocratic heart, and whose was the hand that traced a writing on the wall at the feasts of this new Belshazzar? The gnawing worm was the outraged liberty of France, the handwriting on the wall was that of England. Napoleon could not but be aware, even while the most sonorous periods of Racine and of Corneille sounded in his ears, that his authority was in direct opposition both to the ancient order and to the irresistible march of the human mind. The press supported him only because he had gagged and enslaved it, while the progress of ideas, the rights of men and of nations, not to speak of the principles of political economy, were all outraged by his tyranny, his selfish expenditure, and by two conscriptions that had taken away, as food for powder, the bone and sinew of agricultural France. The clergy had, it is true, subsided into an attitude of abject subservency, as when the Bishop of Quimper, in pleading for the conscription, did not blush to say that Napoleon's glories would cover the periods of the country's shame; as yet he had not commenced the abominable persecution of the Roman Pontiff. His dream to reign like Charlemagne, supreme in one great state while exercising a protectorate over about twenty smaller ones, had been realised; but when he looked at England he saw a country that formed a barrier he had never by force or guile been able to move. The government of one small island not only testified its own resistance, but managed by new and ever new combinations to lead an attack against himself. All his power was powerless against a nation ready for any sacrifice that the King's ministers might be prepared to ask of her; and this invincible repugnance of the Cabinet of St. James to enter into negotiations with France was one of the most galling circumstances of his day. Even the accession of Mr. Fox to power in 1806, a minister certainly desirous of peace, had only served to convince the British Government that the war must be prosecuted to the bitter end.

'Woe, then, betide,' cries Madame de Rémusat, 'the person who came across the Emperor when he had just been reading one of those English newspapers, in which he heard himself always spoken of as "General Bonaparte." It was at such a moment that he was most sure to show himself, what Talleyrand bewailed his being, "horribly ill-bred."' The English question was evidently a burning one even to cooler heads and less imperious tempers than Napoleon's, and Madame de Rémusat does but repeat an opinion often ex-

pressed in her hearing when she says how the Court of St. Cloud hoped that the policy of the Court of St. James might prove fatal to the British Constitution. It was argued that the King and the Tory ministry alone desired a suicidal war with France; that the national debt would prove ruinous; that the English would be obliged to become a military people, to the detriment of the shopkeeping for which Napoleon saw that Providence had intended them; and that the Commons would become seditious through resentment at a war policy of which the control was taken out of the power of the House. When this was said before the Emperor, he was delighted, and ready to pay agents to print and repeat it in London, but Talleyrand, more clear-sighted, shook his head. He said one day, with more warmth than he often showed in maintaining an opinion, 'Tremble, mad folk that you are; tremble at any success the Emperor has against England. Get *this* into your heads, and keep it there: that when the British Constitution is destroyed, *then*, indeed, will the civilisation of the world be shaken to its very foundations.' Well knowing England to be irreconcilable, the Emperor looked about for a weapon to strike her to the heart. If Madame de Rémusat had been able to continue her memoirs, as she intended, over the period that embraced the Spanish campaign, she would, no doubt, have done ample justice to this theme. There needs, however, no new documentary evidence to prove that the hope of striking at England through Spain first induced Napoleon to undertake a war for which he was but ill prepared, and of which he always said that, as far as he was personally concerned, it bored him. Talleyrand, who alone, of all the ministers of Napoleon, spoke with him on a footing of independence, thought badly of this Spanish affair from the first. The duplicity of the Emperor's conduct towards the royal family struck him as both unwise and undignified, and his private opinion of the enterprise, and of its probable results, was at once a criticism and a prophecy.

But the days were past when from any minister Napoleon would either relish or accept advice. The memoirs of Prince Metternich, which appeared almost simultaneously with those of Joséphine's attendant, throw a good deal of light upon Talleyrand's power and upon his disgrace. There is a letter of Metternich's to Count Stadion (vol. ii. p. 268), which, if our space permitted, it would be well worth copying here; but it is impossible to say more than that by February, 1807, the Emperor had become suspicious of Talleyrand. He broke out suddenly one day into bitter invectives against a party

which was headed, he declared, by Fouché and the Prince de Bénévent, and of which the object was, he complained, to impede the action of his government. The latter had for long been rather the adviser than the servant of the Emperor, a relation which, however flattering, certainly had its drawbacks, as when Bonaparte was false enough to charge the ex-Bishop of Autun with having counselled the kidnapping and murder of the Duc d'Enghien. As soon as it ceased to suit him to lay this accusation at Talleyrand's door he did so, and reserved his dislike only for that General Hallin who really did play the principal part in the arrest and execution, and of whom the Emperor said evermore that his presence 'disturbed' him. With regard to the Spanish policy, the Emperor took the same double line. He first inveighed against Talleyrand for discountenancing it, and then denied how much and how often that Minister had urged him to a very different policy, to one of generosity towards the Spanish family and crown.

Few characters have been more dissected, discussed, and blamed than that of M. de Talleyrand, sometime Bishop of Autun, long Minister for Foreign Affairs, and created Grand Chamberlain and Prince of Benevento. He was also the husband of Mrs. Grand, the fat, foolish, and underbred Englishwoman who, in India, had been separated from her husband in a suit in which Mr. Philip Francis was the co-respondent. With this woman Talleyrand long carried on an irregular connexion, and with this woman Napoleon certainly helped to saddle Talleyrand for life. It was one of the many anomalies of his career that by the time he married her he had really ceased to love her, while it is certain that her influence had ever been most debasing, in spite of his venomous retort to Madame de Staël that one must have been in love with *her* once to realise all the joy of now adoring a fool. When we think of their villa at Neuilly, where the ex-Bishop's too celebrated wife received, on one and the same day, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, the Chief Justice Sir Elijah Impey who tried the case, Sir Philip Francis the co-respondent in that suit, Mr. Grand the plaintiff in it, and M. de Talleyrand her actual husband, we cannot wonder at his contempt for himself and for mankind in a society that might even have given some hints to the 'Elective Affinities' of Goethe. Even the philosopher of Weimar would have hardly dared in a work of fiction to invent such a group of *dramatis personæ*, all occupying the stage at the same moment. It would have been said that the author had no more sense of propriety than of

probability, and one is inclined to doubt if the host of that strange company did carry in his breast anything resembling honour or self-respect. It was once said of this high-bred minister that no one ever lifted his hat to Satan with such consummate grace, and it might be added that no one ever knew better with a single word to lie away a reputation, or to revenge himself on those who ran counter to him. Nor did he lack the 'gentlemanly vice' of avarice, so that he has been credited not only with having enriched himself after the confiscation of the church lands, but with having taken commissions on his diplomatic services. It has been reserved for Madame de Rémusat to show that this man had a better side to his nature. It seems to have been influenced by those with whom he had to deal. Chameleon-like, he could change himself to every hue. When with Napoleon he returned finesse with finesse; when with Joseph he became mercenary, and did a heavy piece of stock-jobbing with him on the occasion of the pacification of Luneville. With Mrs. Grand he was of the earth, and very earthy; but, on the other hand, the friends of the great Duke of Wellington well remember to have heard him say that he had never found M. de Talleyrand crafty, or the reverse of straightforward. We shall see in the third volume of Madame de Rémusat's Memoirs a curious proof that goodness commanded respect from this courtier, and that the fierce light that beats upon a Court may sometimes, from its very glare, miss touches of individual truth, and leave traits of disposition all unsuspected by history and by the world.

It was towards the close of the winter of 1805 that the Rémusats, husband and wife, at first became intimate with the man whose public life is considered synonymous with intrigue, and to whose tongue are attributed so many epigrams, so many shafts of malice and of wit. Bonaparte, with his usual jealousy, took umbrage at the first signs of a growing friendship between two of the officials of his Court. He was so far from thinking that '*l'union fait la force*' that he only believed himself strong in proportion as all those who belonged to him were disunited. He therefore took M. de Rémusat aside, and, with that tone of candour which was usual with him when he meditated any trick, said, 'Take care. M. de Talleyrand seems to be making up to you; but I know very well that he means to do you harm.' 'And why should M. de Talleyrand wish to do me harm?' asked M. de Rémusat of his wife. There really was no reason for it, but the malicious word so opportunely dropped by the Emperor did inspire the husband and wife with distrust, which was all the Emperor

wanted. And it was not until the winter of 1808 that genuine friendship was consolidated between M. de Talleyrand and the author of these memoirs. She had just lost her mother; her son was gone to college, her health was bad, and her spirits depressed by the barrenness of social life at the Court of St. Cloud, and by the cloud which, as we have seen, hung over the fortunes of her friend, the Empress Joséphine.

‘Assuredly my society could offer no great amusement to M. de Talleyrand, and yet he did not despise my sorrows. He was one of the most assiduous in nursing me. He had had some acquaintance with my mother, and he now talked well of her with me, while he listened to my recollections. The greatness of my grief dissipated all my little pretensions to being a wit in his presence, and I did not keep back my tears before him. Often alone with me and with my husband, he showed himself neither bored by my sorrow, nor yet by those tender consolations which M. de Rémusat so affectionately offered me. When I think of it, it seems to me that he then examined us with a sort of curiosity. His whole life had been removed from natural affections, and we afforded him a new spectacle, and one which moved him a little. He seemed to learn for the first time all that a mutual tenderness, founded on the most moral sentiments, can produce of sweetness and courage, even among the ups and downs of life. That which passed in my room arrested him from everything that passed elsewhere, perhaps even from his own recollections; and more than once, at this time, have I heard him speak of himself with regret, I might almost say with disgust. As we were touched by his attentions, and returned them with a gratitude that came from the depths of our heart, he visited us always more frequently, and remained with us long alone, while jokes and railleries about others were no longer the order of the day between us. Given back as it were to my true self, I let him see the depth of a living soul, of one which a happy marriage had sweetened. Across all my regrets, my deep melancholy, and the neglect of the external world in which I now lived, I led him into regions unknown to him, and the discovery of which seemed to give him pleasure. I acquired little by little the liberty of saying everything to him; he gave me the right to blame him, nay, to judge him often severely. My sincerity did not seem to displease him, and I formed an intimate friendship with him, and one which was agreeable to us both. Whenever I succeeded in melting him, I was pleased as if at a victory, and he was grateful to me for having stirred a spirit too long laid asleep by habit, by system, and by indifference. Once, when provoked by the contradictions that showed in his character, I went so far as to say to him, “*Bon Dieu! what a pity that you have spoilt yourself on purpose; car, enfin, il me semble que vous valez mieux que vous.*” He smiled. “The way in which our first years are passed,” he said, “affects our whole existence, and if I were to tell you in what manner I passed my youth, you would come to be a good deal less surprised at many things.” It was then that he told me how, a lame boy, and the eldest of his family, he had been, thanks to an accident,

unable to fulfil the hopes, even the social law, which before the Revolution destined every eldest son of a noble house to military life. He was driven from his home, and sent away into the country to live with an old aunt. Without even going home, he was next placed in a seminary, and it was then signified to him that he would have to take holy orders, for which he did not feel any inclination. During the years which he passed at St. Sulpice, he saw himself obliged to remain almost always alone in his bed-room, his infirmity not allowing him to stand long on his feet, so that he had none of the distractions or exercises of youth. He was thus abandoned to the most profound melancholy, took even then a bad opinion of social life, irritating himself against the priesthood which was being forced upon him, and building himself up in the idea that he could not be obliged to observe very scrupulously duties thus imposed upon him without his own consent. He added that he felt the most profound disgust for the world, and a deep irritation against its prejudices, and that he had only escaped from despair by converting himself to a real indifference towards men and things. When at last he found himself again with his father and mother, he was received by them as an unpleasant object, and as never one affectionate word or consolation was addressed to him, "you will see," he added, "that, so placed, one must either die of grief, or deaden oneself off, so as no longer to feel all that was wanting. I took the plan of deadening myself; I am ready to agree with you that I was wrong; it would perhaps have been better to have suffered, and thus perhaps to have preserved the faculties of feeling a little better. For this senselessness of the soul with which you reproach me has often disgusted me with myself. I have not loved others enough, but I never could take any interest in myself, and I have not loved myself any better than the rest. Once I woke out of my indifference by a strong passion for Princess Charlotte of Montmorency. She also loved me truly. I was more agitated than ever against the obstacle which made it impossible for me to marry her. I made many steps to get rid of the vows that were so odious to me; I believe that I should have succeeded but for the Revolution which broke out, and which did not allow the Pope to grant that which I sought for. You can understand that in the disposition in which I then was I was likely to greet that Revolution with eagerness. It attacked the principles and the usages of which I had been the victim; it seemed invented to break my chains, it pleased my mind; I embraced its cause with fervour—and ever since events have disposed of me." When M. de Talleyrand spoke thus to me, I pitied him from the bottom of my soul, because I understood the *triste* influence that a joyless youth has upon the rest of a lifetime; but I did not the less feel that a disposition of greater energy would not have reasoned or yielded as he did, and I deplored before him that he should have stained his life in this way. It is certain that a fatal indifference to good and evil was the foundation of the nature of M. de Talleyrand; but one owes him the justice to say that he never erected immorality into a principle; he felt the worth of virtue in others, he praised it, he revered it, he never sought to corrupt it by any vicious system; it would even seem

as if he found a sort of pleasure in its contemplation. He had not, like Bonaparte, the fatal idea that virtue exists nowhere, and is only a trick or an affectation into the bargain. I have often heard him praise actions that were a bitter criticism on his own; his conversation was never either immoral or irreligious; he esteemed good priests, and loved to praise them. He had goodness and justice in his heart, but what he praised in others he did not think applicable to himself; he made himself an exception, and made as it were a special convention for himself. Weak and cold, and being long ago *blasé* about everything, he now seeks for distractions as a worn-out palate needs stimulating food. All serious thoughts applied to morality and natural feeling are painful to him; they recall reflections which he fears, and by a joke he tries to escape from what he feels. A number of circumstances have gathered round him senseless and depraved people who have encouraged him to a thousand futilities; these people suit him because they tear him away from his thoughts, but they are powerless to save him from that deep ennui which gave him such an imperious need of public and political life. Business does not tire him because he does not really take it up, and it is rare that he gives his whole soul to anything. His mind is superior, often just. He sees correctly, but acts weakly. He has an indolence, a something that one calls *du décousu* about him. He dissatisfies all hopes, pleases much, but never satisfies, and in the end inspires a sort of pity, with which mingles, *when one sees* a great deal of him, real attachment. I believe that as long as our connexion lasted it did him good; I succeeded in awakening in him sentiments that had long slept, I brought him back to higher thoughts, I interested him in a crowd of sensations either new or forgotten; to me he owed this new emotion; he told me it was so, and he was grateful to me. He came to see me often, and I confess that I esteemed him a little for it, since he never found in me a complacency that flattered his weakness, while I spoke with him in a language that he had not heard for very long.'

All these remarks are so contrary to the Talleyrand of the popular imagination that one is inclined to doubt whether here, as in the case of Hortense's vindication at the hands of Madame de Rémusat, the wish may not have been father to the thought. Yet we cannot refuse credence to some of the facts. Talleyrand's lameness is a factor of importance in his disposition, and having the example of Byron, we need not attempt to diminish its influence on the sufferer. Napoleon, too, agrees with Madame de Rémusat in speaking of Talleyrand's slackness, and often said that his minister possessed in perfection the art of 'how not to do a thing.' The man's life was a series of contradictions. A priest, but married; the lover of Charlotte de Montmorency, but the husband of Mrs. Grand; a bishop, but a fomenter of revolution; a prince who sought to abolish nobility; a minister who helped to tear up the map of Europe, but a plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna; he was also

a republican who plotted against the republic, and who welcomed the supremacy of Napoleon. Metternich further says of him that while an Imperialist he plotted the ruin of the Empire. But this is an accusation that we think ill-proved. Talleyrand often blamed the Emperor to his face for a policy that must bring him to ruin, and except in as far as Talleyrand may be said to have headed and represented the non-military party under a government that was nothing if not military and successful, we think he cannot be fairly charged with any want of loyalty to the cause of the Emperor. That his own career afforded little satisfaction to one of such powers of reflection and observation, we are certain. His intimacy with M. and Madame de Rémusat was probably a relief to him, and it is not wonderful that this young and untitled lady should feel 'touched,' as she candidly says she was, when her door was so frequently opened by the announcement of 'M. le Prince de Bénévent.'

To Talleyrand we see that Madame de Rémusat was grateful, but both French and English critics have charged her with ingratitude towards Napoleon. Before endorsing that censure, we may remark that, in the first place, no receipt has yet been found for making courtiers grateful; their gratitude being emphatically a sense of favours to come. Were it even possible to make it otherwise, Napoleon would, we think, have been the last person to expect it. He believed that self-interest alone guided, or had guided, all the sensible men and women of the world, while virtue and honour existed only in the sick brains of dreamers. Never moved and never restrained by any principle of honour, he could hardly expect that a sentiment of loyalty to himself should have prevented Madame de Rémusat from describing him as she saw him. A feeling of fear did lead the authoress to destroy the original draft of her notes and memoirs, and it remains for us to guess whether we should have found the original draft, had we seen it, less caustic or more so in its judgment of events. That she burnt the MSS. to avoid a possible domiciliary search by the police, when, during the Hundred Days, such visits were not uncommon, is certain, and it is certain that, in rewriting it long after the event, she had the benefit of the wisdom that sometimes comes too late. But, on the other hand, the inference to be drawn from the destruction of her papers is that they were from the first exceedingly unfavourable to the Emperor. Selfishness like his was sure to breed selfishness; Madame de Rémusat's friendship for Joséphine was formed in early youth, and, considering that the Emperor

did not in his selfish policy spare his own wife, it is not wonderful if her waiting-woman in her turn did not spare him, but painted his portrait as she saw it. No film of golden halo obscured her vision when she looked at her Imperial master. She saw that he had a hard heart, and a narrow but vigorous will, but she perhaps hardly did justice to the amazing perspicacity of his mind, to the rapid march of his thoughts, and to the rare combination in him of soldier, actor, and legislator. He had nothing in his nature that belonged to the highest order of greatness; but, as has been well said of him, he was as great as a man could be without virtue or goodness; and, considering that he changed and re-changed the face of the world, Madame de Rémusat might fairly plead that history had relieved her of the task of proving his greatness. His own despatches have equally taken off her hands the task of proving the moral littleness of the sovereign whose very amusements our authoress describes as having been in such questionable taste as this:—

‘Fancy balls and even masked balls were given, and this was a new pleasure, and one which he tasted greedily. Some of his ministers, his sister Murat, and the Prince of Neuchâtel, were ordered to invite a vast number of people belonging both to the Court and to the town. The men wore dominoes, the women a pretty costume, and the pleasure of doing this was the only one they could have brought to these gatherings, where everyone knew that the Emperor would be present, and where the fear of meeting him kept them rather silent. As for him, masked up to the teeth, but not the less easy to be recognised, thanks to his peculiar gait, of which he could not divest himself, he walked to and fro in the rooms, generally leaning on the arm of Duroc. He attacked the women most vivaciously, observing very little decency in his discourse, and if he was in his turn attacked, without at once recognising the speaker, he would at once tear off the mask, and by this rude act of his power show who he was. He had also great pleasure in making use of his disguise to go and torment certain husbands with anecdotes (true or false) about the conduct of their wives. It must be said of him, *because it is true*, that there is in Bonaparte a certain innate wickedness of nature which has a particular taste for evil, and that this shows itself in him in great things as well as in smaller matters.’

Talleyrand himself spoke of ‘*la fourberie de notre Maître.*’

This is the last extract we shall make. And now, in laying down Madame de Rémusat’s *Memoirs*, one is tempted to ask how, in the first decade of this strange nineteenth century of ours, did mankind accept as its central personage one in whom all the virtues were forgotten? How came this Corsican to make half the world drunk with the wine of his success? His

prestige would be a hopeless enigma had Napoleon Bonaparte been alone among the phenomena of his age. But he was not alone. He was, it is true, a head and shoulders taller than his countrymen, and to him in return were given the votes of the plébiscite, the crown, the globe, the purple and the golden bees; but in politics, in literature, and in art he had cognate spirits. Between the misanthropy of Talleyrand and of Byron we have seen a resemblance: can one not see in the ascendancy and in the supreme egotism of Goethe another instance of a man who attains supremacy, and is pushed on by the *Zeitgeist* of the day? His ascendancy was equally independent of purity or of self-sacrifice. His wisdom had for its laboratory and its dissecting-room the hearts and the reputations of all the women whom he loved or who ever loved him. There were giants in those days, and they loomed all the larger because the Revolution had done its levelling work. In France the loyalty of a thousand years and the creed of eighteen centuries all gave place to the rights of man, when France first embraced the idea of a Republic with an ecstasy that was sublime if it was also terrible. But now the people, that had just declared a belief in Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, was again ready to accept a tyrant; and the new generation was without any faith at all. Nor was this solution of continuity in social and religious order confined to France alone. All the old things were either abolished or questioned, so that in history, in art, in science, and in politics there was a new world. In that new world a few daring spirits were fitted to rule, and to reorganise a chaos. Nature abhors a vacuum, and here were men born to be the architects of their country's glory and of their own. The larger part of the world took them at their word; and then, hearing the sackbuts and psalteries of their victorious trains, it fell down and worshipped these the most awful portents of the day. But they achieved no lasting success; they left nothing but the traces of their own despotic administration behind them. At the present moment there is a return towards Republican institutions in France, but the country is divided against itself, and the gospel of democracy is a less elevated creed than in the days of Camille Desmoulins. It means chiefly the acquisition of office and power by a lower class of men; and if the country is again rescued from anarchy by the intervention of military power, it can hardly expect that another Napoleon will arise to occupy the vacant throne. But the persecution and expulsion of the religious orders in these latter days is a singular example of what may be done under French Republican liberty.

ART. VIII.—*Italy and her Invaders*, 376–476. By THOMAS HODGKIN, B.A., Fellow of University College, London. 2 vols. 8vo. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press: 1880.

THE work of Gibbon is among the greatest of historical achievements. It is almost a truism to say that no historian ever attempted a more gigantic task than the writer who undertook in the compass of a few volumes to relate what is practically the history of the world. All the streams which represent the fortunes of the great ancient nations flow into the mighty but troubled sea of Roman dominion; and within the empire of the eternal city, under the influence of Roman law and Roman government, almost all the conditions which have determined the existing society of Europe have taken shape. Gibbon worked in a vast quarry, out of which later historians have obtained materials for structures scarcely less elaborate and splendid than his own. He had to explore the ground afterwards traversed by Dean Milman for his ‘History of Latin Christianity,’ and by M. de Montalembert for his volumes on the ‘Monks of the West;’ but there yet remained an almost boundless field which neither of these great writers was called upon to enter, and through the whole of which Gibbon must remain the guide of all who may seek to examine it hereafter. But there are limits to the highest human genius and power; and it was obviously impossible that the mighty work of Gibbon could, in spite of its marvellous accuracy and completeness, be more than a sketch, every part of which might be worked up into a more highly finished picture. If this be a defect, it was a defect inseparable from the form of his task; but, immense as are his claims on the gratitude of all historical students, there are some shortcomings which must be ascribed to the disposition and the quality of his mind. There is a monotony in the unbroken gorgeousness of his style, which betrays a lack of deep and varied human feeling. Descriptions cast in one and the same mould fail to bring before us the images of men who all differed more or less from each other, and between many of whom there was scarcely a point of likeness. But the influences which shaped and, we might perhaps be tempted to say, warped the genius of Gibbon, closed his eyes to a whole range of causes, the recognition of which is of infinite importance to the historian. For him explanations of the spiritual growth or decay of mankind appeared adequate, which seem to others to be no explanations

at all, and conditions which most thinkers would regard as subordinate were by him invested with the highest significance. In short, we can scarcely say that the figures which pass before us in his pages are in all cases lifelike portraits of the men as they lived, or that we always have from him a full and satisfactory account of the motives on which they acted or of the influences which shaped their lives and fortunes. The plea, which thus justifies the preparation of Dean Milman's great work, is a justification of other works which may bring out into clearer light points which Gibbon has left dark, or which he has designedly disregarded. It fully justifies Mr. Hodgkin in relating the story of the changes which brought to an end the life of the ancient world and transferred the sceptre of imperial Rome to the hands of the Teutonic nations.

At the outset, therefore, we may absolve ourselves from any obligation of systematically comparing Mr. Hodgkin's work with those chapters of Gibbon which cover the ground surveyed by him. It is enough to say that, although the thought of any rivalry with the great historian has never crossed his mind, his readers will derive from his pages a clearer idea of the nature of the barbarian inroads into Italy than any which they can obtain from the more compressed and more laboured narrative of the same events by Gibbon. Mr. Hodgkin, it must be added, takes due account of all causes tending to bring about the great changes of the fourth and fifth centuries. The time is a gloomy one; but its gloom is somewhat lightened when we examine it more leisurely, and when the inroads of the nations lumped together as barbarian are seen to vary widely in their character and accompaniments. The vague idea usually formed of the age with which Mr. Hodgkin has undertaken to deal is that of mere chaos, bloodshed, and misery; but, with greater clearness than even the history of Gibbon, Mr. Hodgkin's narrative shows that such chaos as there may have been was due rather to the fault of the Romans than to their barbarian assailants. These invasions were not the thought or the work of a moment. Some might have been arrested or turned aside with comparatively little cost or effort: the consequences of one at least, which was the result of irresistible pressure from behind, might have been rendered harmless but for the infatuation of the emperor and his advisers. One alone can be regarded as the inroad of irclaimable savages, and this was the invasion of Attila.

The story of this invasion is told with great vigour by Mr. Hodgkin, who has bestowed special pains on the questions relating to the origin of the fierce nomads who razed Aquileia

to the dust and drove its few surviving inhabitants to the marshes of Grado. Of all the invaders who find their way into Italy during the century preceding the fall of Augustulus, the Huns alone do not belong to the great Aryan stem from which Romans and Greeks were themselves also offshoots. When first these savages fell on the Ostrogoths under their king Hermanric, the horror which their appearance and their deeds excited expressed itself in the story told by the Gothic Jornandes that they were the children of devils who found in the wilderness some sorceresses or Alrunas, who had been driven out by Filimer, fifth king of the Goths, after their departure from Sweden. Instead of language these savages had, according to his tale, the mere shadow of human speech; and their faces were to be described not as human countenances but as 'shapeless black collops of flesh with little points instead of eyes.' The fancy of Jornandes is worth nothing. The Huns were not the offspring of Goths and demons; and we are left to ascertain their origin as best we can. The question must, probably, remain after all an open one, except with regard to the fact that they were neither an Aryan nor a Semitic people. In spite of the objections made by some ethnologists it is still convenient, as Mr. Hodgkin remarks, to refer all such tribes to the general class of Turanian nations, until a more suitable term can be found. By so doing we assert nothing more than that they are in no way connected with the great family to which Hindus, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, and Scandinavians alike belong, or with the Semitic tribes of Syria and Arabia. Of themselves the Huns have left no record: beyond doubt they never had any. But, strangely enough, if they are the same people as the Hiong-nu, we have in Chinese history the narrative of their fortunes for some twenty centuries before the Christian era. The greatness which they had enjoyed for two millenniums in the bleak table-lands of Central Asia which were their home, and in the portions of China which they had held with a grasp of iron, came to an end in the days of Domitian; and the discomfited Hiong-nu found their way westward across the Irtisch and fixed themselves on the Ural river. Three centuries later they passed the Volga and fell on the Goths of Hermanric. In this long period of inactivity and obscurity lies, Mr. Hodgkin remarks, the weak point of the theory which identifies the Huns of Attila with the Hiong-nu of Chinese historians. There is, indeed, the likeness of name; but this by itself is a weak reed to lean upon. Getæ and Goths, Scots and Scythians may be, and by some have been, identified on like grounds;

but for the identity of Hiong-nu and Huns it may be urged that the Chinese annalists speak of the former as separated by a fierce Tartar people, the Alans, from the great kingdom of Ta-Tsin. This kingdom is described as a large country with many dependent kingdoms; in the year corresponding to A.D. 166 the sovereign was Gan-tun, whose ambassadors, followed by merchants, found their way to China. The people were called Ta-Tsin, we are told, as being tall and well made like the Chinese. Mr. Hodgkin adds:—

‘This last sentence will probably have disclosed to the reader the name of the country in question. Only the Romans of that day could be considered worthy of being called by a Chinese historian, “Great as the Chinese.” He has been reading a description of *Imperium Romanum* by a Chinese pen, and the King Gan-tun is the Emperor Marcus (Aurelius) Antoninus.’

If it be asked why these Hiong-nu should spend three centuries on the banks of the Ural river without making any attempt to invade the empire, we may answer that there was in the first place the formidable barrier interposed by the Alans, and that in the next the eyes of the Hiong-nu, or the Huns, if they were Huns, were turned towards the scenes of their former greatness, and remained fixed in that direction until the establishment of the Sien-pi in their old haunts dealt a death-blow to their hopes. The next event in the fortunes of the Alans is their defeat by the neighbouring Huns; and thus the links of the chain connecting the latter with the Hiong-nu seem to be fairly complete. The question is not one of much moment. The Huns burst into Europe like a swarm of locusts, and like locusts they disappeared. But whether they be the same with the Hiong-nu, or not, their affinity with the Mongolic and Turkic branches of the Turanian family is sufficiently established. They were the kinsmen and the precursors of hosts who carried death and desolation with them under Gengis Khan and Timour, of the Seljukian and Ottoman Turks, and of the nobler conquerors of India, whose dynasty is rendered illustrious by the names of Baber, Humayun, and Akbar.

The presence of the Huns, hateful alike to the Teuton and the Roman, weighed as a curse upon Europe for many generations; but the period of their highest ascendancy was confined to the twenty years of the reign of Attila. In this man, we may fairly say, there was not a single element of true greatness; and Mr. Hodgkin rightly describes him as ‘a gigantic bully, holding in his hand powers unequalled in the world for ‘ravages and spoliation,’ and extorting from the Roman emperors

all for which he chose to ask, by the threat of setting loose his savage and merciless hordes. A great general he certainly was not. He fought only one important battle; and in that battle, if we are to take his immediate retreat as an admission of failure, he was defeated, although his enemies on their side felt that they could not claim a victory. As the chief of a host which, from its overwhelming numbers, might be supposed to be invincible, he played his part with greater ease, and his task was rendered easier by the follies or the vices of his enemies. The alleged escape of his subjects into Roman territory furnished him with a most useful weapon of offence against the Eastern Empire. When the convenient season came, he availed himself with equal readiness of the weapon placed in his hands by the daughter of Galla Placidia, whose sepulchre may still be seen with its wealth of unfading mosaic at Ravenna. Detected in an intrigue with one of the chamberlains of the palace, the princess Honoria, grandchild of the great Spaniard, Theodosius I., was sent to Constantinople to atone for her fault by a lifelong imprisonment. Smarting under the sense of intolerable hardship, she sent her ring to Attila, begging that he would receive her as his wife, in other words that he would assign her a place among the many wives which he possessed already. Whether Attila, as Gibbon affirms, regarded these advances as indecent, we know not. A thousand reasons might prevent him from taking any immediate action in the matter; but when it suited his purpose to urge his claim, the surrender of Honoria and of her dowry was demanded as imperiously as was that of the Hunnish refugees. The most stirring incidents of Attila's reign are perhaps furnished by the embassies which passed and repassed between his court and that of the Roman Cæsar. Knowing well that the results of these embassies were not less to his advantage than a decisive victory in the field, he abandoned himself with a feeling of placid satisfaction to the enjoyment of the sarcasms which the immeasurable superiority of his power enabled him to direct against his adversary. Among the most memorable of these embassies was the one which reached Constantinople in the year 448. At the head of this embassy were Edecon, the father of Odoacer, whom Mr. Hodgkin rightly prefers to call Odovakar, and Orestes, the father of Romulus, known also as Augustulus, the last Emperor of the West, whom, while still a child, Odovakar was to thrust down from a pre-eminence which he had never coveted and for which he was absolutely unfit. The story of the strange conspiracy against the life of Attila, which sprang out of this embassy, is well told by Gibbon; it becomes even

more striking in the more detailed narrative of Mr. Hodgkin. The Byzantine Emperor was an accessory to the conspiracy, and it was perhaps, or even certainly, on this account that he felt it needful to send to Attila envoys who were wholly free from any share in his guilt. The envoys chosen were Maximin and Priscus, one beyond doubt and both in all likelihood Pagans; the inference in Mr. Hodgkin's words being that—

‘by this time the traitors, the time-servers, and the hypocrites had ranged themselves on the side of successful Christianity, and that when the Emperor wanted a man of indisputably high character and sterling honesty to mask, by his innocence, a dark and nefarious design, his thoughts naturally turned to the few remaining Pagan statesmen, who probably held at his court a position not unlike that of the Roman Catholics under Queen Elizabeth or the Huguenots under Louis XIII.’

While the Eastern Emperor was thus laying his toils, as he supposed, for the life of the Hunnish chief, Attila, it would seem, was arranging a scene for the humiliation of the Eastern and Western Cæsars together. At a certain stage in their journey Maximin and Priscus were confronted by the ambassadors of Valentinian III. Mr. Hodgkin may well speak of the meeting thus brought about as a striking scene:—

‘The ambassadors from Ravenna and Constantinople, the representatives of the dignity of the two imperial courts, the functionaries who, between them, could set forth the whole majesty that might still survive in the title *Senatus Populus Que Romanus*, meeting in a dingy little village in Hungary, and waiting with abject submission till a snub-nosed Kalmuck should ride past and toss them a permission to follow in his train. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that Attila, who had a genius for scenic effect in the enhancement of his glory, not unlike that which our century has witnessed in the Napoleons, had purposely arranged the confluence of the two embassies.’

Three years later the battle of the Mauriac plain, more commonly but inaccurately spoken of as the Battle of Chalons, gave decisive proof that the Hun was to have no permanent abiding-place within the bounds of the old Roman dominion. There are many points of interest in the enumeration of the several tribes which were ranged under the standards of Attila or were standing on their defence against him. Among the latter occurs the name of the ‘Saxones.’ The great Teutonic inroads into Britain had already begun, and Mr. Hodgkin has given reasons for supposing that the impulse may have been given by the northward progress of the subjects of Attila. Their appearance on the southern side of the Channel seems to justify the inference that the Teutonic movement was two-fold, and that the men who were planting themselves on the

Thames and the Itchin were intent also on finding a home on the soil of Gaul. The fight itself was remarkable chiefly for the fall of the Visigothic king Theodoric, and the consequent onslaught of his followers, which turned the day against Attila. This issue had been anticipated, it is said, by the soothsayers of the Hunnish king. They had told Attila plainly that the omens boded him ill fortune; but they gave him some comfort by adding that the chief leader on the other side should by his fall mar the triumph of his followers. Attila not unnaturally applied the words to Aetius, and reconciled himself to a failure which on these terms would, as he thought, be fully compensated. The result was strange. Attila shut himself up in his camp; and his enemies made no attempt to disturb him within his defences. The Roman general was clearly afraid to drive him to extremity; and influenced by the thought that the Visigoth might possibly become not less troublesome than the Hun, he advised Thorismund, whom the army chose as the successor of Theodoric, to hasten home for the purpose of securing his inheritance. The counsel was not altogether uncalled for. These barbarian chiefs still held their sovereignty on a precarious tenure. Thorismund was for the time successful; two years later he was murdered by his brother Theodoric II., who in his turn was slain by his brother Euric. The seat of the Teutonic king was, it would seem, scarcely more safe than that of the Roman Cæsar. So ended the battle which, if we are to follow the narrative of Jornandes, was fought not, as is commonly supposed, at Chalons on the Marne, but nearer to Mery on the Seine, about fifty miles from Chalons.

Nearly forty years ago a peasant digging in the neighbourhood of Mery (a name which must surely be held to represent that of the older Mauriacum) lighted on some human bones, with a sword, cutlass, some jewels, buckles, and a signet ring. These bones, Mr. Hodgkin adds, are, in the opinion of M. Peigné Delacourt, almost certainly those of Theodoric, who fell in the fight. In this case the funeral honours paid by the army to their dead chief were bestowed on a body which was not that of the king. In this there would be little or no reason for surprise; but whether M. Delacourt's conjecture be right or wrong, the discovery of this sepulchre goes far towards justifying the belief that the battle was fought here and not at Chalons.

The fortune of war had gone against Attila; but he might still hope that, without committing himself to the issue of a pitched battle, he might reap a rich harvest of plunder on the

fields of Italy. Beyond the thought of pillage, havoc, and ravage his mind never ranged, and in the year which followed his defeat at Mery his hopes were more than realised. Through the passes of the Julian Alps and along the valley of the Frigidus his hordes made their way to the virgin fortress of Aquileia. Of the catastrophe which followed we have few or no details. The town was utterly destroyed; the colony of Julia Concordia and the town of Altinum fell with it, never to rise again. Patavium was treated with equal ruthlessness; but although the many-domed Padua stands on its old site, its buildings belong to ages long subsequent to that of Attila. The Hun was once more in his glory, and at Milan he could order a painter, as Gibbon tells us, to reverse the attitudes of the chief figures in a picture which represented the triumph of Rome over the barbarians, or, as Mr. Hodgkin, with more likelihood, thinks, to paint on the opposite wall a picture exhibiting the emperor in the humiliating position of the barbarian envoy in the painting which had roused his wrath. Italy, with all her beauty, and with such wealth as she still retained, seemed now to lie at his mercy; but the life of Alaric had been cut short soon after his capture of Rome, and the Hun feared that a like success might be followed by the same fate for himself. He was, therefore, the more disposed to give ear to the embassy in which the Roman Pope appeared as one of the envoys. It can scarcely be said that Gibbon has done full justice to the dauntless courage which sent Leo I. on this errand of mercy, which is but one of many exploits not less memorable. Well may Mr. Hodgkin add that, whatever we may think of the influence of the Papacy on the happiness of the world,

‘we cannot withhold a tribute of admiration from the high temper of the Roman Bishop, who, in the ever deepening degradation of his country, still despaired not, but had the courage and endurance to work for a far distant future, who, when the Roman was becoming the common drudge and footstool of all nations, still remembered the proud words, *Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.*’

Of the two men who thus faced each other the one had already had his good things. In Mr. Hodgkin's words, ‘The barbarian king had all material power in his hand, and he was working but for a twelvemonth. The Pontiff had no power but in the world of intellect, and his fabric was to last fourteen centuries.’ For so many at least, but for how many more it is not for us to say. In truth, of none perhaps can it be asserted more strictly than of Attila that he knew not what he was doing or what he had done. The miserable remnant

which had escaped his sword at Aquileia and Concordia, at Altinum and Patavium, had found a refuge not less miserable in the marsh lands to the north and south of the delta of the Po. For many a generation they struggled on in dire poverty, yet undismayed. At last the reward came, and on the foundations thus laid rose the mighty republic of Venice. Mr. Hodgkin apologises for travelling beyond the limits of his subject in connecting the events of later centuries with the causes to which they may with full confidence be traced. The apology is in no way called for. The pages in which he thus links the effect with its cause or causes are amongst the most instructive and suggestive in his volumes. He may claim more than indulgence for the sentences in which he draws the contrast between the blind physical force of the Hun and the splendid growth of art, commerce, and learning which has rendered the name of Venice illustrious for all time. With the picture of this splendour glowing vividly before us, he bids us betake ourselves in thought to the dreary plains of Pannonia.

‘Think of the moody Tartar sitting in his log-hut, surrounded by his barbarous guests . . . and say if cause and effect were ever more strangely mated in history than the rude and brutal might of Attila with the stately, and gorgeous, and subtle Republic of Venice.’

But the contrast becomes immeasurably more striking when we remember the mission with which that republic held itself to be especially charged, and the mode in which she fulfilled it. Her great work was to do battle, nominally for herself but really in behalf of all Europe, against the Turk, the not distant kinsman of the Hun, who had long since passed utterly away. The Turanian race, which was to resume and carry on his work of havoc, was to have its fierceness

‘sharp-pointed and hardened into a far more fearful weapon of offence by the fanaticism of Islam. These descendants of the kinsfolk of Attila were the Ottomans, and, but for the barrier which, like their own *murazzi* against the waves, the Venetians interposed against the Ottomans, it is scarcely too much to say that half Europe would have undergone the misery of subjection to the organised anarchy of the Turkish Pachas. The Tartar Attila, when he gave up Aquileia and her neighbour cities to the tender mercies of his myrmidons, little thought that he was but the instrument in an unseen Hand for hammering out the shield which should one day defend Europe from Tartar robbers such as he was. The Turanian poison secreted the future antidote to itself, and the name of that antidote was Venice.’

Nor, possibly (nay, even probably), was this all. Whether the action of the English tribes on the *Littus Saxonicum* of

Britain had been thus far confined, as with others Mr. Hodgkin is inclined to think, to mere piracy and robbery, we have, it would seem, no adequate means for deciding. To give to a whole line of coast the name of a people who are assailants only, and not settlers, is, to say the least, strange; but it is certain that, whether Teutonic settlements may have existed already in this country or not, a mighty impulse was imparted at this time to the German invasions of this island, and we have the distinct statement, not only of the Gothic Jornandes, who might be expected to exaggerate the power of the enemies of his race, but of the Greek historian Priscus, that the presence of Attila was felt to the shores of the Baltic Sea, and 'over the islands in the ocean,' by which are meant probably the Scandinavian islands and peninsulas. If then the impulse came from the dreaded Mongol, then Attila may have been the unconscious instrument for raising up the power not merely of Venice but of England.

The fate of Attila, when he passes beyond the enchanted border of popular tradition, is not less strange, if indeed it be Attila with whom the Teutonic legend of the *Nibelungenlied* concerns itself. Mr. Hodgkin frankly acknowledges that the picture drawn of Attila in that great poem has no historical value; and when we remember that the *Nibelungenlied* is but the expansion of the *Volsung* story, the origin of which it is hard to assign to an age so late as that of Attila, that the *Etzel* of the later epic is, like the *Atli* of the earlier date, himself a Teuton, and the brother of *Brynhild*, the maiden of the glistening heath, we may well doubt whether, after all, the story gives us even the name of the Hunnish chieftain. Not only is *Etzel* a Teuton, but he is known chiefly for his good nature and hospitality. He is, in Mr. Hodgkin's words, 'emphatically the commonplace personage of the story.' It is strange that the character of a man from whom Teutonic tribes had fled in terror should have been so completely forgotten that not a single trait is left to point to the origin of the legend. *Sidonius Apollinaris* undoubtedly lost golden opportunities for doing great and lasting work, which would have won for him the gratitude of historical scholars to the end of time; but we may question whether he could have handed down songs about Attila and *Gundahar* which formed the kernel of the *Nibelungenlied*, for the simple reason that the materials of the epic poem were supplied by the far earlier saga of the *Volsungs*. There are, it is true, some three or four names which bear a likeness to the names of men who lived at or near to the time of Attila. The *Jörmunrek* of the

saga is supposed to be the Gothic chief Hermanric, and Gunnar the Burgundian Gundicar. The matter has been well sifted, and nothing, it would seem, can be built on this similarity of sound. The latest writer who has dealt with this subject is Mr. Sayce; and in his 'Introduction to the Science of Language' he insists, with others who have preceded him, that although the coincidences between the popular tale and actual history seem too numerous and striking to be the mere result of accident, yet such is really the case. The Austrasian Siegbert is supposed to be represented by the Siegfried of the lay, and Siegfried is nothing more than a reproduction of Sigurd, the hero of the Volsung tale; but Mr. Sayce remarks that Jornandes, who wrote at least twenty years before the death of Siegbert, was already acquainted with the name and story of Swanhild, the child born after Sigurd's death. Such difficulties are insurmountable; but if they could be set aside, the fact noted by Mr. Hodgkin would still remain, that the 'round and rubicund figure' of Etzel, 'all benevolence and 'hospitality, is assuredly not the thunder-brooding, sallow, 'silent Attila of history.'

We might be disposed to regard the irruption of these Hunnish hordes as perhaps the least inviting incident in a very gloomy period of the world's history; but enough perhaps has been said to show that in Mr. Hodgkin's hand it becomes invested with abundant interest. When we turn from the fortunes of these irreclaimable savages, the only invaders of the empire who made no permanent impression on their enemies and received none, we find ourselves face to face with a people who, with an instinctive obedience to law, brought with them precisely those elements which were needed to impart a new life to an utterly degenerate society. Goths and Vandals are alike capable of producing statesmen. The Hun could breed only spoilers and destroyers. With the latter friendship was impossible; the former might have been made a bulwark to the falling empire, and the failure to achieve this result can be set down only to the infatuated blundering of the Roman Cæsars. Either friends or foes they must be; but the youthful vigour of these rude tribes by no means assured to them a uniform success in their conflict with the mightiest organisation in the world. The Gothic hosts underwent a terrible defeat in the time of the second Claudius; but while many found themselves compelled to earn a livelihood as farm labourers, many entered the service of their conquerors as *fœderati*, a relation destined at no long distant day to produce the most momentous results. By Aurelian, the successor of

Claudius, the Goths were placed in possession of the Roman province of Dacia, under the condition that they should not cross the Danube. They found themselves thus settled in a land the inhabitants of which were known as Getæ. Nothing more was needed to convince poets and historians that Getæ and Goths must be the same people, and hence Jornandes put forth his book as a narrative *de rebus Geticis*. That there were no grounds for this identification we may most safely maintain. The Getæ had for a long series of generations lived as Roman subjects, and they had figured in Macedonian history as far back as the time of the Peloponnesian war. Between Getæ and Goths, again, there are striking physical differences; but, if these could be set aside, the distinction would be not less surely established by the evidence of language. Unless the Getæ had been thoroughly Romanised, whence, Mr. Hodgkin asks, came the Romanian dialect still spoken over so large a part of the country; and how, if the Goths were Getæ, could they have spoken the Teutonic tongue which lives in the Bible of Ulfilas? There is thus not the least ground for comparing the relations of the Getæ and the Goths with those which are supposed to connect the Hiong-nu with the Huns, unless indeed both Getæ and Goths are to be identified, as some have identified them, with Scythians. The theory is a wild one, but it cannot be upset by the offhand assertion that the Scythians of Herodotus were a Mongolian people. The question must perhaps remain for some time at least an open one; but scholars, whose judgment is not without weight, regard them as undoubtedly Aryan, and see in the Arimaspi the old Aryan *airyamaçpa*, in the Paralatæ the Aryan *pararata* or leaders, in the god Ætosyrus the Persian Artasyrus, in the Tanais and Borysthenes, *vouruçtana*, words denoting the length and the broad strand of a great river.

By a strange fortune these rude Aryan tribes found themselves, on their conversion to Christianity, plunged into the depths of vehement controversies which were tearing the Christian world asunder; and the great apostle of the Goths has been charged with seducing his kinsmen into Arianism by a compact with the emperor, who made this the condition for receiving them within the bounds of the empire. Without committing himself to a positive assertion, Gibbon speaks with some uncertainty about the 'early sentiments' of Ulfilas; but the simple words '*semper sic credidi*,' uttered by him in his last moments, would seem to absolve him from this disgraceful imputation, and the view which he held had little to do with the views of modern schools, with which some have

been tempted to identify it. But putting aside theological considerations, Mr. Hodgkin frankly admits that the conversion of these Teutonic strangers to Arianism was politically and historically a great disaster. 'That conversion,' he says, 'made the Barbarians parties to the long lawsuit between Arians and Trinitarians, which had dragged on its weary length through the greater part of the fourth century, and in which . . . the persecuting spirit, the bitterness, the abuse of court favour, had been mainly on the side of the Arians.' The mission of the barbarian was not merely to throw down what was worthless and corrupt in the society of the empire, but to set up a more healthy condition of things; and in the way of this reconstructive work their religious profession presented most formidable hindrances. 'The Barbarian might be tolerated by the Roman; by the Catholic the Arian could not but be loathed. Of even the heathen there was hope. . . . But the schismatic would probably grow hardened in his sin, he would plant his false bishops and his rival priests side by side with the officers of the true Church in every diocese and parish.' This antagonism was intensified on the soil of Africa, where the grinding enactments against Donatists and Circumcellions could not fail to throw them into the arms of the Arian Vandals as their allies against the Catholics. The quarrel was bitter enough; and it is of course vain to look for toleration on either side. But Mr. Hodgkin has taken special pains to determine the nature and extent of the persecutions which were laid at the door of Genseric and his followers. Vandalism and wanton destruction have become almost convertible terms; and this is accounted for by the fact that, with the exception of those which were handed over to the Arians for worship, the churches were desecrated and demolished. The bishops were banished, and the people were forbidden to elect successors to them; but the Vandal king was most unwilling to add new names to the roll of Catholic martyrs. It was scarcely to be expected that the barbarians should immediately after their conversion exhibit the highest Christian virtues; but it is beyond doubt that their deeds led to the exhibition of these virtues in others under circumstances which rendered their self-devotion inexpressibly touching. The folly of the Western Emperor, Petronius Maximus, had driven Eudoxia, the great-granddaughter of the first Theodosius, to call in the aid of Genseric, as Honoria had invoked that of Attila. The invitation to the plunder of Rome was eagerly accepted by the Vandal, who showed no slackness in the task of pillage. The churches were robbed of their treasures. A multitude of

statues formed the cargo of one of his ships which foundered with its freight at sea; but the sacred vessels of the Jewish temple, which Titus had brought from the sacred city, reached Carthage, it is said, in safety, although the story of their subsequent restoration to the Christian churches in Jerusalem is undeserving of the credit which Mr. Hodgkin seems to give to it. But Genseric was too busily employed in amassing booty to occupy himself with the destruction of buildings, and Vandalism has had nothing to do with the devastation which left in ruins the Rome of the republic and the empire. For the Romans themselves he had scant mercy. A miserable crowd of captives reached Carthage, husbands torn from their wives, parents from their children, to be scattered as slaves through the towns of which the Vandal was now the lord. Before such a flood of human misery the energy of the bravest and the strongest might well have quailed: it spurred the Bishop of Carthage to a heroism of self-sacrifice, of which it is almost impossible to conceive a higher ideal. His name, *Deo-Gratias*, may seem to savour of Puritanism; but it brought something like peace and hope to sufferers who may well have said that for them the bitterness of death was past. Mr. Hodgkin has told the story with the simplicity which best befits it:—

‘He sold all the gold and silver vessels of his church in order to ransom such captives as he could, and as much as possible to prevent the disruption of the family ties of those whom he could not ransom. There were no proper warehouses for receiving all this vast human live-stock which the freebooters had brought back with them. He placed two large basilicas at their disposal; he filled them up with beds and straw; he even took on himself the heavy charge of the daily commissariat. Sea-sickness, pining for home, the sad and awful change from the luxury of the Roman villa to the miseries of a Vandal slave-ship, had prostrated many of the captives. He turned his church into an infirmary: notwithstanding his advanced age and his tottering limbs, day and night he went the round of the beds of his patients, following the doctors like a careful nurse, making himself acquainted with the state of each, seeing that each received the food and medicine which was suited to his condition. Often, while he was thus moving through the wards of his basilica-hospital, intent on his work of mercy, must the words *Deo-Gratias* have risen to the feeble lips of the sufferers, who, perhaps, scarcely knew themselves whether they were expressing gratitude to Heaven or to Heaven’s fitly named representative on earth. Before his charitable work was complete, his life, which had been threatened more than once by the violence of the Arian party, came to a peaceful close; and when they heard that he was taken from them, the captive citizens of Rome felt as if they were a second time delivered into the hands of the Barbarians.’

Genseric belonged to the race which produced Stilicho; but as a leader of men he more nearly resembled Attila. The period of his ascendancy was extended to more than twice the time granted to the Hunnish chieftain, and during that long half-century he carried on his struggle against Rome with a tenacity which gave way after the fall of Augustulus like fire dying out for lack of fuel. To secure his own power he had thrown down the walls of every city within the bounds of his dominion. His policy answered its purpose, but, when he was gone, it lightened the task of Belisarius. He had been invited to Africa by a man who might have saved the empire, and whose treachery was the fruit of the still viler treachery of a rival. The plots and lies of Aetius enabled the Vandal to get a hold on the vitals of Italy; and the land for which the more sagacious Alaric had vainly longed, as the key to the whole position, became the prize of Genseric almost without an effort. As his pirate fleets swept the seas, the old Carthage which the countrymen of Scipio had hunted to destruction was well avenged; but the avenger was not one whose genius could found an enduring empire. The instinct of true statesmanship, which is inseparable from the spirit of obedience to law, was the characteristic of the Gothic races; and rightly fostered, this instinct might have led to happy results for the races whose day of greatness was drawing to an end, not less than for those which were still in the vigour of their early youth. The shortsighted folly of the feeble Valens, and a carelessness amounting virtually to treachery on the part of his servants, converted friends into foes, and changed the fortunes of the Roman world. The good faith of the Goths had been tested by their sojourn in Dacia for more than a hundred years, when the irresistible onslaught of the Huns drove them from their homes. A host of fugitives, which, with the old men, the women, and the children, could scarcely have fallen short of a million, lined the northern bank of the Danube, and besought permission to cross the stream. They promised to keep the peace as subjects of the emperor, and to fight his battles as his allies. There was some risk in accepting the offer: there was infinite danger in rejecting it. Encumbered with their families and their goods, the Goths could scarcely have forced their way across the river while a hostile fleet occupied its waters and a hostile army awaited them on the opposite shore. But there was vast peril if a whole nation should be reduced to absolute despair; while, on the other hand, the orderly life of three generations might be pleaded on their behalf. As an armed people they might have

become a bulwark of the empire on the southern side of the great river, and they were bringing with them their wives and children as pledges of their fidelity; or, if deprived of their weapons, they might have become peaceable tillers of the soil in their new homes. In form Valens accepted the second alternative, adding to it the condition that all youths under the age for military service should be surrendered as hostages, and distributed throughout the empire. The terms may have been galling, but the Goths submitted to a hard necessity. By the mere fact, however, of his entering into a compact, the emperor bound himself to provide the fugitives with shelter and food until they could adapt themselves to their new circumstances and supply their own wants. Satisfied with giving his assent to this covenant, Valens bestowed no further thought on the matter. His agents adopted the easy plan of plundering the fugitives, and of kidnapping boys and girls, while they allowed the Goths to retain their weapons. The time which followed was almost beyond description wretched. No provision had been made for the sustenance of the new comers; and an armed host of twenty myriads, transferred to the southern side of the Danube, was left at the mercy of men who scrupled not to demand ten pounds of silver as the price of a single joint of meat. So great, it is said, was the misery that even the highest among the Goths began to sell their children into slavery. The provocation was assuredly on the largest scale, and it must not be forgotten when the Goths are charged with making terrible reprisals. Two years later the misdoings of Valens were visited with condign punishment on the field of Hadrianople. Two-thirds of his host were slain, and he himself is said to have been burnt in a hovel within which he had taken refuge after the fight. The triumphs of the Goths were confined to the open ground. Their failure in Hadrianople was followed by a failure not less complete before the walls of Byzantium. In their assaults on the latter they were scared, we are told, by Saracens, who, plunging their daggers into the throats of their enemies, fastened on them with their teeth, and sucked their blood. The story springs, probably, from the exaggeration of terror; but it points to a feeling of very real hatred as well as fear, and Mr. Hodgkin pertinently asks:—

‘Who that witnessed that confused jostle between the northern and southern Barbarians could have imagined the part that each was destined to play in the Middle Ages beside the Mediterranean shores; that they would meet again three centuries later upon the Andalusian

plain; that from these would spring the stately Khalifats of Cordova and Bagdad, from those the chivalry of Castille?’

A greater crime than that of which even the ministers of Valens had been guilty on the banks of the Danube, was yet to swell the ominous indictment of the Roman by the Teuton. The Gothic boys, who had been dispersed through the country as hostages, were told that if they showed themselves on a given day in the chief cities they would receive a bounty in money and lands from the emperor. They came in unsuspecting trust, and all were murdered. The historian Ammianus commends the iniquity as a prudent deed; but the assent and approval of the man who now sat in the seat of Constantine had been neither asked nor obtained. The Spaniard Theodosius was the son of a father who had done good work for the empire in Britain, and still more in Mauretania, and who had received, at the hand of Valens, the requital of death. The explanation of this seemingly unaccountable ingratitude Mr. Hodgkin finds in the superstitious fears which impelled Valens to persecute those who practised unlawful arts. One of these dabblers in forbidden lore had been asked by an Imperial notary, named Theodorus, to say who should be the next emperor after Valens. The methods of modern spirit-rappers are, it seems, not new. In the middle of the house was a tripod supporting a dish, on the rim of which were inscribed the letters of the alphabet. Near it hung a curtain, to which was attached a ring with a very fine thread. On the shaking of the curtain the ring fell and touched the letters which were to compose the word, or words, of the response. The letters indicated in this instance were first Θ, then Ε, then Ο, then Δ; and the notary was congratulated by the bystanders on the prospect of his succession to the imperial throne. The fates were less kind. Valens heard of what had happened, and he procured the death, not only of the notary, but of many others whose names began with the dreaded letters. Among the victims Mr. Hodgkin reckons the great general who died at Carthage. His son, who, if the story about the notary be true, was to fulfil the portent, was proclaimed Cæsar by Gratian, who wished to make some amends for the injustice of Valens; and the joint emperors began to act on a safer as well as a more generous policy towards the Goths. The fact of their settlement within the bounds of the empire must be frankly accepted; and the one condition rigorously required of them must be that of holding their lands on the tenure of military service. The Goths were thus included within the ranks of the *Fœderati*; and the alliance was still further

cemented by the courtesy or the kindness shown by Theodosius to the Visigoth Athanaric, who died as an exile from his kingdom at Constantinople. By his own army Gratian was thought to carry his liking for the barbarians fully too far; and the result of their discontent was the raising of Maximus, a countryman of Theodosius, to the imperial dignity in Britain. Gratian, it would seem, had other weak points in his armour. His thoughts were given more to his game-preserves than to his empire; and in his uncompromising Christianity he had steadily refused to put on the robes of the Pontifex Maximus, and even struck the hated initials off his coins. The Pagan Zosimus relates a story that the head of a train of priests, in whose presence Gratian declared it unlawful for a Christian to don these garments, replied that if the emperor disclaimed the title there would soon be a '*Pontifex Maximus*.' The historian thought, probably, only of the Spaniard Maximus; but even now, as Mr. Hodgkin remarks, there was a dynasty of priests emerging from persecution into power, who were quite ready to assume the dignity dropped by the Cæsar. The Pope already styled himself *Summus Pontifex*; but the time when the popes went back to the more familiar Maximus is not so clearly determined. For four years the Spaniard ruled much like others who before him had been raised to empire by the army. At the end of that time he entered the valley of the Po, with the purpose of driving the second Valentinian from the throne; but the beauty of Valentinian's sister Galla seconded the pleadings of their mother Justina, who hastened to ask the aid of Theodosius at Thessalonica. Theodosius married Galla, restored Valentinian, and slew his rival; but after the lapse of another four years Valentinian fell a victim to the Frank warrior Arbogast, who called himself his counsellor and really was his master. Then followed a struggle between Christianity and heathenism, which has its points of likeness to the enterprise of Julian. The Franks were still heathen, and in Eugenius, a rhetorician, Arbogast, who, as a barbarian, could scarcely venture to place himself in the imperial seat, found a man ready to restore, if it were possible, the worship of the Olympian gods. For some time Theodosius seemed to disregard the challenge offered to him; but the Empress Galla was constantly pressing him to take vengeance on the murderers of her brother, and at length he began his march along the road which connected Sirmium and Aquileia.

The quarrel was to be decided in the valley of the Frigidus; and of the site of this important battle Mr. Hodgkin has given, from personal knowledge, an excellent and graphic description.

The road led the emperor over a shoulder of the Julian Alps at the very moderate height of 2,000 feet above the sea. At the summit stood, when the road was made, a pear-tree, conspicuous for the wealth of its white blossoms, or perhaps from its loneliness.

This tree gave to the neighbouring station the name of *Ad Pirum*, and the memory of it has now for many centuries been preserved, in another tongue, by the appellation of the Birnbaumer Wald, given to the whole of the high plateau which the road once traversed. Standing on the crest of this pass, in the place where probably two thousand years ago the pear-tree was blooming, the spectator beholds spread out before him a landscape with some very distinctive features, which the imagination can easily convert into a battle-field. To his right, all along the northern horizon, soars the bare and lofty ridge of the Tarnovaner Wald, about 4,000 feet high. None but a very adventurous or a badly beaten army would seek a passage there. Opposite to the south and west runs a range of gently swelling hills, somewhat resembling our own Sussex downs, the last outliers in this direction of the Julian Alps. On the left hand, to the south-east, the Birnbaumer Wald rises towards the abrupt cliff of the Nanos Berg, a mountain as high as the Tarnovaner Wald, which, conspicuous from afar, seems by its singular shape to proclaim itself to travellers, both from Italy and from Austria, as the end of the Alps.'

Within this framework of hills lies a fertile and well-tended valley, named from its river, the Wipbach, which close to the little town

'bursts from the foot of the cliffs of the Birnbaumer Wald; no little rivulet such as one spring might nourish, but a full-fed river, as deep and strong as the Aar at Thun, or the Reuss at Lucerne, like also to both those streams in the colour of its pale-blue waters, and, even in the hottest days of summer, unconquerably cool. Many a Roman legionary, marching along the great high road from Aquileia to Sirmium, has had reason to bless the refreshing waters of the mountain-born Frigidus. We know somewhat more than the philosophers of the camp could tell him of the causes of this welcome phenomenon. The fact is that in the Wipbach Thal we are in the heart of one of those limestone regions where Nature so often amuses us with her wild vagaries. Only half a day's march distant lies the entrance to those vast chambers of imagery, the caverns of Adelsberg. The river Poik, which rushes roaring through those caverns for two or three miles, emerges thence into the open country, disappears, reappears, again disappears, again reappears, and thus bears three different names in the course of its short history. . . . The chilly Wipbach bursting suddenly forth from its seven sources in the Birnbaumer Wald is . . . but one of a whole family of similar marvels.'

Reaching the crest of the pass by the pear-tree, Theodosius saw the army of the enemy stretched along the valley

before him, and at once gave orders to his own troops to descend and join battle. It would seem that the advantage of ground was on his side; but the issue of the fight that day left him only not a defeated man. He passed in earnest prayer the night which Eugenius spent in feasting, and from the sleep into which he sank towards dawn he arose refreshed by a vision of the Apostles Philip and John, who announced that they were sent to fight for him on the following day—the first instance, as Gibbon remarks, of that apostolic chivalry which afterwards became so popular in Spain and in the Crusades. But when in the morning his troops began to move towards the battle-ground of the preceding day, he was discouraged by seeing among the mountains an imperfectly concealed ambush of the enemy, which threatened his line of retreat. Succeeding in getting a parley with the officers of these troops, he offered them pay and promotion if they would enter his service. The proposal was eagerly accepted; but although this danger was removed, the task before him was not an easy one, and the day was at length, in Mr. Hodgkin's words,

‘decided by an event which may well have seemed miraculous to minds already raised to fever-heat by this terribly even contest between the new faith and the old. In the very crisis of the battle a mighty wind arose from the north, that is to say, from behind the troops of Theodosius, who were standing on the slopes of the Tarnovaner Wald. The impetuous gusts blew the dust into the faces of the Eugenians, and not only thus destroyed their aim, but even carried back their own weapons upon themselves and made it impossible to wound one of their adversaries with dart or with *pilum*. The modern traveller, without considering himself bound to acknowledge a miraculous interposition, has no difficulty in admitting the general truth of this narrative, which is strongly vouched for by contemporary authors. All over the *Karst* (as the high plateau behind Trieste is called) the ravages of the Bora, or north-east wind, have long been notorious. Heavily laden wagons have been overturned by its fury; and where no shelter is afforded from its blasts, houses are not built and trees will not grow. From the fruitful and well-clothed aspect of the Wipbach Thal it might be supposed that it was sheltered by its mountain bulwarks from this terrible visitation. But it is not so. All the way up from the village of Heidenschafft to the crest of the pass which bounds the Wipbach Thal, the Bora rages. Not many years ago, the commander of a squadron of Austrian cavalry was riding with his men past the very village which probably marks the site of the battle. An old man, well versed in the signs of the weather, warned him not to proceed, because he saw that the Bora was about to blow. “No, indeed,” laughed the captain, “what would people say if soldiers on horseback stopped because of the wind?” He continued his march, the predicted storm

arose, and he lost eight men and three horses, swept by its fury into the waters of the Wipbach. The same cause which in our lifetime struck those eight men off the muster-rolls of the imperial-royal army, decided the battle of the Frigidus near fifteen centuries ago, and gave the whole Roman world to the family of Theodosius and the dominion of the Catholic faith.'

Three spots in the Wipbach valley bear names which point, or seem to point, to the fight in which the star of heathenism finally sank before that of Christianity. Battuglia, it can scarcely be doubted, must be a corruption of Battaglia. The holy cross was the battle-signal of Theodosius, and the town Heiligenkreuz on its rock pedestal jutting out into the valley may have its name from some memorial of his victory. In Mr. Hodgkin's opinion, the struggle took place at Heiden-schafft, and with great force and sound judgment he suggests that this word must, either as a corruption of Heidenschlacht or in some other way, be connected with the overthrow of the heathens. 'Three languages,' he adds, 'Italian, German, Slavonic, are jammed up against one another in this corner of Austria, and probably no one of them is spoken with accuracy.'

Among the barbarians who fought in the army of Theodosius was the young Visigothic chieftain Alaric, or Ala-reiks. In this man the empire might have found a powerful support; but the dissensions and jealousies of those who exercised power in the East and the West rendered more intense the disappointment which he felt at the broken promises of high promotion held out to him by Theodosius, and furnished him with opportunities of revenge which might satisfy the keenest malice of an enemy. He had been taught the lesson that it was better to fight his own battles than those of Rome, and with the instincts of a statesman he soon perceived how the struggle could be most effectually carried on. Mr. Hodgkin well speaks of the position in which Alaric established himself, near the junction of the Drave and Save with the Danube, as a wedge thrust in between the Eastern and Western Empires. From this point he could descend on Italy or threaten Constantinople. If we are to believe Claudian, he plighted and broke his faith impartially both to Honorius and to Arcadius; but this amounts probably to nothing more than the asseveration that he fought craft with craft. No well-established charge of treachery, Mr. Hodgkin insists, has been brought against him; and Alaric must be regarded not as the ruffians Attila, Gengis, or Timour, but rather as a knight not unlike our Edward I. and the Black Prince. Under his standards the

Goths entered Greece, where Dexippus had encountered and overcome their kinsmen nearly a hundred and thirty years before. He was himself about to assault Athens, we are told, when he saw the Virgin Goddess making the round of the walls, and Achilles awaiting his onslaught on the battlements. Awestruck at the sight, he made a treaty where he had intended to leave a ruined city, and led away his hosts into the Peloponnesus. Some months later, he quietly removed them with their booty into Epirus, when the army which Stilicho had brought against him looked for his immediate surrender from famine. Charges of carelessness and even treachery were freely urged against Stilicho. It is far more likely that his native caution withheld him from driving a powerful foe to bay, and that he would regard as a disaster to himself a victory which would leave him no longer indispensable to his master. The day came at length when he ceased to be necessary to him; and his ruin was the immediate consequence.

The history of Alaric is full of what the Greeks would have called paradoxes. Catastrophes seemingly inevitable are averted by commonplace issues; and the obstinacy or stupidity of his allies or his puppets brings to nought his most carefully laid plans. At other times, when he seems to have everything at his mercy, his demands become unaccountably moderate, and we see him shrink from reaping the full fruits of his enterprise, as though he felt that overmuch success might bring on him the stroke of an avenging Nemesis. These features of his career are clearly and forcibly brought out by Mr. Hodgkin, who also carefully searches for everything that may throw light on the religious feelings and convictions of the time. The first siege of Rome by Alaric reawakened in the population of the city thoughts which, we might have supposed, had passed away for ever. The troubles by which they were oppressed were a punishment for the dishonour done to the ancient gods by the abandonment of their worship. Stories were told that at Neveia or Narni sacrifices offered at the old shrines had been followed by a fall of fire from heaven, which scared the barbarians into raising the siege; and after a consultation of the holy books (in all likelihood, the Sibylline), the Senate decreed that the same sacrifices should be offered in Rome. The sequel is in the highest degree significant. The prefect of the city, himself a Christian, deemed it his duty to consult the Pope, Innocent I.; and the Pope, with a perplexing complaisance, gave them leave to practise their incantations in secret. The answer was that no good was to be looked for unless the rites were publicly

performed on the Capitoline hill in the presence of the whole Senate, as well as in other parts of the city. Even this the Pope conceded ; but, wonderful to say, the believers or would-be believers in the old religion still lacked the courage to celebrate the ancient worship. The sacrifices were not offered, and the fire did not fall from heaven ; but the gates of the city opened, and a band of suppliant senators went forth in the hope of obtaining merciful terms from the besieger. The conditions imposed by Alaric were at least as light as they could with any reason expect ; and the first siege of Rome ended without any fighting and without bloodshed. The insults heaped upon him during the interval which separated the first siege and the second would lead us to look for a terrible catastrophe. Far from this, 'the curtain,' in Mr. Hodgkin's words, 'is drawn up, and we behold instead of a 'tragedy a burlesque, the title whereof is "The Ten Months" ' "Emperor, or Attalus the *Æsthetic*.' " The argument which led to this man's exaltation was a simple one. Honorius had left Rome to bear the whole burden of the war ; why should Rome fight in his quarrel ? The Greek was chosen for the purpose of making peace with Alaric, and he made it ; but if Alaric expected to find in him an instrument useful in carrying out his plans, he was disappointed. His keen eye had discovered that the empire could be most effectually controlled, not from Italy but from Africa. The curse of the *Latifundia* had brought ruin on the agriculture of Italy. For a long series of generations the sole manufacture of Rome was, as Mr. Hodgkin very rightly remarks, that of legionaries ; her chief exports, armies and prætors. In return for these she imported the luxuries needed by the wealthy, and the vast stores of grain which were to be distributed to the poorer citizens. Since the days of Constantine the corn from Egypt had gone to feed Byzantium : Rome, therefore, depended on the African province, and this province was the great prize on which Alaric was eager to lay hands. He looked to Attalus for aid ; but his empty vanity was an opposing power as formidable as the resistance of an avowed enemy. The newly-made emperor sent a handful of troops into Africa, and, in the hope of triumphing over Honorius, marched with his own army towards Ravenna. Africa remained in the hands of Heracian ; and Heracian, by closing its ports, caused a famine in Rome which drove the populace in their despair to ask what price was to be fixed on human flesh. The last enterprise of Alaric was his march to the Straits of Messina, whence he intended to pass over into Africa, with the purpose, beyond doubt, of

returning to Rome. His fleet was shattered by a storm, and the portion of his army which had been placed on board the ships was lost. A few days or a few weeks later his life was cut short at Rhegium, most probably by fever.

The first invasion of Attila was the one in which he was the least fortunate. The explanation of this failure may perhaps be found in the fact that he never advanced beyond the great plain of the Po. Here the estates were not so large, and the ruinous effects of slave-culture were not so visible as in Central and Southern Italy; and here, therefore, he had less hold on the inhabitants, who were not in the same degree smarting under the sense of intolerable wrong. In this case Mr. Hodgkin's remark is fully justified, that the rapid march of Attila 'at the opening of his second invasion may have been a stroke of sagacious boldness, like Sherman's celebrated Georgian campaign at the close of the American civil war, and may have succeeded for the same reason, because it led him through a country the heart of which was already eaten out by slavery.' In truth, the real interest of this time must be found in the social and moral conditions of the people in their bearing on the deepest questions which can stir the human mind. The Roman Empire was the most stupendous organism which the world has ever seen. In the days of Octavius it might well have been thought that this organism would be scarcely less enduring than the order of the world. Yet five centuries had not passed away before the Western Empire was brought to an end, and almost from the first the signs of an incurable decay made their moral impression even on those who wished to shut their eyes to them. The worst enemies of the empire were found within its own borders, and these enemies were called into being by sheer injustice and wrong. The miserable peasants of Gaul looked forward with an intense longing for the advent of the hordes of Attila. The picture which Salvian draws of the sufferings of the *Bacandæ* may be rendered more striking by the eloquence with which he gives utterance to strong convictions; but of its substantial truthfulness there can be no question. The exactions and tortures of their Roman masters had destroyed all their pride in the Roman name, and left them with the one absorbing desire to sweep away a state of things which had become intolerable. The old municipal government, which had so long furnished sinew and nerve to the empire, had become an instrument of oppression which made men shrink from it as from a pestilence. The time had been when the title of *Decurion* carried with it a sense of honour and self-respect. The new organisa-

tion of Diocletian diverted to imperial purposes (all of them unproductive and not a few mischievous) the revenues which should have been spent on the local needs of the towns and of the surrounding country. The imposition of new taxes, some of which affected the Decurions alone, changed the whole character of the civic administration. The coveted office of Decurion became a hated hereditary charge, and men who had made their escape were brought back to their curia as to a prison-house. The state of things was not unlike that which existed in France before the Revolution, the difference being, as Mr. Hodgkin remarks—

‘that in France *taille* and *corvée* reached down to the very lowest of the people; in the Roman Empire, the slaves and the plebeians (as the class of freemen who lacked the curial qualification were called) were not shut up in the taxing pen of the Curia. It was essentially a middle-class oppression that was thus carried on; but a century and a half of this steady, persevering tyranny had so ground down the once prosperous and thriving decurions, that it may be doubted whether they were not, when the Western Empire fell, practically lower than the lowest of the proletariat.’

Undoubtedly, it may be said broadly, and said with truth, that that empire fell because it had done its work. ‘To all the nations around the Mediterranean Sea it had,’ in Mr. Hodgkin’s words, ‘brought peace, discipline, the reign of law, the preparation for Christianity; but it had robbed them of liberty, and as century was added to century, the virtues of the free man were being more and more effaced by the habit of blind submission to authority.’ In short, the empire fell because it was the will of God that it should fall; but the will of God and the will of man—cause and effect—are forbidden terms in certain schools of modern philosophy. We are not called on to plunge into controversies as fruitless as they must be endless, when the disputants are using the same words in different senses; but with Mr. Hodgkin we may fairly doubt whether a form of thought which utterly ignores whole orders of facts has special claims on our consideration. The present Time-Spirit, or Zeit-Geist, as it is the fashion to call it, is sufficiently dictatorial; but we have a right to ask ‘why it, any more than its predecessors, must be infallible and eternal.’ Mr. Hodgkin’s treatment of the question is eminently satisfactory; but he makes an unnecessary admission when he says, ‘Why the Divinity has not shaped the whole world’s career to nought but a good end, is confessedly inexplicable.’ The form of the sentence implies that we see the end; for until the work is accomplished, it is impossible for us to speak positively of

the results. It must surely be one of the first of our convictions that here we see and know in part only ; and we need only to take our stand on Butler's position, that the order of things in which we find ourselves is one which tends to the victory of righteousness and justice. It is, therefore, as Mr. Hodgkin rightly maintains, quite unnecessary to say that 'every step in 'the upward career of Rome was beneficial to man, or was 'accomplished with the smallest possible amount of human 'suffering.' We have but to take each event, or each series of events, as it comes before us, and form with regard to it the best judgment in our power. In some instances we may have to blame the shortsightedness, in others the delusions, of Roman statesmen ; and in others, again, special care may be needed not to assign too wide an effect to causes which may have exercised an indefinitely large power in later ages. There is no doubt that much effort was vainly spent in warding off imaginary dangers, while little heed was given to real perils. The mode of dealing with barbarians on the borders of the empire was the pressing need of the hour ; but the rulers of the Roman world would have it that they had none to fear except the Persian sovereign. This fear led to the building of Constantinople ; but, while the immediate purpose of the founder was fully answered, the jealousies which sprang up between the old Rome and the new did more to undermine the empire than almost any other secondary cause.

It can as little be doubted that the growth of Christianity, in the forms which it assumed as the society of the empire became more corrupt, involved another element of weakness. Something must be set down to the withdrawal of large numbers of men from military service into monastic life ; the monastic profession of many whose genius and high character might have gone far towards regenerating the Roman world, was a matter of far more serious moment. The chief feature of the age was an unbounded selfishness ; it was unfortunate that men like Jerome thought that they could best do battle with it by taking refuge in dens and caves, where selfishness after all obtruded itself in more subtle forms. But if, thinking of the effects which may fairly be ascribed to the Christianity of later ages, we infer that it must have produced the same effects in the ages preceding the fall of Augustulus, we shall find ourselves mistaken. Slavery, oppression, and injustice of every kind are undoubtedly alien to the spirit of Christianity ; and from the first, wherever it appeared, a leaven was working which must modify these mighty evils. St. Paul was not the first man who pleaded for a slave ; but none had said before him that in the sight of God

there is no distinction between Jew and Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, or that God had made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the earth. But although the influence of the Christian Church was always in the direction of freedom, it offered no organised opposition to the system of slavery; and if slavery, as it existed in the empire, helped powerfully to bring about its fall, this result must be only in a very slight degree ascribed to the preaching of Christian teachers.

That the conditions of Roman slavery were most potent for mischief, directly and indirectly, there is no question. We have already seen that it ruined the free agricultural labourers of Italy, and made Rome dependent for its supplies of grain on the harvests of Africa. It laid her helpless at the feet of Genseric; it might have made her the bond slave of Alaric. It raised up in her midst a hostile nation, which, whatever might be its incapacity for organisation or its lack of cohesion, would certainly not be slow in taking vengeance, if the season for revenge should ever come. After the first siege of Rome by the Visigoths forty thousand slaves fled to the camp of Alaric. If ever they returned to Rome, we cannot doubt that they came back, as Mr. Hodgkin says, 'through the blazing Salarian gate, to guide their new friends to the plunder of their old oppressors.' If the arguments whether of humanitarians or of anti-liberationists be put aside as not to the point, the fact remains that slavery undermines the ground while it leaves the surface seemingly untouched. In his admirable remarks on this subject, Mr. Hodgkin cites the Southern Confederacy of America as a state administered, much like that of Rome, by wealthy cultivators, born warriors, born orators—a proud and courageous people.

'All that mere fighting could do,' he adds, 'to preserve its existence was ably and, at first, successfully done; but slavery, that rock of offence which the planters had made the corner stone of their new edifice, proved its ruin. The truth had been suspected for some little time before, but was fully proved when Sherman's scarcely resisted march through three hundred miles of the enemy's country showed the hollowness of a political organisation which had been massing its armies, by hundreds of thousands at a time, on the banks of the Potomac, but which could not reckon its own inhabitants to resist or seriously to harass an invader who had once broken through the wall of steel on the frontier. . . . True, in America as in Italy, the oppressed class waited long before they dared to show on which side their sympathies lay. This is, for a time, that which turns the scale in favour of the slaveholder, that his chattels are . . . too servile-hearted to dare to embrace what may not prove the winning side. But if there comes at

length such a time as came in Georgia lately and in Etruria long ago, when the slave sees with his own eyes a man, mightier than his master, come to overthrow all that existing order which has weighed on him so heavily, and saying, "Help me, and I will give you freedom," then is seen the strange magic which lies in that word Freedom for even the heaviest clods of humanity; then the comfortable persuasion of the self-deceived slave-owner, that his chattel will fight for the luxury of continuing to be a chattel, vanishes like snow in summer.'

Among the differences between Roman and American slavery Mr. Hodgkin notices the fact, that 'in Rome there 'did not, as in America, yawn the wide chasm of absolute 'diversity of race between bond and free.' Yet the absolute diversity of race and of nature is the only argument by which slavery can be logically justified. It was felt to be so by Aristotle, who defends the institution solely on the ground that mankind are divided into the two classes of natural rulers and natural slaves. That Aristotle could draw this distinction with the phenomena of slavery before him as it existed in his own time, is an inexplicable mystery. In Greece and in Rome the highly educated and fastidiously refined citizen of one day might be the miserable bond slave of the next. Hundreds or thousands of gentlemen, Athenian citizens and allies, vanish within the dark receptacles of slavery; and the quietness with which, for all that is told us, they accept their doom, is among the most astonishing facts in the history of the world. This passive acquiescence may perhaps be the most convincing evidence of the severity with which Greek and Roman slaves were treated. But the fact that the slave was often as well born, well bred, and well educated as his master, naturally made the latter more ready to manumit his bondman, and manumission made the slave for all practical purposes his master's equal. The hope of thus gaining or regaining freedom was constantly before the Roman slave: it rose but faintly and fitfully in the hearts of the negro slaves of America. Hence slavery, in Mr. Hodgkin's belief, was, as a diripient force, more fatal to the Southern Confederacy than to the Western Empire.

'But in Rome,' he adds, 'it had been working through twelve centuries, in the United States for less than three, and therefore its evil effects were more lasting, one may venture to hope, in the former than in the latter. Slavery had aided in the massing together of those "wide farms" which were the ruin of Italy. Slavery had emptied the fields and villages of the hardy rustics who had once been the backbone of Roman power. Slavery had filled the cities with idle and profligate babblers. Slavery had indoctrinated these men, themselves often freedmen and the sons of freedmen, with the pestilent notion that

manual labour was beneath the dignity of a citizen. And, lastly, slavery had surrounded the thrones of the Emperors with men like Eutropius and Chrysaphius, who, by the favour of a fatuous master, crept from the position of menial to that of a prime minister, and who, when their turn came, revenged upon society the wrongs which they had suffered at its hands.'

Of other causes which may be alleged for the decay and depopulation of the empire, some or many will be found to be closely connected with slavery or with the social system which slavery tended to foster. But if the failure of the human harvest points to evils the very thought of which is oppressive and revolting, we may remember that the irruption of the barbarians had little or nothing to do with that failure. The result of their coming, was in many cases the resettlement of regions wasted by pestilence, famine, and other physical disasters, not a few of which may be traced to the folly, the negligence, and the wickedness of the people or their rulers. Turn where we may, we see shameless and insatiable rapacity producing hopeless pauperism; and some of the forms taken by the misgovernment even of the Turk are a legacy from imperial Rome. Among the dark events of the century which ended with the fall of Augustulus the invasions of the barbarians can scarcely be regarded as the darkest, unless we fix our thoughts chiefly on the career of Attila. The gloomier features are in almost every instance those of the degenerate people whose fathers had conquered the world. The Roman armies had ceased to be a terror to their enemies; but Mr. Hodgkin may well say that 'when the old Italian population 'itself was gone—and we have seen some of the economic 'changes which led to its disappearance before the slave gangs 'of the great proprietors of Italy—there was no more reason 'left why the Roman army should continue to conquer.' It was time that a more wholesome state of things should begin. The harvest was long in ripening, but the seeds were sown by the barbarian tribes, whom the emperors and their servants treated with scant justice and less prudence. Mr. Hodgkin's volumes will enable his readers to realise more vividly the momentous changes through which the old world passed into the new. But we cannot take leave of them without expressing our respect and admiration for the scholarship, eloquence, and high principles of the author. Like Mr. Grote, the illustrious historian of Greece, Mr. Hodgkin has contrived to unite the active duties of a banker with historical research and literary pursuits. He has thrown light upon some of the darkest passages in history, and has produced an interesting book on an unattractive period of the annals of mankind.

ART. IX.—*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S.*, from his MS. cypher in the Pepysian Library, with a Life and Notes, by RICHARD, Lord BRAYBROOKE. Deciphered, with additional notes, by Rev. MYNORS BRIGHT, M.A., President and Senior Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. With numerous Portraits from the collection in the Pepysian Library, printed in permanent Woodbury-type. 6 vols. 8vo. London: 1875-79.

FOR nearly sixty years the Diary of Samuel Pepys has been a household word in English literature; it may, therefore, seem almost paradoxical to say that we now read it for the first time. And yet this is the simple truth, for we have now, what we have never had before, the correct and complete text: correct, for the old and long received version was full of strange blunders of carelessness or misapprehension; complete, for the former editor, doubting in the first instance as to the value the public might set upon his labours, printed but a scanty abridgment, and even in the second suppressed a large proportion of matter, which he described as 'devoid of the slightest interest.' We have now an opportunity of criticising his judgment in this respect; for of the present edition no less than one-fourth of the bulk is published for the first time, and is, we conceive, not a whit inferior to the rest, as illustrating the history or domestic life of the period, and the vanities, peccadilloes, or humours of the journalist.

If Mr. Mynors Bright had done nothing more than induce us to read once again the Diary, even as we have long known it, we should still owe him a debt of gratitude. But he has, in fact, done very much more than this: he has given us the Diary as it was written, with the omission of but a few passages described, in the interests of decency, as 'unfit for publication,' and others, 'the account of his daily work at the office,' which 'would have been tedious to the reader.' With respect to the first class of suppressed passages, the editor has doubtless exercised a wise discretion; but we do not feel quite so sure as to the second. 'It is impossible,' he tells us, 'for any one who has not read the *entire* Diary fully to appreciate Pepys's industry and diligence,' and it is difficult to avoid the thought that the opportunity of so appreciating these, his good qualities, might have been offered to us. The excised passages would not, we imagine, have added sensibly to the bulk of a work in six stout octavo volumes, and might as easily as others

have been skipped by those readers to whom they threatened to prove 'tedious.' With these exceptions, the extent of which is fairly stated, the present edition is, we understand, a complete and careful transcript of the original. It is well and carefully printed on good paper, and is, altogether, a valuable contribution to every English library.

From this commendation we must, however, bar the illustrations, which are terrible. It is difficult to conceive why editor and publisher should have agreed to disfigure an otherwise handsome set of books by the hideous monstrosities described on the title-page as 'portraits printed in 'permanent Woodbury-type.' So much the worse if the announcement is strictly true. They are bad enough now; if permanent, they are bad to all future ages. Those of the court 'beauties' are the worst; and if the ghosts of the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Castlemaine, and 'pretty witty 'Nell' do not have their revenge, there is no law of libel on the other side of the Styx. The fact is that the photographer, in the pride of his special art, has paid more attention to the exact reproduction of details than to the general effect, and has focussed the pictures to be copied with such exactness that the light and shade from the lines of the canvas or the irregularities of the paper are even more distinctly shown than the work of the painter or engraver. The result, however admirable from the photographer's point of view, is detestable from that of the artist or the public.

There is still one other exception which, although unwillingly, we feel in duty bound to take to this new and really valuable edition, and that is the way in which it has been annotated. A difficulty about the copyright in Lord Braybrooke's notes was not overcome till the third volume was passing through the press. The earlier volumes were thus, for the most part, left to the editor's solicitude, which proved unequal to the task; and the new notes are generally needless, frequently incorrect, and occasionally even silly. We may leave our readers to decide to which of these categories they would allot such notes as—'Barbers' shops were anciently 'places of great resort;' 'Wassel or wassail, from two Saxon words meaning "water of health;"' 'Query, whether from 'Scull, the waterman, is derived our word "sculls," well 'known to boating men?' But we really must enter a protest against such as this: 'We read in the Diary, May, 1668: "Walked to Magdalene College, and there into the butterys, "as a stranger, and there drank my bellyfull of their beer, "which pleased me as the best I ever drank." I should be

'glad, if I could, to have a gossip with him, and hear'—what? The raciest scandal of the pleasure-loving Court? some of Sir John Minnes' stories of the old Navy? or where he had hidden the MS. of Evelyn's History of the Dutch War? No, only—'his opinion of the beer now.' Can the proverbial bathos of the commentator sink lower? In the later volumes, when an arrangement had been made to reproduce Lord Braybrooke's notes, they are printed as they were written five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, without the corrections which occasional slips or the lapse of time rendered necessary. Such, for instance, as to Evelyn's mention of the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral (vi. 170), the note 'Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham,' a man who never was Lord High Admiral; the reference being clearly to the illustrious Howard of Effingham, of whom indeed a most ghastly portrait is given: or again (i. 157), where we are told that the site of the old Navy Office in Crutchedfriars is now 'occupied by the East India Company's warehouses,' and by implication that the business of the navy is carried on at Somerset House. * We should have thought no Englishman could be ignorant of the demise of the East India Company in 1858, even if he did not know that the civil business of the navy was removed in 1869 from Somerset House to a cluster of typhoidal dens in Spring Gardens. Such also are notices of the 'present Westminster Bridge, now shortly to be destroyed,' (vi. 209); of Searle's boathouse, opposite the Houses of Parliament (vi. 210); or of the 'present splendour' of the Naval Hospital at Greenwich. He was evidently not aware that the Naval Hospital at Greenwich has no present existence, or that the building, after standing empty for some years, was converted in 1873 into a college for the higher education of naval officers. We mention these shortcomings unwillingly, because we understand that they are chiefly to be attributed to the editor's failing health, which permitted him indeed to while away tedious hours in transcribing the text, but rendered him unequal to the research which the annotating or correcting would have demanded. And after all, though we could gladly have spared blemishes such as these we have pointed out, we still welcome Mr. Bright's edition of Pepys's Diary as the best, or indeed the only one which has yet been published.

On May 26, 1703, died at Clapham, in his 71st year, Mr. Samuel Pepys, a respectable and highly respected old gentleman, who, during the later years of Charles II., and throughout the reign of James, had been Secretary to the Admiralty

as represented by the King in person. His supposed adhesion to the cause of his old master had got him into trouble at the Revolution; but that had cleared away; and, though for some years an object of suspicion to the new Government, he had been on the whole undisturbed, and had passed his old age in the quiet of literary or philosophical leisure. He had been, almost from the beginning, a Fellow of the Royal Society; its President in 1684; and had continued to the last a close attendant on its meetings, a friend and correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton, John Evelyn, Edmund Gibson, Dr. Wallis, Vincent, Sloane, Dryden, and others, the leading men in the world of literature or science. He was thus, in that world, well and favourably known; although in science his acquirements were in no respect more than those of an intelligent and cultivated mind, and in literature he had never sought personal distinction; his only claim indeed to the title of author being a small volume—little more than a pamphlet—on the state of the Royal Navy, which he had published in 1690, or perhaps also another in 1677, on the recent history of Portugal, which has been attributed to him. But so far as his means permitted he was a liberal friend to both, and especially as a collector of books, the binding and arranging of which had long been his pet hobby. These, on his death, were bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge, of which he was a member, and with which, through life, he had kept up an occasional intercourse; by the terms of the will they were to be kept distinct; and they still, in their original presses, occupy a room in the Master's house, where they are known as the Pepysian Library.

Now amongst these books were six volumes, closely written in a fine, small, unknown character, which however, in 1818, was examined by Lord Grenville, at the request of his nephew, the Hon. and Rev. George Neville, lately elected Master of Magdalene, when it was at once recognised as a shorthand, not very different from what Lord Grenville had himself used as a student. He therefore recommended his nephew to find out some man who, 'for the lucre of gain, would sacrifice a few months to the labour of making a transcript of the whole; for which purpose,' he added, 'I would furnish you with my alphabet and lists of arbitrary signs, and also with the transcript of the first three or four pages.' Mr. Neville decided to follow this recommendation, and engaged the assistance of Mr. Smith, then an undergraduate of St. John's; to whom, however, the deciphering proved a very serious task, occupying him for nearly three years, usually for twelve or fourteen hours a day.

The transcript so made for Mr. Neville was, by him, handed over to his elder brother, Lord Braybrooke, who published a selection from it in 1825, and a second edition in 1828; this was much enlarged for a third edition in 1848, and revised and corrected for a fourth in 1854, of which all later editions, till now, have been a reprint. Mr. Bright tells us that he undertook to decipher the MS. afresh, as an amusement during a sick holiday; and that, in doing this, he acted quite independently of Mr. Smith's previous labours, having learned the very cipher from a book in the Pepysian Library, entitled 'Tachygraphy, or short writing, the most easie, exact and 'speedie.' This once mastered, the work was straightforward enough; difficulties arose here and there when the writer had wished to keep anything particularly concealed, in which cases he wrote the cipher in French, Latin, Greek, or Spanish, or with a number of dummy letters; but of the passages so disguised, all were found unfit for publication.

It does not appear whether, before the Master of Magdalene and Lord Grenville took the matter in hand, there was any clear idea of the nature of the MS.; but however this may have been, it at once, in the hands of the decipherer, stood revealed as a curiously detailed journal of nearly ten years of Mr. Pepys's private and public life, 1660-69, containing matter of exceptional interest, as referring to a period of our national existence which did then, and even now still does, exercise a sort of romantic fascination over the minds of all but the most realistic students of history. During these ten years Mr. Pepys was living in London, holding an official position at the Admiralty, in daily communication with the chief men of the time—the King, the Duke of York, Monk, Mountagu, Clarendon, Coventry; and, apart from his office, leading a social and even festive life, eating, drinking and repenting, dancing, theatre-going, and generally enjoying the world whilst he was young. In reading the Diary now as a whole, it is especially interesting to note the gradual change of the young and very poor man of twenty-six into the cheery, well-to-do man of ten years older, and the development of his character from the mean hanger-on of his patron to the resolute and far-seeing official. Throughout this period, every detail of his life, as he wrote it down for himself alone, is before us; but of his earlier years we know but little, probably because there is little to know.

Samuel Pepys was born of a family long settled at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and which, respectable though not gentle in its antecedents, had widely diverged. His grandfather's

sister, Paulina, had married Sir Sidney Mountagu, and was mother of the Sir Edward Mountagu of the Commonwealth, the Lord Sandwich of the Restoration, first cousin of Samuel's father, who was a tailor in apparently a very small way of business. Samuel was born, probably in London, on February 23, 1633,* and spent his childhood, as appears from passages in the Diary, partly at Kingsland, where he boarded with his nurse, Goody Lawrence; partly with a cousin at Ashted, near Epsom; partly also, it may be supposed, with his father, the tailor, for whom, occasionally at least, he did duty as errand-boy; and very uncomfortable he seems to have felt at meeting his father's old customers, as, in the whirligig of time, he went up and they went down. His carrying clothes from the shop did not, however, stand in the way of his education at St. Paul's School, from which he went up, as a sizar, to Magdalene College, in October, 1650; but in the following March he became a pensioner, in the April was elected to a scholarship, and promoted to a more valuable one in October, 1653. This promotion he seems to have celebrated in a manner which brought down on him the reproof and solemn admonition of the College on October 21, 1653, 'for having been scandalously overserved 'with drink the night before.' And this is positively all that is known of his career as an undergraduate; but between winning scholarships and incurring admonitions, he got his degree in due course, and carried with him, from the University, a fair share of sound learning. It appears, from numerous passages in the Diary, that he was on friendly terms with his Latin and Greek; that he could carry on a familiar conversation in Latin, and correct his brother John's Greek speech, 'which he is to make the next Apposition at St. Paul's;' and towards the close of a long life devoted to official work, he was able to refer to Cicero as an author with whose writings he was still well acquainted. It appears further that he had a good practical knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian; and was, as an amateur, an accomplished musician.

How he passed the eighteen months after taking his degree is not known; but as he had no patrimony he must have been earning his living in some way, and in a way sufficient to permit him, a man in whose character discretion was a strongly marked feature, to marry. This he did in October, 1655, when he was twenty-two years and six months old, his wife being at

* Lord Braybrooke, following all the earlier biographers, has given the date of his birth as 1632. It was really 1632-3, which, according to our present calendar, is 1633.

the time only fifteen. It is probable enough that the means of the young couple were extremely limited, and that they considered themselves fortunate in being offered a home in the house of his well-born cousin, Sir Edward Mountagu. His position there is not stated; but it may probably have been that of confidential servant in Sir Edward's absence during 1656 in the Mediterranean with Blake, or in 1657 at the reduction of Dunkirk. In 1658, when Sir Edward came home, he left. In the early part of the year he lived with his cousin, Mrs. Turner; and it was in her house, on March 26, that the celebrated operation for stone was performed. Afterwards he seems to have established himself in humble lodgings with one servant-maid, of whom he chronicles on August 6, 1661, that she 'has this day been my mayde three years,' and who continued in his service till her marriage on March 27, 1669. In March, 1659,* Sir Edward Mountagu commanded an expedition to the Sound, in which Pepys is said to have accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. On his return he was appointed a clerk in the Exchequer, under Sir George Downing; and here we find him when his Diary opens, on January 1, 1660, living in a garret in Westminster, very poor in his private condition; and so indeed he continued for a couple of months longer, when he again went to sea with Sir Edward, on the memorable expedition which ended in bringing back the king.

This was the foundation of Pepys's fortune. As a linguist and a man of business, he was well prepared to take advantage of the opportunity; nor was he troubled with any unnecessary scruples in the matter of perquisites, some of which were questionable enough, though others, outrageous as they seem now, were then, and long afterwards, not only permitted but authorised. Thus, for instance, in entering five or six servants, giving them what wages he pleased, and taking their pay to himself, he was but complying with what continued a custom of the service till the beginning of the present century, and which was so far authorised that a captain of a ship of war was allowed, by the regulations, four servants for each hundred of his ship's company. This was supposed to enable him to bring in a number of lads of a better class, as apprentices; but, in reality, it offered him an increase of pay estimated at about 10*l.* for each servant, a perquisite which might, in a first-rate, amount to nearly 400*l.* a year. Fees regular and irregular mounted up while Pepys was on board the

* Not 1658, as Lord Braybrooke has said in consequence of his not observing the change in the calendar.

'Naseby'—whose name was shortly changed to 'Royal Charles'—but neither work, of which indeed he had plenty, nor attending to his own interests, occupied so much of his time that he was unable to take part in the festivities that came in his way. One of these, on April 30, he describes thus :—

'After supper up to the Lieutenant's cabin, where we drank, and W. Howe and I were very merry, and among other frolics he pulls out the spigot of the little vessel of ale that was there in the cabin, and drew some into his mounteere, and after he had drank, I endeavouring to dash it in his face, he got my velvet studying cap and drew some into mine too, that we made ourselves a great deal of mirth, but spoiled my clothes with the ale that we dashed up and down. After that to bed, with drink enough in my head.'

And so over to the coast of Holland, whence, after some sight-seeing, and much drinking and firing of salutes—in one of which Mr. Pepys, firing a gun and holding his head too much over it, had 'almost spoiled' his right eye—the king was brought back to England; and on the way, says our diarist, 'I spoke with the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and, upon my desire, did promise me his future favour.'

On making up his private accounts after his return to England, he found that he was 'worth near 100*l.*; for which,' he says, 'I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon.' Within a month he was appointed by the Duke of York to be Clerk of the Acts in the Navy Office, with a salary of 350*l.* a year, subject however to a deduction of 100*l.*, payable by arrangement to his predecessor, Mr. Barlow, described as 'an old consumptive man, and fair conditioned.' Five years afterwards he gets news of Mr. Barlow's death—

'for which,' he writes on February 9, 1665, 'I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets 100*l.* per annum, he being a worthy honest man; but when I come to consider the providence of God by this means unexpectedly to give me 100*l.* a year more in my estate, I have cause to bless God, and do it from the bottom of my heart.'

But the nominal salary of his office formed but a small portion of his income. He had been appointed also Clerk of the Privy Seal, from which he did not at the time expect to get anything, but which did really bring him in about 3*l.* a day; so that, by December 31, he was able to write, 'I take myself to be worth 300*l.* clear in money, and all my goods, and all manner of debts paid, which are none at all:' that is to say, in less than six months he had put away 200*l.*, after a liberal

housekeeping and many exceptional expenses. He had furnished and moved into his official house at the Navy Office; he had paid 40*l.* for the patent of his office, and 9*l.* 16*s.* for his degree of M.A.; he had bought himself a velvet coat, 'the first that ever I had;' he had given his wife 5*l.* to buy a petticoat of fine cloth trimmed with silver lace; and on September 5, 'in the evening, my wife being a little impatient, I went along with her to buy her a necklace of pearl, which will cost 4*l.* 10*s.*, which I am willing to comply with her in, for her encouragement, and because I have lately got money.' So that, altogether, the pickings must have been considerable, notwithstanding his entry on December 7: 'To the Privy Seal, where I signed a deadly number of pardons, which do trouble me to get nothing by.'

The Diary has been read by so many to whom the domestic history of this period is otherwise a blank, that its author has been not unnaturally accused of gross meanness and corruption in accepting presents, often curiously like bribes, as he certainly did through all the earlier years of his official life; but in this, bad as it seems now, he was only following the custom of the age, recognised and almost authorised; and his refusing to do so would have been considered the act of a simpleton; as indeed is shown by such a man as his patron, now Lord Sandwich, on August 16, 1660, 'talking how good he did hope my place would be to me, and in general speaking that it was not the salary of any place that did make a man rich, but the opportunity of getting money while he is in the place.'

It would be unfair to censure a man for not rising far above the moral standard of his age; and although the Clerk of the Acts had as itching a palm as his neighbours, he did generally keep within the bounds of honesty as then understood. But it must be confessed that some transactions, briefly noted in the Diary, stand out in very dark colours when closely scrutinised. Such, for instance, are some with Sir William Warren, a Baltic merchant, who, on August 2, 1664,

'confesses himself my debtor 100*l.* for my service and friendship to him in his present great contract for masts, and that between this and Christmas, he shall be in stock and will pay it me. This I like well.'

And a few weeks later, September 16,

'he brought to me, being all alone, 100*l.* in a bag, which I offered him to give him my receipt for, but he told me no, it was my own, which he had a little while since promised me, and so most kindly he did

give it me, and I as joyfully, even out of myself, carried it home in a coach, he himself expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done.'

Another entry, on February 6, 1665, has:—

'With Sir W. Warren, and have concluded a firm league with him, in all just ways to serve him and myself all I can, and I think he will be a most useful and thankful man to me.'

The true meaning of all which has to be looked for in certain observations made by the Commissioners of Accounts, who, some years later, examined into the shortcomings of the Navy Office during the Dutch war; and from these we find that there was grave reason to believe that during the years 1664-5 Sir William Warren had been permitted to supply masts and spars to a large amount, not according to contract, either in point of time or dimensions; less useful, if not altogether unfit and unserviceable.*

This seems very bad, and we cannot but fear other instances might be found, if it were worth our while to investigate them. On the other hand, we find him on August 7, 1665, refusing twenty pieces in gold about Mr. Deering's business—'resolving not to be bribed to despatch business, but will have it done, however, out of hand, forthwith;' although, indeed, six weeks later he was forced to take them, 'really and sincerely against my will and content.' On another occasion—'though much to my grief'—he returned fifty gold pieces which he had accepted for speaking in favour of Mr. Downing, the anchor smith, who afterwards found himself not fit for the appointment, and let it fall; nor, when his rapacity is spoken of, should it be forgotten that he made his wife return a 'locket of diamonds, worth about 40*l.*, which W. Hewer do press her to accept, out of gratitude for my kindness and hers to him; but it becomes me more to refuse it, than to let her accept of it;' or that he himself gave her a necklace of pearl, 'a very good one, and 80*l.* is the price.'

The happy turn which his fortunes took in the spring of 1660 continued through succeeding years. In 1662, he was appointed one of the Commissioners for the Affairs of Tangier; in 1665, Treasurer for Tangier, and a few months later 'Surveyor General of the Victualling Business' of the Navy. These two offices opened out to him new opportunities for gain, lawful or not lawful; and at the end of that year, 1665,

* British Museum, MSS. Additional, Sloane, 2751. The nature and extent of Sir W. Warren's contracts may be seen in the Calendars of State Papers, Domestic.

he was able to note that during its course he had raised his estate from 1,300*l.* to 4,400*l.* At the end of 1666, he finds himself worth 6,200*l.*; and the following year, 1667, would seem to have been no less advantageous to his private fortunes. But when we consider what these years were for the country—years of pestilence and fire, invasion and defeat—it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Pepys, like many others more highly placed than he, found his own gain in his country's loss. He himself, however, had no misgivings on this score. He prided himself vastly on his condition; talked of setting up a coach; and, though the doing so was delayed for nearly a year, partly, perhaps, on account of his giving his sister, Paulina, 600*l.* on her marriage,* the intention was carried into effect in April, 1669, and on May 1 Mr. and Mrs. Pepys took that celebrated drive in the park, which has become almost a stock example of the vanity of human wishes.

During the whole period of the Diary Pepys was thus a man of comfortable and improving means; and his expenditure, though subject to quaint fits of economy, was on the whole liberal, and at times even lavish. For, though industrious and attentive to his business, he was fond of pleasure, often, he feared, too fond, and his record of the conflict in his own mind between duty and inclination is frequently most grotesque; not that such conflict is beyond anyone's personal experience, but that the reading an honest description of it is. During the first two years, excessive conviviality seems to have been a besetting weakness, and we find occasionally such an entry as the following:—

'September 29, 1661 (Lord's day).—To church in the morning, and so to dinner; and Sir W. Penn and daughter, and Mrs. Poole his kinswoman, came by appointment to dinner with us, and a good dinner we had for them, and were very merry; and so to church again, and then to Sir W. Penn's, and there supped, where his brother, a traveller and one that speaks Spanish very well, and a merry man, supped with us; and what at dinner and supper, I drink I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine that I was even almost foxed, and my head ached all night; so home and to bed, without prayers, which I never did

* Mr. Mynors Bright has gone, throughout, on the principle of leaving Lord Braybrooke's work uncorrected and untouched; and has printed the genealogical tables exactly as they were drawn out, nearly sixty years ago, by Mr. Neville. Otherwise, it might have been interesting to note that one of the lineal descendants, in the female line, of Paulina Pepys (Mrs. Jackson) was the late Commodore Goodenough, a son of whom has lately been admitted into the service of which his father was so distinguished an ornament.

yet since I came to the house, of a Sunday night; I being now so out of order, that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was.'

Or this:—

'April 3, 1661.—My head aching all day from last night's debauch. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Penn, who would needs have me drink two draughts of sack to-day, to cure me of last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think find it true.'

His ignorance on this point, at the age of twenty-eight, may however be taken as a fair proof that he was not, even in a military sense, an habitual drunkard, and he very soon brought himself up; he took 'vowes,' in a manner amusing enough, against drinking, going to the play, or kissing the ladies of his acquaintance, under the penalty of a fine, paid, it would seem, to the poor-box; and from the beginning of 1662 little blame attaches to him on the score of want of sobriety. Except on rare occasions, he confined himself to beer, and noted, on January 26—

'Thanks be to God, since my leaving drinking of wine, I do find myself much better, and do spend less money, and less time lost in idle company.'

So also the next year, January 18, 1663:—

'To church and heard a dull drowsy sermon, and so home and to my office, perfecting my vows again for the next year, which I have now done and sworn to in the presence of Almighty God to observe upon the respective penalties thereto annexed.'

Fortunately for the history of the stage, his vow against the theatre was neither so strict nor so strictly kept; and he rarely if ever missed seeing any novelty, notwithstanding the occasional prickings of conscience. Thus he notes, May 29, 1663: 'My mind troubled about my spending my time so badly, and for my going these two days to plays, for which I have paid the due forfeit by money.' Or again, February 1, 1664: 'Took my wife to the King's theatre, it being a new month, and once a month I may go.'

Dining he never was brought to look on as a thing that ought to be restricted, and from first to last very honestly acknowledges his preference for a good dinner. Within a week of the beginning of the Diary, he dines with his cousin, Thomas Pepys; a very good dinner—'only the venison pasty 'was palpable beef' (previous editions, by the way, read *nut-ton*), 'which was not handsome;' and so at the very end, twelve days only before the close, at Whitehall, Mr. May 'took me down about four o'clock to Mr. Chiffinch's lodgings, and

'all alone did get me a dish of cold chickens and good wine, and I dined like a prince, being before very hungry and empty.' Pepys evidently thought dinner a most important piece of business, and comparatively few days pass without mention of it in greater or less detail, whether it consisted of the remains of a turkey dressed by his wife, in the doing of which she burned her hand; or of simple bread and cheese and a cup of ale, or, as times got better, of a boiled haunch of venison, or of 'a hog's harslet, a piece of meat I love.' In the early years of his Diary he generally gives the bill of fare at his dinner-parties. Thus, on April 4, 1663:—

'We had a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content.'

This was for a party of seven, besides himself and wife, nine in all, of whom five were women. Well might he say, 'My dinner was great.' After the dinner they go for a drive in Hyde Park, where 'about an hour and home, and I found the house as clear as if nothing had been done there to-day from top to bottom, which made us give the cook 12*d.* apiece, each of us.' Later in his career, however, when a dinner-party is more a thing of course, he does not descend to details, though he rarely omits to sum up the result; as on the great occasion when he entertained Lord Sandwich to 'a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have. I think, at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at Court.'

But, quite irrespective of the eating and drinking, many of his afternoons were spent in a pleasant sociality, the custom of which has in modern times become, in London at least, virtually extinct. A few friends, with or without invitation, drop in, and the evening passes in music, singing, and dancing, with (it must be added) a large allowance of kissing. The kissing is, in fact, a very prominent feature of the Diary. If we are to accept Byron's statement that 'kiss rhymes to bliss in fact as well as verse,' a great deal of bliss fell to the lot of Mr. Pepys during the ten years determining May 31, 1669. The excuses therefor are innumerable—sometimes he liked it, and sometimes the young ladies liked it; sometimes it was right, and sometimes it was not right—naughty but, we may suppose, nice; sometimes his wife allowed or approved, and sometimes she got furiously jealous; but the bliss-rhyming

actions went on all the same. Here are some few out of many instances more or less amusing, but all either 'devoid of the 'slightest interest,' or quite too shocking for the chaste pages of former editions:—

'September 14, 1660.—In the afternoon Luellin came to my house, and he being drunk and I being to defend the ladies from his kissing them, I kissed them myself very often, with a great deal of mirth.'

'December 20, 1665.—Home to Greenwich, and thence I to Mrs. Penington,* and had a supper from the King's Head for her; and at last, late, I did pray her to undress herself into her nightgown, that I might see how to have her picture drawn carelessly (for she is mighty proud of that conceit), and I would walk without in the streets till she had done. So I did walk forth; and whether I made too many turns or no in the dark cold frosty night between the two walls up to the park gate, I know not; but she was gone to bed when I came again to the house, upon pretence of leaving some papers there, which I did on purpose by her consent. So I away home, and was there sat up for to be spoken with by my young Mrs. Daniel, to pray me to speak for her husband to be a Lieutenant. I had the opportunity here of kissing her again and again, and did answer that I would be very willing to do him any kindness, and so parted.'

'December 21, 1665.—This day I was come to by Mrs. Burrows of Westminster, Lieutenant Burrows (lately dead) his wife, a most pretty woman and my old acquaintance; I had a kiss or two of her, and a most modest woman she is.'

Mrs. Burrows's business—which was to reclaim the pay due to her husband at his death—would seem to have required several visits to the Navy Office, and to have necessitated several payments of similar fees to the Clerk of the Acts. One other adventure is remarkable principally for the language in which it is related. On February 11, 1667, he went for a pleasure trip over the water with Betty Michell—'Betty 'Howlet of the Hall, my little sweetheart, that I used to call 'my second wife, married to a younger son of Mr. Michell's; 'there he bought 'a dressing-box for her, cost 20s.,' and waited whilst it was being fitted, but '*elle to enter à la casa de uno 'de sus hermanos.*' By-and-by she rejoined him at the cabinet-maker's shop, and having got the box, but not 'till it was late 'quite dark,' they took coach and home.

'But now,' writes Mr. Pepys, 'comes my trouble. I did begin to fear that *su marido* might go to my house to enquire *pour elle*, and there *trouvant my muger* at home, would not only think himself, but give my *femme* occasion to think strange things. This did trouble me mightily, so though *elle* would not seem to have me trouble myself about it, yet did agree to the stopping the coach at the street's end, and *aller con elle* home, and there presently hear by him that he had newly sent *su* maid to my house to see for her mistress. This do much perplex me,

and I did go presently home (Betty whispering me behind the *tergo* de her *mari*, that if I would say that we did come home by water, *elle* could make up *la cose* well *satis*), and there in a sweat did walk in the entry before my door, thinking what I should say *à* my *femme*; and as God would have it, while I was in this case (the worst in reference *à* my *femme* that ever I was in in my life), a little woman comes stumbling to the entry steps in the dark; whom asking who she was, she enquired for my house. So knowing her voice, and telling her *su donna* is come home, she went away.'

Such a story, so told, seems absurd enough; but, in very truth, the danger to his peace of life was considerable; for Mrs. Pepys did not at all like her husband's goings on, and was by no means backward at letting him know it. Her jealousy, for a long time, rested chiefly on Mrs. Knipp, a pretty actress, whom Mr. Pepys was specially fond of kissing, and with whom, in the intervals of singing and dancing, he used to correspond, she as 'Barbary Allen,' he as 'Dapper ' Dicky.' This flirtation has been often dwelt on as one of the most comic passages in Pepys's life; but it has, in fact, been exaggerated; or rather, by the omission of most of the notices of a still more amusing escapade, undue prominence has been given to it. We have these now before us, regardless of the old prudery; and it appears that poor Mrs. Knipp had really nothing whatever to do with the celebrated scene in which the red-hot tongs played the leading part. The *terribila belli causa* was, on the contrary, that 'pretty girl ' Willett,' who came, on September 30, 1667, to attend on Mrs. Pepys. Pretty Miss Willett was the not unwilling cause of a deal of mischief which sprang out of a *little* matter. It was a Sunday, December 22; poor Mrs. Pepys had a bad toothache, and kept her bed; but her husband—to my chamber, and thither came to me Willett with an errand from her 'mistress, and this time I first did give her a little kiss, she 'being a very pretty humoured girl, and so one that I do love 'mightily; after which kissing Willett became a very common amusement. Mrs. Pepys, a woman of violent temper and jealous of everybody, still did not take particular exception to the too charming Deb—Deborah Willett—until the fatal October 25, 1668; under which date we read:—

'After supper to have my head combed by Deb, which occasioned the greatest sorrow to me that ever I knew in this world: for my wife coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl. I was at a wonderful loss upon it, and I endeavoured to put it off; but my wife was struck mute and grew angry, and, as her reason came to her, grew quite out of order, and I to say little, but to bed, and my wife said little also, but could not sleep all night, but about two in the morning

waked me and cried, and fell to tell me as a great secret that she was a Roman Catholic, and had received the Holy Sacrament, which troubled me, but I took no notice of it, but she went on from one thing to another, till at last it appeared plainly her trouble was at what she saw. But after her much crying and reproaching me with inconstancy, I did give her no provocation, but did promise all fair usage to her and love, till at last she seemed to be at ease again; and so toward morning a little sleep.'

Now this quarrel with his wife, this confession of hers that she was a Roman Catholic, exercised, both then and years afterwards, a very great influence on Pepys's life: years afterwards, when, in 1673 and in 1679, a charge was preferred against him that he was a Catholic and had married a Catholic—a charge which brought him into very real danger; then, for Mrs. Pepys was not so easily quieted, and broke out again and again. The very next evening the poor husband has to chronicle, 'My wife full of trouble in her looks, and anon to 'bed, where, about midnight, she wakes me, and there falls 'foul of me;' nor would she be persuaded by all her husband's asseverations, but kept a very sharp look-out. On November 3, we have:—

'To supper, and I observed my wife to eye my eyes whether I did ever look upon Deb, which I could not but do now and then; and my wife did tell me in bed by the by of my looking on other people, and that the only way is to put things out of sight.'

The result of which appears on the 12th:—

'To my wife, and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willett to my chamber, and there did with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her, and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me or let me see her more, which she took with tears too.'

It was thus arranged that Deb was to go on the 14th, when we read:—

'Up, and my wife rose presently and would not let me be out of her sight, and went down before me into the kitchen, and came up and told me that she was in the kitchen, and therefore would have me go round the other way; which she repeating and I vexed at it, answered her a little angrily, upon which she instantly flew into a rage, calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart; all which, knowing that I deserved it, I bore with, and word being brought presently up that she was gone away by coach with her things, my wife was friends.'

It was not, however, till the 21st that he was able to write 'I am now at peace as to my poor wife;' and the 22nd, that 'she spent the whole day making herself clean, after four or

'five weeks being in continued dirt.' The quarrel, however, again broke out, and culminated, on January 12, 1669, in the assault with the tongs. This is, perhaps, the stock story of the Diary; but separated, as it has hitherto been, from the long feud and the sweet influence of Deb, it loses its real meaning, and is nothing more than a rather exaggerated version of one of Mrs. Caudle's lectures. Two months later we hear the last of Miss Willett, in a notice which may fairly serve to show how a story is often spoiled, in the former editions, by undue compression. We give it, therefore, complete, marking by brackets the clauses hitherto omitted:—

'March 12, 1669.—Home, where thinking to meet my wife with content, after my pains all this day, I find her in her closet alone, in the dark, in a hot fit of railing against me [upon some news she has this day heard of Deb's living very fine, and with black spots, and speaking ill words of her mistress, which with good reason might vex her; and the baggage is to blame, but God knows, I know nothing of her, nor what she do]; but, what with my high words and slighting, I did at last bring her to very good and kind terms, poor heart! [and I was heartily glad of it, for I do see there is no man can be happier than myself, if I will, with her. But in her fit she did tell me what vexed me all the night, that this had put her upon putting off her handsome maid, and hiring another that was full of the smallpox, which did mightily vex me, though I said nothing, and do still.]'

It was, however, not only on account of Miss Willett, or Mrs. Knipp, or other kissable young women, that fierce quarrels occasionally took place between the husband and the wife. With his keen attention to domestic details, his economy, not to say his meanness, his petty meddling, and bullying, the man's behaviour was often most provoking; on the other hand, the woman was untidy in her habits and dirty in her person; as an exceptional thing, she goes to bathe herself, after long being within doors in the dirt. 'She now pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean; how long it will hold,' writes the unfortunate husband, 'I can guess.' Such an entry explains a good deal of bad humour, or even such childish outbreaks as this:—

'October 18, 1660.—Home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it.'

Or this:—

'December 19, 1661.—My wife and I went home by coach, but in the way I took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly about her ribbons being ill matched and of two colours, and to very high words,

so that like a passionate fool I did call her a bad name, for which I was afterwards sorry.'

But Mrs. Pepys had a fine temper of her own, and could call bad names too, when the fit was on her. Thus we have, May 2, 1663 :—

'Some angry words with my wife about neglecting the keeping of the house clean ; I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me.'

Or, again, on May 21 :—

'Being at supper, my wife did say something that caused me to oppose her in, she used the word devil, which vexed me ; and among other things, I said I would not have her to use that word ; she took me up most scornfully, which, before Ashwell and the rest of the world, I know not nowadays how to check. So that I fear without great discretion, I shall go near to lose my command over her.'

Possibly it was to maintain this command that we find him, from time to time, 'bending his fist,' or, as on July 13, 1667, when 'my wife in a dogged humour for my not dining at home, and I did give her a pull by the nose and some ill words.'

It was not only his wife, but his servants also, that Mr. Pepys ruled with a strong hand. That he should whip his boy for lying, stealing, or setting off fireworks in the house, was natural enough, though some people now-a-days would call the punishment excessive ; but boys were harder two hundred or even fifty years ago than they are now, and this particular boy does not seem to have been anything the worse for the many severe thrashings he got, though he finally disappeared suddenly to escape one impending. So also there was nothing very blameable in his boxing Will's ears, when Will neglected to brush his clothes in time for church. Will, at any rate, was not ruined by the degradation, but became in time W. Hewer, Esquire, a Commissioner of the Navy and Member of Parliament. The kicking 'Luce the cookmayde' was, however, according to modern ideas, quite inexcusable, and was even then a thing to be ashamed of ; although Luce's conduct was, no doubt, extremely aggravating.

Notwithstanding Mr. Pepys's readiness to use his hands against his wife or his servants, physical courage was not a virtue on which he could pride himself. It would be hard to call the poor man a coward ; but his training was that of a student or a man of business, and any valour he had was certainly not of the sword-and-buckler species. Hence we have an amusing account of his trepidation when he expected

Captain Holmes to send him a challenge 'for the words I did give him;' and his delight when, after all, Holmes acknowledged that he was in the wrong. Hence also the story how, on October 20, 1663—

'while I was in Kirton's shop, a fellow came to offer kindness or force to my wife in the coach, but she refusing, he went away, after the coachman had struck him, and he the coachman. So I being called, went thither, and the fellow coming out again of a shop, I did give him a good cuff or two on the chops, and seeing him not oppose me, I did give him another; at last found him drunk, of which I was glad, and so left him.'

Again, we have a grotesque account of his alarm, early one morning, at a strange noise which, as it turned out, was made by the chimney-sweep next door, and of his fright when 'our young gib-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom at two leaps.' But, timid though he was, in his own way Pepys was capable of good and courageous action; and his very manly, straightforward letter, November 18, 1663, to Lord Sandwich—his patron, it must be remembered, in whom his hopes of advancement centred—raises him enormously in our esteem, and may fairly be held to balance many pages of childish or selfish twaddle to himself. The man who, under the circumstances, and in his relative position, could write this letter, was very far indeed from being the base and abject sycophant which Pepys has often been most unjustly said to be. That he has been so is solely owing to the honesty with which he noted down, through so many years, his passing thoughts and the mental process by which they assumed form to control his actions; he thus resembles a character in the Palace of Truth, criticised by spectators more or less under the influence of the maxim that speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts.

With May, 1669, the Diary comes abruptly to an end. The last years are not nearly so full as the first, and towards the close there are several breaks, so that it may be doubted whether, in any case, he would have continued it much longer in the same detail; but the determining cause was the weakness of his eyes, which had been failing for some time, and had subjected him to a very lively fear. As was not unnatural, therefore, he frequently notes their state and influences, favourable or unfavourable; any little excess in wine or beer hurts them, and on one occasion he writes: 'My right eye sore and full of humour of late; I think by my late change of my brewer.' But, all fancy apart, his eyes got worse and worse. On April 14, 1669, he wrote: 'It is with great trouble that I now see a

‘play because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me.’ And on May 31, he made the last entry, half comic and wholly pathetic:—

‘Thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or if there be anything, which cannot be much, now my amours are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in shorthand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me.’

It must be remembered that at this time he was only thirty-six. The Diary is in such detail, that though it covers barely ten years, it is commonly accepted as the record of his life. This is, of course, a very false view to take of it; the Pepys of 1669 is a markedly different man from the Pepys of 1660; and we may take it for granted that each succeeding decade left its impress on the man's character—the more certainly as he was advanced to higher duties, graver responsibilities, and more serious troubles.

As he closed his Diary, his failing eyesight had forced on him the necessity of a lengthened rest. He had already, on May 19, obtained leave from the Duke of York and the King to go abroad. He went to Holland, and travelled there and in France for five months, returning in the end of October. But the voyage, ‘full of health and content,’ ended miserably. His wife, immediately on her return, was taken ill of a severe and, as it proved, fatal fever; she died on November 10, having just completed her twenty-ninth year. When we read the accounts, many of them ludicrous enough, of her tempers and jealousies, her child-like troubles and her child-like furies, we must remember that she was, as a bride, still a child; and that her husband, through his attention to business and his devotion to pleasure, left her, an uneducated girl, very much to herself. It was about the same time that Pepys contested the representation of Aldborough, which then returned two members, but is now perhaps best known to the outside world by its sprats. In this contest he was unsuccessful; but three years later, in 1673, he was returned to Parliament for Castle Rising,

in Norfolk, now also disfranchised. His opponent, Mr. Offley, petitioned against him as being a papist, or popishly inclined; and adduced proof that he had in his house an altar, with a crucifix. This Mr. Pepys denied. There is no reason to doubt his Protestantism; but that he had a crucifix, and a very handsome crucifix too, we know from the Diary, where we read, July 20, 1666, 'To Lovett's, there to see how my picture goes on to be varnished, a fine crucifix, which will be very fine;' and again, August 2, 'At home find Lovett, who showed me my crucifix, which will be very fine when done;' and finally, on November 3, 'comes Mr. Lovett, and brings me my print of the Passion, varnished by him and the frame black, which indeed is very fine, though not so fine as I expected; however pleases me exceedingly;' more, probably, than it did when, standing up in his place, he 'did heartily and flatly deny that he ever had any altar or crucifix, or the image or picture of any saint whatsoever in his house, from the top to the bottom of it.'

It is difficult to understand how Pepys, who was not altogether devoid of memory, could hazard such an assertion; but we may perhaps charitably suppose that he looked on it merely as a work of art; but in any case, it is surely harsh to censure Shaftesbury—as Lord Braybrooke has done—for giving evidence that he had 'some imperfect memory of seeing somewhat which he conceived to be a crucifix; he could not remember whether it were painted or carved, or in what manner the thing was; his memory was so very imperfect in it, that if he were upon his oath he could give no testimony.' Lord Braybrooke, whom Mr. Bright accurately follows, 'forbears to characterise Shaftesbury's evidence,' and deplors the lengths to which bad passions inflamed by party violence could carry a man of Shaftesbury's rank. Shaftesbury was not an estimable character, but in this instance he is wrongly accused. The false evidence, such as it was, was not his, but Pepys's, against whom the committee decided, possibly being convinced that he had had the crucifix, possibly also being led by the belief that his late wife had been educated in a convent, and had, sometimes at least, passed as a Catholic. We have seen how she had, in a fit of jealousy, alarmed her husband by saying that she was a Catholic; and it appears, by a letter from her brother, written at this time, that she had had early inclinations to 'popery,' but that the idea of her having been educated in a convent was a mistake, and that really she was in the convent for less than twelve days, when she was about

twelve years old.* The House, however, did not confirm the decision of the committee, and Pepys kept his seat.

He had previously, on the passing of the Test Act and the resignation of the Duke of York, been appointed Secretary to the Admiralty, represented by the King in person; and in that office he continued, till in 1679, when the 'Popish Plot' was in full swing, the old accusation was revived against him, accompanied now by a very detailed charge of treasonable correspondence with the King of France. On May 22, on the depositions of a notorious and infamous informer, Colonel Scott, he was committed to the Tower under the Speaker's warrant. He was shortly released on heavy bail, from which he was relieved in the following spring; the Attorney-General stating that Scott now refused to acknowledge the truth of his original deposition, on which the whole charge rested. A year later, and Scott fled the country, having murdered a hackney coachman on a dispute as to an eighteenpenny fare. Under Charles II., Colonel was by no means necessarily a title of honour. Blood was another, whose name is in everyone's recollection; and the diary tells of a third, Turner, who was hanged for a burglary.

Notwithstanding Pepys's assured innocence of the charges of treason, a suspicion of corrupt practices had caused popular feeling to run strongly against him. Nothing of the sort was proved, or even brought to trial; but knowing what we do—what the Diary reveals as to his conduct when in a much lower position—it would be hazardous to maintain too loudly that he was altogether guiltless. The detailed nature of these suspicions, more particularly as to the sale of appointments, appears from a pamphlet—which in itself has no authority—entitled 'Plain Truth, or a Private Discourse 'between P. and H.' In 1825, Lord Braybrooke, noting that he had never seen this pamphlet, filled up the initials as Pepys and Harbord, member for Thetford and Pepys's principal accuser. This filling up has remained ever since, and is now again repeated. But, with a very little trouble, Mr. Bright might have seen two copies of the pamphlet in the British Museum, and have learned that the H. is not Harbord, but, beyond question, W. Hewer; being represented, not as P.'s enemy or accuser, but as his *âme damnée*, suggesting and doing his dirty work.

* B. St. Michell to Pepys, Feb. 8, 1673-4, in 'Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys,' edited by the Rev. John Smith, vol. i. pp. 146-153.

However this may have been, on the Admiralty being put in commission in 1679, Pepys was deprived of his office, and would seem for the next few years to have been engaged as private secretary to the Duke of York, who possibly looked on him as a martyr to the Roman Catholic religion. In 1683 he accompanied Lord Dartmouth to Tangier, when that place was dismantled and abandoned; Pepys's duties being those of Commissioner for the adjustment of property claims. His journal during this expedition, written in the same shorthand, is preserved, with many others of his papers, in the Bodleian Library, and was edited, about forty years ago, by Mr. Smith, in the volumes of Correspondence already referred to; a work of real, though not, perhaps, of such popular interest as the better known Diary.

It was shortly after the return from Tangier that the king, having formed, according to Pepys's published statement,* a strong opinion as to the incompetence and neglect of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, again took on himself the direction of naval affairs, and required, as Pepys tells us, 'my immediate return to the post I had formerly had the honour of serving him at, therein.' In this he continued through the rest of Charles's reign, as also under James, till the Revolution, when he was naturally displaced. His official habitudes of near thirty years' growth bound him to the House of Stuart, and his personal inclinations were towards the theory of non-resistance and the High-Church party. He was now too old to change; but, on the other hand, he was not of the stuff that political or religious martyrs are made of, and would certainly not have disturbed the new government. On this point, however, his contemporaries could not have the same certainty, and, on some charges of conspiring in favour of the ex-king, he was, in June, 1690, committed to the Gatehouse. His imprisonment was short; and though perhaps considered, to some extent, an object of suspicion, and though he himself believed that he was liable, from day to day, to have his papers examined, he passed the remaining years of his life in an honourable retirement, and died just three months and three days after his seventieth birthday.

But, though for only ten years of his life, Mr. Pepys's Diary makes us familiarly acquainted with him, with his domestic affairs, with his tone of thought, in a way altogether outside our experience. We may have seen on the stage, or have

* Memoires relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England. 1690.

read of in novels, the eccentric old man who thinks aloud ; but we have never heard of anyone but Samuel Pepys, who, during ten years of the prime of manhood, carried out the idea of thinking on paper, or who persistently noted down the affairs of each day without some half-realised purpose of showing the record to somebody else ; not necessarily of publishing it, but of leaving it as an heirloom to his children and descendants. Not so did Pepys ; his Diary is the trace of each passing thought ; and, as a result, it bears to an ' autobiography ' a relation somewhat similar to that which an accurately focussed photograph bears to a portrait by a fashionable painter. As a work of art, it is nowhere ; but as showing the details of daily life and thought in the seventeenth century—details which no artist would then have dreamed of putting in, and which the artistic mind of to-day more than dreams of leaving out—details of eating, drinking, and dressing, of kissing the ladies, or cuffing the servants, of skates, coaches with springs, or telescopic dinner-tables, of the king's grey hairs, or the queen's pretty English phrases—Pepys's Diary took its place in our literature fifty-five years ago, and every succeeding edition has confirmed it in it. As a study of Pepys nature, it is amusing ; as a study of human nature, it is interesting ; as a record of manners and customs passed away, it is important ; but it is as a comment on some historical problems of the time that it is perhaps most valuable.

We believe that in this respect there has been a tendency to underrate it, or to assume that his historical notices are all worthless, because those that relate to political or foreign affairs are necessarily secondhand, and the merest hearsay, the tittle-tattle of the day. But on purely domestic history what he writes is always interesting. An intelligent man living in and about London during the summer of 1665, or the September of 1666, could scarcely help saying something on the social aspects of the plague and the fire which no one else has said, or strengthening impressions already made. And when he writes of naval matters he stands absolutely alone ; he is then writing of what he was more intimately acquainted with than any one other man, and his statements are based on his knowledge of official papers which he had seen, or of discussions in which he had taken part. When he wrote ' The talk upon ' the 'Change is that De Ruyter is dead,' we see that this is gossip, which, besides, we know not to be true ; but when he wrote on the next day, June 17, 1664, ' To Woolwich, to make ' a discovery of a cheat providing for us in the working of some ' of our own ground tows into new cordage, to be sold to us

'for Riga cordage,' and 'I perceive the corruptions of the navy are of so many kinds that it is endless to look after them, especially while such a one as Sir W. Batten discourages every man that is honest,' the information is first hand, the facts are beyond controversy, and the opinion of Batten, whatever its truth, is the honest expression of the thought. But similar entries are on almost every page, many of which—as this just quoted—were cut out of former editions, as of no interest. Failing the 'Navalia,' the history of the English navy, which Pepys undertook to write, but did not; failing the 'History of the Dutch War,' which Evelyn did write, but which has unfortunately gone astray, or even if we had these, and with all the Pepysian MSS. preserved in the Bodleian Library, we say unhesitatingly that no one can pretend to form an opinion on the naval history of the period who has not read and re-read and digested the Diary.

It is not indeed the story of the great events of the war that we look for here, although even of these we have independent accounts quoted at first hand, without the politic reticence or political colouring of State papers, and without the attempt at disguise which historians, in deference to public feeling, have often adopted. The account of the victory of June 3, 1665, is indeed taken from the semi-official letter of Coventry to the Duke of Albemarle, who, in the Duke of York's absence with the fleet, was acting as his deputy at the Admiralty; but we have also a querulous comment on it, taken down as the substance of a conversation with Lord Sandwich, who had commanded the blue squadron in the action, and led the way to victory by breaking through and dividing the enemy's fleet: and making full allowance for Sandwich's ill-humour and wrath at the garbled narrative officially put forward, it is still worth noting that he is reported to have said 'that the most the Duke did was almost out of gunshot, but that indeed the Duke did come up to my lord's (Sandwich's) rescue after he had a great while fought with four of them.' All that the Diary has to say on the disputed question of shortening sail in the pursuit of the flying enemy, is reported from the parties implicated, Cox, Harman, or Penn, and as evidence carries no weight nor tends to solve the problem; though the entry, 'It is charged privately as a fault on the Duke of York that he did not presently examine the reason of the breach of his orders and punish it,' is suggestive, if only as showing the undercurrent of public opinion. The question is one that now never can be answered; but, considering the odious character of Brouncker, it does not seem quite improbable that he was

in this instance the scapegoat of the Duke's fault. It was the fashion among English writers to speak of the Duke as a man of the most undaunted personal courage. French and Dutch writers did not rate his character quite so high. Basnage does not consider his conduct on this occasion to be that of a hero, and Le Clerc, in his account of the battle of Solebay in 1672, says, in so many words, that the Duke's safety was provided for by putting him in the middle of a coil of cable. This is certainly a false libel; but it is difficult to believe in a 'boiling courage' in 1665 or 1672, which had all evaporated in 1688 or 1689.

The story of the great four days' fight off the North Foreland, June 1-4, 1666, is again admirably told in a series of accidental but curiously artistic touches. A letter from the Duke of Albemarle that the enemy is in sight; that they are fitting themselves to fight them; guns are heard, which 'put us at the Board into a tosse;' orders to send 200 soldiers as 'a recrute' to the fleet. 'On shore at Greenwich, and into the park, and there we could hear the guns from the fleet most plainly.' The soldiers are shipped off from Blackwall, most of them drunk—but Lord! to see how the poor fellows 'kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted and let off their guns, was strange sport.' Then wavering rumours, and hopes and fears, and—

'News is brought me of a couple of men come to speak with me from the fleet; so I down, and who should it be but Mr. Daniel' (his pretty wife had not, it would seem, got him made a lieutenant) 'all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney and covered with dirt, pitch and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum. He is come last night, at five o'clock, from the fleet, with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye.'

Their story is nothing but that the Prince has joined the fleet, which is so far good. Then more hopes and fears, amidst which comes an express from the Storekeeper at Harwich, telling

'how upon Monday the two fleets fought all day till seven at night, and then the whole fleet of Dutch did betake themselves to a very plain flight, and never looked back again. We were all so overtaken with this good news, that the Duke ran with it to the King, who was gone to chapel, and there all the Court was in a hubbub, being rejoiced over head and ears in this good news. Away go I by coach to the new Exchange, and there did spread this good news a little, though I find it had broke out before. And so home to our own church, it being the common fast day, and it was just before sermon; but Lord! how all the people in the church stared upon me to see me whisper to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Penn! Anon I saw people stirring and

whispering below, and by and by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford to tell me the news, which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten in writing, and handed from pew to pew. But that which pleased me as much as the news was to have the fair Mrs. Middleton at our church, who indeed is a very beautiful lady.'

And then comes the reverse of the medal the next day.

'My Lord Brouncker and Sir T. H., that come from Court, tell me the contrary news: that we are beaten, lost many ships and good commanders; have not taken one ship of the enemy's. This news do much trouble me.'

Altogether the story, extending over some twelve or fourteen pages, is most interesting and—though accidentally—artistic in its lights and shades, its hopes, joys, despairs, interspersed with commonplace or absurdly out-of-place remarks, such as the notice of the fair Mrs. Middleton, or of Mrs. Tite's two daughters, 'the elder a long red-nosed silly jade.'

The Dutch admirals in this great battle were the illustrious De Ruyter and Cornelis Tromp, of both of whom there are admirable portraits by Frank Hals and Godfrey Maes in Lord Spencer's collection, now, or till lately, on loan at South Kensington. But Mr. Bright, for some reason difficult to understand, unless—which we are loth to suggest—he has confused Cornelis Tromp with his greater father, has here inserted a hideous copy of an old print, 'being the effigies of both the 'Admirals of Holland,' Martin Tromp and Witte Cornelis de Witte, who did indeed command the Dutch fleet on June 3, 1653, when the first of the two was killed. The other, De Witte, fell fighting against the Swedes in 1658. Both were men to whom even we, their enemies, might be proud to do honour; but their portraits have here no meaning, any more than if one were to illustrate the story of Trafalgar with portraits of Hawke or Boscawen.

The shameful history of 1667, the bold venture of the Dutch, the popular panic of the English, the general haste to conceal money and plate before the enemy should come into London, the utter disorganisation of the public service, is all equally well told; and nowhere, not even in the Calendar of State Papers, do we obtain such an insight into the causes that conduced to our national disgrace. Pepys's work was chiefly financial, and no one so well understood the difficulties which hampered the navy from the very beginning of the war. On these he constantly dwells with a mournful foreboding, and it would be easy to trace in the pages of the Diary the disasters of 1667, as slowly preparing for two or three years. It is sufficiently well known that emptiness was the general condi-

tion of the royal treasury, and that the King was careless and extravagant; but there is a common tendency to believe that his light-hearted generosity and good humour made amends for much, and that, with all his faults, he was ready on any emergency to throw off his luxurious sloth, and, Sardanapalus-like, appear as a hero. Mr. Pepys, full of admiration for the King, tells us a good deal about this generosity and heroism. The generosity consisted in giving Lady Castlemaine 30,000*l.* to pay her debts, and at the same time, December 12, 1666, embezzling 400,000*l.* voted for the prosecution of the war. On October 10, 1666, he notes that 'the King hath had towards 'the war expressly 5,590,000*l.*; and the whole charge of the 'navy as we state it hath been but 3,200,000*l.*, so what is 'become of this sum, 2,390,000*l.*?' And on May 1, 1667, he was in debt to the navy 900,000*l.*, money which Parliament was led to believe had been paid. The effects of this kind of generosity were apparent—ships not paid, men mutinous, stores not provided, workmen starving. Such entries may be found at almost every opening of the Diary or the companion volumes of the Calendar of State Papers. Thus we have, June 14, 1667:—

'Mr. Wilson, who is come from Chatham last night, tells me that he himself, I think he said, did hear many Englishmen on board the Dutch ships speaking to one another in English, and that they did cry and say "We did heretofore fight for tickets, now we fight for dollara." And Mr. Lewes, who was present at this fellow's discourse to me, did tell me that he is told that when they took the "Royal Charles" they said that they had their tickets signed, and showed some, and that now they come to have them paid. And several seamen came this morning to me to tell me that if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch; but otherwise they would not venture being killed. . . . And indeed the hearts as well as the affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publicly, "This "comes of your not paying our husbands; and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not."'

As a comment on which, we may refer to the Calendar, May 15, 1667, where there is a note of a

'petition of the shipwrights and workmen employed in the yard at Chatham for the speedy supply of wages, without which many of them and their families will perish for want, having above one year's pay due; no one will now supply them on credit, and they have no provisions.'

Or this, June 27, 1667:—

'Petition of the officers and seamen of the "Harp" frigate and the

"Mary" yacht to the Navy Commissioners, for pay, that their families may not be starved in the streets, and themselves go like heathen, having nothing to cover their nakedness. Have fifty-two months' pay due, and neither money nor credit.'

Or, once again, on October 11, 1667:—

'The poor widow Lacy, who wrought the twice-laid stuff in the yard at Woolwich, and for want of money was forced to quit the employment, has three bills, value 50*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*; for want of payment, she is in a most deplorable condition, owing most of it to about fifteen people as poor as herself, who torment her daily. Her credit is gone, she has not a stick of wood or coals to lay on the fire, nor can be further trusted for any: her indigent creditors are in as bad a case, and theirs is a most sad lamentation.'

In true or fictitious history we know of no parallel to the financial system of Charles II., unless it be that of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, under which, it will be remembered, 'nobody was paid. Not the blacksmith who opened the lock; nor the glazier who mended the pane; nor the jobber who let the carriage; nor the groom who drove it; nor the butcher who provided the leg of mutton; nor the coals which roasted it; nor the cook who basted it; nor the servants who eat it.' So it was in the public offices and arsenals of England under the Merry Monarch, who, when the crash came, and the enemy, unopposed, burnt his ships and insulted his capital, rushed to arms—yes, to the arms of his mistress; and, whilst the hostile flames threw their lurid light over Chatham, heroically hunted 'a poor moth,' in the company of Lady Castlemaine and her attendant strumpets.

There are many other points connected with our naval administration, on which the Diary gives curious and interesting hints; but their discussion would be apt to lead us too far afield. One, however, the character of the foremost men in its conduct, may well be excepted; and on this Pepys has expressed his opinion with the frankness incidental to his manner of self-communing. Of these men, the most notable was Penn, the father of Penn the Quaker. Sir William Penn, born in 1621, of a respectable family, had been brought up to the sea from his earliest years; whilst still a mere lad was appointed a lieutenant in the King's service; at the age of twenty-three had command of a King's ship; three years later, a commission as Rear-Admiral; and for twenty years longer continued actively employed by the Parliament or by the King. In the battle off Portland, on February 18, 1653, Penn, as Vice-Admiral of England, commanded the van; Lawson, in command of the leading division of the centre, was near him; and

to the prompt and seamanlike action of these two, and of their respective squadrons, it was entirely owing that the day was not one of great disaster; for Blake, good and true man as he was, was neither sailor nor tactician, and had as his opponent one of the best and most brilliant the world has seen, whilst the bull-dog courage of Monk was five miles to leeward.* On the Restoration, Penn was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Navy, under the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of York, and as such was one of Pepys's immediate superiors. This appointment he held during the whole time of the Diary, with the exception of the few months in 1665 when he was serving as Captain of the Fleet, under the Lord High Admiral. His conduct in the battle then fought, or rather in the matter of staying the pursuit, did not escape animadversion; but his defence seems honest and valid, that suffering at the time from a violent fit of gout, and exhausted by his work during the day, he had gone to bed and knew nothing about it; he had been also evil spoken of in reference to some prizes which he and Lord Sandwich had permitted to be plundered; but in this the real culprit was the King who had sanctioned it, and most probably made his profit out of it. In such a case, however, dirt stuck to everybody implicated, and Penn had no further command, though he continued to hold office on shore till a few months before his death in 1670.

Such is a fair abstract of Penn's public life. His biographer and descendant, Granville Penn, has considered him one of the most distinguished men of his day; and, without going quite so far as this, it must be admitted that his services were good, and his career respectable. But—and this is the point that now concerns us—Pepys, having daily intercourse with Penn, and writing in his Diary his secret thoughts, rarely mentions his name without some expression of hatred or disgust. Penn, he says, is 'a rogue,' 'a counterfeit rogue,' 'a cunning rogue,' 'a false rogue,' 'a very cowardly rogue,' 'a mean rogue,' 'a hypocritical rogue;' he is 'a coward,' 'a coxcomb,' 'a very villain,' 'the falsest rascal,' 'as false a fellow as ever was born.' On July 1, 1666, he notes: 'Though I do not love him, yet I find it necessary to keep in with him, his good service in getting out the fleet being much taken notice of;

* It may be interesting here to note that Tromp's attack on this day bore a distinct, though rudimentary, likeness to that of Nelson at Trafalgar; and that Penn's saving manœuvre was that which, undoubtedly, at Trafalgar, Dumanoir ought to have performed, which Nelson had expected and carefully provided against.'

‘therefore I think it discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him.’ And again, on February 4, 1667:—‘To dinner to Sir W. Penn, he inviting me and my wife; and there a pretty good dinner. So here I was mighty merry, and all our differences seemingly blown over; though he knows, if he be not a fool, that I love him not, and I do the like that he hates me.’ To all this, or as much of it as was then published, Mr. Granville Penn was too furious to reply, except by abusing Pepys; it would have been more to the purpose if he could have given us some account of his great-grandfather’s private life, but this he scarcely attempted; and it was left for Mr. Hepworth Dixon to present the old Admiral to us in his family relations. The result of this is entirely in Penn’s favour, which is borne out by the fact that after thirty years’ service, twenty of them in posts of high honour, the last ten under the corrupt administration of Charles, he died a comparatively poor man. It was said that he gave his daughter ‘Peg,’ who married Mr. Anthony Lowther, a portion of 15,000*l.* This, says Pepys, is false; he believed that she got 4,000*l.*, and the marriage was very quiet—‘no friends but two or three relations of his and hers; borrowed many things of my kitchen for dressing their dinner. . . . No music in the morning to call up our new-married people, which is very mean, methinks.’ And a few days afterwards, February 22, 1667, when he has been dining with Penn—‘A sorry dinner, not anything handsome or clean, but some silver plates they borrowed of me;’ he concludes—‘To bed, talking with my wife of the poorness and meanness of all that Sir W. Penn and the people about us do, compared with what we do.’ This ‘meanness’ he continually harps on; as on March 20, 1667—‘To Sir W. Penn’s, where my wife was, and supped with a little, but yet little mirth, and a bad, nasty supper, which makes me not love the family; they do all things so meanly.’ Pepys himself, though in many ways of an economical turn of mind, was so fond of display that he could form no other interpretation of its being withheld. We would prefer to think that Penn was exercising a prudent, perhaps even a narrow economy, anxious to increase his estate, in view of a promised peerage, the hope of which was rudely cut down by his son becoming a Quaker. But it was not Penn’s ‘meanness’ which was his chief fault in Pepys’s eyes, though we were left to suppose that if not that, the dislike was simple jealousy. We now read for the first time, under date March 17, 1666:—

‘This day W. Hewer comes from Portsmouth, and gives me an in-

stance of another piece of knavery of Sir W. Penn, who wrote to Commissioner Middleton, that it was my negligence the other day he was not acquainted, as the Board directed, with our clerks coming down to the pay. But I need no long argument to teach me that he is a false rogue to me and all the world besides.'

From which we may judge that the head and front of Penn's offence was that he kept Pepys up to his work, and occasionally ventured even to reprimand him.

Some similar feeling influenced him towards all those who were with, but over him. Lord Brouncker, when he first comes with his patent as First Commissioner, is 'a modest, 'civil person,' 'a worthy man;' but by-and-by is 'a very 'peevish man and very simple,' 'has an ignoble soul,' is 'a 'rotten-hearted false man,' 'a very weak man,' 'has a hatred 'to me in heart.' Sir William Batten, the Surveyor of the Navy, is 'a malicious fellow,' 'has carried himself basely,' 'like a passionate dotard;' the King is 'abused abominably in 'the price of what we buy, by Sir W. Batten's corruption and 'underhand dealing;' and up to the very last he retains the ill-will, and writes, February 7, 1665:—

'Sir W. Batten, who hath been sick four or five days, is now very bad, so that people begin to fear his death; and I am at a loss whether it will be better for me to have him die, because he is a bad man, or live, for fear a worse should come.'

Another of the principal characters in the Diary, Sir John Minnes, the Comptroller, is described as 'a mad coxcomb,' 'a 'fool,' 'led by the nose by Batten,' 'a knave,' 'a rogue,' 'a coward,' 'an old dotard,' 'a doting fool,' who 'proclaims 'himself an ass.' If these were serious and correct judgments, all our naval mishaps would be explained; but in fact there is no reason to suppose that they are more than the exercise of an Englishman's fondness of grumbling. Most men grumble to themselves or their friends; Pepys, more politic, grumbled in shorthand to his Diary, and we now learn the secrets of his little peevish ill-humours, which his contemporaries never suspected. As for Lord Brouncker, he was a man of recognised ability and good repute; though, as the brother of Henry Brouncker, we would not venture too much in his behalf; but Batten and Minnes were both officers of high rank, who had in their day served with credit. Minnes was old, and may possibly have sometimes given occasion for an unfriendly suspicion of 'doting;' but he had, in his day, passed as a wit, and helped in the production of a small volume of verse, which still finds admirers amongst, we presume, the *coprophagi* of lite-

rature; and though probably neither he nor Batten rose above the standard of the age, there are no grounds for suspicion that either of them was markedly below it.

Of the other historical personages who pass before us in this wonderful diorama, the most of them take their colour from their relations to Pepys himself, or to his patron and cousin, the Earl of Sandwich. The Duke of Albemarle, for instance, is 'a dull, heavy man;' is, 'as my Lord thinks, a thick-skulled fool;' 'a most perfidious man, that hath betrayed everybody and the King also;' is, as is said, 'become mighty low in all people's opinion;' 'is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with.' The Duchess fares still worse: she was indeed, as is well known, a woman of low birth and no breeding, of bad character and violent temper; but, according to Pepys and Lord Sandwich, she is 'dirty Bess,' 'a damned ill looking woman,' 'the veriest slut and drudge, and the foulest word that can be spoke of a woman.' Coventry, the Duke of York's secretary, is, on the other hand, 'a man of excellent discourse:' 'I do see more real worth in him than in most men I know;' and though, as a retainer of the Duke's, he was no lover, or even a declared enemy, of Lord Sandwich, Pepys maintained the friendship throughout, not without occasional embarrassment; as when he wrote, January 28, 1666, 'Lord! to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry for fear my Lord or Sir G. Carteret should see me; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should.'

For the Duke himself and the King he professes throughout the most unbounded respect—respect which might almost be called servility, were it not often so delightfully tempered by the ludicrous; as when he notes on July 19, 1662, that it was raining hard as the King went down the river in his barge to meet the Queen: 'but methought it lessened my esteem of a king that he should not be able to command the rain;' or when, on July 26, 1665, he takes a passage in the royal barge, 'hearing the King and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men.' Notwithstanding this, he is very proud when either of them notices him; and duly chronicles that the Duke 'told us Mr. Pepys was so altered with his new periwig that he did not know him;' or that 'the King, seeing me, did come to me, and calling me by name

'did discourse with me; and this is the first time that ever I 'knew the King did know me personally;' or even that the Duke of York 'did eye my wife mightily,' an indication which some men would have considered the reverse of flattering.

Amongst lesser and non-historic characters, the semi-mythical Cocker assumes here an unwonted personality as 'the famous 'writing master' and a skilled engraver, in which capacity Mr. Pepys had occasion to employ him. 'I find the fellow,' he says, 'by his discourse very ingenuous, and among other 'things a great admirer and well read in all our English poets, 'and undertakes to judge of them all, and that not impertinently.' And the next day, 'Comes Cocker with my rule—'my new sliding rule, with silver plates—which he hath engraved to admiration, for goodness and smallness of work: 'it cost me 14*s.* the doing, and mighty pleased I am with it.' Sir Samuel Morland, too, known to biographical dictionaries for his mechanical ingenuity, and perhaps to a wider public by the somewhat extravagant monuments in Westminster Abbey, on which he has commemorated the virtues of his first two wives in various unknown tongues, so as, according to the 'Spectator,' not to be understood once in a twelve-month, is described in the Diary as 'not so much a fool as I 'took him to be.' He had got a pension of 500*l.* a year settled on him for life, and had not yet developed the uxoriousness which now makes his memory ludicrous, and which afterwards brought him to signal grief; for having buried his second wife in 1680, he was tempted to a third venture, and, as he wrote to Pepys, in February, 1687, married 'a very 'virtuous, pious, and sweet-dispositioned lady, and an heiress, 'who had 500*l.* per annum in land of inheritance, and 4,000*l.* 'in ready money, with the interest since nine years, beside a 'mortgage upon 300*l.* per annum more, with plate, jewels, &c.' So he was led to believe; but within a few days he found out that she was 'a coachman's daughter, not worth a shilling, 'who, about nine months since, was brought to bed of a bastard.' After about a year and a half of misery, he was able to get a sentence of divorce against her 'for living in adultery 'for six months past, so that now I am freed from her for 'life;' but her debts, for which he was liable, and the costs of the suit, were like to give him trouble. We believe he remained satisfied with his experiences of matrimony.

But of all the characters put before us, the most complete is, of course, Samuel Pepys himself. It is almost too complete; for drawn, as it is, by blots and blurs, bold outlines and delicate touches, extending over 2,528 pages, it would be no

difficult matter, by picking out separate passages, to show that he was a mean cur, a coward and a sneak, a drunkard and a profligate, chaste and temperate in his life, a warm friend, a loving husband, a hard-working zealous official, and a true patriot. The fact is that Pepys was, as men go, a very fair sample, of good ability and pleasant manner, certainly industrious, though fond of ease and pleasure, with a large share of vanity, and of no very exalted sense of honour, though in his way conscientious, living in a corrupt age, without trying to put it to shame, although keeping clear of its worst excesses. The Diary, carelessly skimmed, would perhaps give a different impression, for it lays bare, as no other book ever did, the thousand littlenesses of human nature. He has registered in it not only his actions, but his thoughts, many of them very shady thoughts; but in reading of these we ought to bear in mind that, according to all juridical precepts, thoughts, if not carried into actions, are guiltless.

It might at first seem remarkable that a man of such evident vanity should have nowhere given a description of himself. It must be remembered that he was writing for himself, not for posterity, and that for himself he had his looking-glass and the picture painted by Hales in 1666. This, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, is the author of the Diary; other pictures, painted later in life by Kneller and Walker, are of the sedate official, or the President of the Royal Society, in the full dignity of a flowing periwig. Beyond these we have no guide to his personal appearance. Even his height may be disputed. He has indeed noted that he easily stood under the arm of the tall woman in Holborn, and that she, without shoes, was just 6 feet 5 inches high. This, it may be fairly calculated, would make Pepys about 5 feet 2 inches. But the Diary does not give us the idea of a very little man; rather of a man somewhat below the middle size; and 6 feet 5 inches is scarcely a height which would entitle a woman to be exhibited. We think, therefore, that there is here some mistake, and that Evelyn is more likely right when he says that this woman was 6 feet 10 inches, which would allow a man of 5 feet 7 or 8 inches to stand under her arm. The woman, when on show, of course wore high-heeled shoes, but so also, in all probability, did Mr. Pepys.

ART. X.—*Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives at Simancas and elsewhere.* Vol. IV. Part I. Henry VIII. 1529–1530. Edited by PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: 1879.

THIS volume of the 'Calendar of Spanish Papers,' though issued only as Part I. of Vol. IV., runs into more than 900 pages. It refers to a period of twenty months from May 7, 1529, to December 20, 1530, and forms a most interesting supplement to the third part of the fourth volume of 'English and Foreign Despatches,' issued by Mr. Brewer in the same series of Calendars just four years ago. Mr. Brewer's work (unfortunately now concluded) embraces a few months more, as it begins from January 1, 1529, and ends with the conclusion of the following year. We must confess that, upon the appearance of that volume, we fancied that no new light would have been thrown upon the celebrated case for the divorce of Katharine of Aragon, which is a prominent feature in both these works. Mr. Brewer not only ransacked the libraries of England, in order to procure manuscript documents, but also inserted numerous epitomes of letters which have already appeared in print, and even anticipated the editor of the Spanish Calendar by analysing the transcripts sent home from Simancas. Notwithstanding all this, the present volume contains an immense amount of new information, derived chiefly from the despatches of Eustace Chapuys, the Imperial Ambassador in England. Don Pascual de Gayangos, who succeeded to the post so ably occupied by the late M. Bergenroth, has considerably extended the sphere of his operations, and has included documents in his collection, the originals of which are at Paris, Brussels, Vienna, and elsewhere. By far the most important papers are those preserved at Vienna; and the most curious point of all is, that we are indebted to a foreign repository for minute and accurate information as to the details of the intercourse between Henry and Katharine on the one hand, and between the King and Anne Boleyn on the other, such as will be in vain sought for in any English letters or papers of the period.

Before proceeding to notice these despatches, we may be permitted to make a few remarks on the general style in

which the editor has performed his task; and we regret to say that in this respect the work does not come up to what we expected, and indeed falls far short of the standard, either of Mr. Brewer's volumes or the volumes of the Venetian Calendar published by Mr. Rawdon Brown. The narrow limits to which the prefaces to these volumes have been restricted by order of the Master of the Rolls do not allow the editor to propound theories, either true or false, such as his predecessor indulged in, and we have no particular fault to find with the eight-and-twenty pages of preliminary matter, which are chiefly occupied with brief but useful accounts of the writers of the different despatches calendared in the body of the work. Some of these names will be entirely new to English readers, and it is a great advantage to those who are not familiar with the original documents of the time, to be put in possession of such information as the editor could glean of such diplomatists as Micer Miguel Mai, and Giovan Antonio Muscetola, or Muxetula, as his name is more frequently spelt, to say nothing of Dr. Garay, Dr. Ortiz, and others who are even less known in history than the two able ambassadors who conducted the case for the Queen at Rome under the Emperor's instructions. The remainder of the preface gives us some account of the repositories of the documents and of their past history, and especially of one volume of Berzosa's collection, now at Simancas. This volume seems wholly taken up with the divorce, and it is much to be regretted that the editor has given so meagre an explanation of the nineteen documents contained in it. We observe that all through the work he fails to notice whether a given document has been printed or not, and in this respect again there is a marked contrast between these volumes of Spanish papers and Mr. Brewer's valuable collection. Indeed, there are many blots in this Calendar. Not only are the explanations of names and circumstances alluded to much wanting in uniformity, but there is a considerable number of absolute mistakes; such, for instance, as giving the Bishop of London's name as Tunstall instead of Stokesley, and the name of Cranmer for that of Warham as Archbishop of Canterbury. Moreover, the editor has frequently misunderstood the meaning of a French sentence, and, in one instance at least, has blundered in rendering a Spanish document. We shall have occasion to notice some of these errors as we proceed. We may add that there are several suspicious spellings of Latin words, which are not rendered the less suspicious by the fact that in some cases attention is called to the mistakes by the insertion of a *sic*;

and in others no notice whatever is taken, so as to leave us quite in doubt whether it is a blunder of the original scribe, or of the editor, or of his amanuensis; or, again, whether it is a mere error of press. Even of this latter class of errors there are more than there ought to have been in a volume printed in so handsome a type and at the public expense.

Enough, however, of fault-finding. We proceed to notice the interesting documents which appear, analysed at considerable length, in this volume. But to be intelligible we must first give a brief account of the state of affairs in May, 1529, when the Calendar begins.

The idea of obtaining a divorce from Queen Katharine was then more than two years old. The first judicial proceedings had been taken before Cardinal Wolsey, at his house in Westminster, on May 17, 1527. How much earlier it had suggested itself to the King's mind will never now be known for certain; but if the letter to Anne, which speaks of Henry's love for her having existed more than a year, is rightly placed in December of this year or the January following, we may suppose the commencement of the affair to have been some time in the year 1526. The winter of 1527 and the spring of 1528 had been spent in ineffectual attempts to induce the Pope to pronounce against the validity of the dispensation which Julius II. had given for the marriage of Henry with his brother's widow. Wolsey, who at first had ardently promoted the cause of the divorce, for the purpose of an alliance with a French princess, believing, probably, that Anne Boleyn would soon follow in the wake of her elder sister Mary, and be discarded and married to some nobleman about the Court, had now resolved to face the inevitable, and was doing his best to further his master's wishes and to obtain a divorce from Rome, to enable him to marry Anne Boleyn. The exact relation in which the two lovers stood to each other it is impossible absolutely to determine; but the despatches of which we are going to give some account throw more light upon this point than any documents that have yet been published.

Clement VII., weak and vacillating, afraid alike of the King of England and the Emperor, had delayed the cause, till at length, in the summer of 1528, he commissioned Campeggio and Wolsey to hold a legatine court in England to try it. Campeggio, however, was instructed to prolong the matter as much as possible, and not to give a final judgment without consulting the Pope himself. The legate did not arrive in England till October, and in the following month the proceedings were further complicated by the Queen's producing

a breve, dated on the same day as the bull of dispensation for the marriage, differing, however, from the bull in that it provided for the case of the actual consummation of the previous marriage, which had been stated as a doubt in the bull. The virginity of the Queen at the time of her second nuptials, which had been believed by everybody from the first, is now established by abundant testimony, and became a turning-point in the case, though it would have been difficult to prove the fact after an interval of twenty years by any conclusive evidence. As yet the plea of conscience had been persistently urged by Henry. He had, in November, 1528, declared to the assembled nobles, councillors, aldermen, and principal citizens of London, that there was no one whom he would prefer to Katharine for a wife if their marriage was consistent with the law of God; but this plea, which was allowed in all conversations between the King and foreign ambassadors on the subject, was laughed to scorn by all Englishmen, though they could not have known that, at the very time of making it, Wolsey had been instructed to inform the Pope that the King had resolved to abstain from the company of his wife because of certain incurable maladies that he attributed to her. Englishmen in general disbelieved the plea, and Englishwomen were for the most part enthusiastic in their partisanship for the Queen, and infuriated against the woman who they saw was designed to supplant her.

Once in the course of the year 1529 a gleam of light had shone upon the case for the King and his advisers. Pope Clement nearly died, and so certainly was his death expected that every effort was made to secure the election of Wolsey to the papacy. It was probable that Wolsey himself did not care to be pope, except for the purpose of effecting the divorce and securing England to the papal obedience. But Clement's recovery left the case as it was before, and at the period when this volume commences, people were anxiously expecting the first session of the Legatine Court, which it was fondly thought would bring the case to a conclusion before the vacation.

When the case came on it was of the last importance to Wolsey and the King that the breve produced by the Queen should be proved to be a forgery. Though this breve is now known to have been genuine, and was already shrewdly suspected to be so by Wolsey, yet the English ambassadors were instructed to use their utmost endeavour to dispute its authenticity. There was much suspicion attaching to it; but, though a solution of all the difficulties connected with it can now be given, there was good ground for disputing

its genuineness when first it was produced. Those who are curious on the point may see the account of the whole matter in the preface to the 'Records of the Reformation,' published at Oxford in 1870. The third document in this volume is a long despatch from Mai to the Emperor, written at the moment when Gardiner, Bryan, Casale, and Vannes were doing all they could to induce the Pope to pronounce against the breve, and the Imperial ambassadors, Mai and Muxetula, were urging Clement to call up the cause to Rome. The recriminations of the Imperial and English ambassadors, which took place in the audience of the Pope, went beyond the utmost bounds of courtesy, and the Pope himself was treated by both parties in a style which can only be described by the term 'badgering,' Mai and an English lawyer, whom the editor need not have doubtfully suggested to be Dr. Stephen Gardiner, for it certainly was he, being the principal disputants. The timidity of Clement seems quite to justify Mai's opinion of him that he was very low-minded. It was upon the matter of the disputed breve that Chapuys was deputed on his mission to the Court of England. The draft of his commission is not dated, but it must have been made out about the end of May, 1529. Meanwhile the proceedings of the Legatine Court in England were brought to an abrupt termination by Campeggio's averring at the end of July that nothing more could be done till the following October, as the Roman vacation had commenced. Don Inigo de Mendoza had quitted England more than two months before, and writes from Brussels on July 30 that his successor as ambassador at the English Court had not yet appeared in Flanders. Of the trial itself the documents in this volume are consequently entirely silent. There was no one in England to detail its proceedings to the Emperor. But fortunately they are minutely related elsewhere, and that from a quarter whence they would not have been expected. In addition to all that we learn from Campeggio's diary, which has been published by Theiner from the original at the Vatican, all the particulars are contained in the despatches of the Venetian ambassador, and may be read in Mr. Rawdon Brown's 'Calendar of Venetian Despatches.' We need not refer further to them here. It is sufficient to observe that, though Wolsey believed that he and his colleague were acting *bonâ fide*, and that a decision would be come to, Campeggio had been secretly instructed by the Pope that no judgment was to be pronounced. In the ciphered despatch from Sanga to Campeggio of May 29 the following words occur:—

'You may rest assured that the citation of the cause hither, which

you have frequently insisted on, has been deferred, not because it was doubted whether the matter could be treated with less scandal here than there, but because His Holiness has ever shrunk from having to take a step which would offend the mind of that most serene King. But since you have not been able to prevent the commencement of the proceedings, His Holiness warns you that the process must be slow, and that no sentence must in any manner be pronounced. For this purpose you will not lack a thousand means and pretexts, if upon no other point, at least upon the breve which has been produced.' (Brewer's Calendar, vol. iv. p. 2480.)

However, long before Chapuys' arrival in England, the cause of the divorce had been cited to Rome, and there the battle was fought between the ambassadors of Charles and Henry, the poor Pope being at his wits' end to know how best to keep in with both parties, though knowing full well on which side of the case justice lay, and how he must eventually pronounce upon it, unless some lucky accident, such as the death of the Queen, should intervene to put an end to the proceedings.

At length Chapuys arrived in London, having travelled slowly by way of Munich, Geneva, Nancy, Namur, Antwerp, and Brussels, and congratulated himself on being free from the annoyance he would have had to endure if the trial had been going on during his residence at the English Court. His business was now comparatively easy. He had secretly to do all he could for the Queen, and to keep up a tolerable appearance of neutrality when summoned to the King's presence. This was rendered still easier by the fact of the peace at Cambray having been agreed upon August 5, 1529, between the Emperor and the French King. We shall therefore proceed to give such account as these papers furnish of the proceedings at the English Court during the time of Chapuys' residence there.

His first despatch is dated September 1, and at the time of writing it he evidently knew nothing of the state of parties in England. He had discovered that Wolsey's affairs were going from bad to worse, but had no notion who were his chief enemies, or who were taking his place in the King's Council. He had evidently heard before his arrival of the scandal created by Henry's conduct to Anne Boleyn, but does not seem to be aware of the relation in which she stood to the Duke of Norfolk, nor again of the influence which this nobleman and the Duke of Suffolk were exerting over the King. He says: 'The King's affection for La Boleyn increases daily. It is 'so great just now that it can hardly be greater. Such is the

'intimacy and familiarity in which they live at present. May 'God remedy it all!' (P. 196.) In the same letter he apologises for saying nothing about the Queen's case, alleging that the court had been adjourned to October 2, and that Campeggio was anxious to get away, as, owing to the avocation to Rome, no further proceedings would be taken in England. Under these circumstances all communications between the King and his Ministers and the Imperial ambassador were outwardly and to all appearance harmonious for the first few months of his sojourn in this country. Chapuys very soon learned that there was not the slightest hope of disengaging the King from his paramour, but Henry did not so quickly give up hopes of inducing the Emperor to withdraw his opposition to the divorce. The apparent frankness of manner and expression in the dialogues between Henry and Chapuys, and again between Chapuys and the Duke of Norfolk and others, as detailed by the Imperial ambassador himself, stands in marked contrast with the opinion which he very plainly expressed to the Emperor and the Regent of Flanders. The ambassador could not speak English, and had the option of speaking either in Latin or in French; but the communications seem to have been in French, which was the language in which the despatches are written, and which the King understood perfectly, and conversed in probably as easily as in English. At his first interview with the King all was smiling and serene. Henry complained indeed of the Emperor's not sending him the original of the suspected breve, stating his opinion that the breve was in all probability a forgery, though he avowed that he was sure the Emperor was incapable of countenancing any such deceit, if he should come to be aware of it. He said that the Pope had once promised most solemnly never to cite the case to Rome, as he had recently done, besides which, he added, 'I am a conscientious prince, who prefers his own salvation to all the goods and advantages of this world, as appears sufficiently from my conduct in this affair; for had I been differently situated, and not so prone to obey the voice of conscience, nobody should have hindered me from adopting other measures which I have not taken, and never will take.' (P. 225.) Chapuys explained that the Emperor was not at all bound to send the breve to the King, to whom it did not belong, as it was not addressed to him or to the Queen, and that the refusal of the Emperor to part with it was, apart from this consideration, perfectly reasonable, as there was great danger of its being lost on the road, and that there were not wanting parties ready enough to waylay the bearer and get hold of it,

which might be accomplished in various ways. The ciphered portions of this despatch are of considerable importance, for they show how alive the Queen was to the probable measures of her husband, and also how soon and how completely Chapuys comprehended the situation of affairs.

The Queen, he says, is frightened at the meeting of Parliament then summoned, in which she thought Henry would make some indirect attempt by means of a majority of votes, which he had been labouring to secure, to get rid of her without the Papal sanction. The ambassador had unquestionably gauged the mind of the English people when he penned the following sentence. Alluding to the celebrated saying of Suffolk to Wolsey on the day when the Legatine Court was prorogued till October 2, that cardinals had always done mischief in England, he says :—

‘I need scarcely observe that if these sentiments of the Duke gain ground with the King and the people of this country, there will be a door wide open for the Lutheran heresy to creep into England, which is the very identical threat made by the English ambassador at Rome when the Pope was pleased to grant the avocation, as I have informed your Majesty in a previous despatch. I firmly believe that if they had nothing to fear but the Pope’s excommunication and malediction, there are innumerable people in this country who would follow the Duke’s advice and make of the King and ordinary prelates as many popes. All this for the sole purpose of having the divorce case tried in England, notwithstanding the Holy Father’s inhibition, and not so much, perhaps, for the ill-will they bear towards ecclesiastics in general, but principally on account of their property, which they covet and wish to seize.’ (P. 236.)

Notwithstanding that Chapuys put so good a face on the matter, pretending to agree with the King, and asserted that the Emperor was entirely persuaded that his good brother of England was actuated solely by a conscientious desire to do what was right in the matter, he wrote to Charles, even thus early and at the express desire of the Queen, to warn him against being misled by any such plea. The idea of the separation, he said, originated entirely in his own iniquity and malice. Meanwhile, in spite of this unblushing allegation, his conduct towards Anne Boleyn was so glaring that the ambassador says that, as far as he can hear and judge, the King’s obstinacy and passion for the lady are such that there is no chance of recalling him by mildness or fair words to a sense of his duty.

As time went on it became more and more clear that there could be but one termination to the suit, whether the case

should be decided at Rome or in England. After the breve of avocation had been issued, the Legatine Court was at an end, and Campeggio left England October 7, exactly a year after his arrival. At his last interview with the Imperial ambassador he informed him that he had not the least doubt the case would be decided in favour of the Queen, and the marriage would be declared indissoluble. One curious point appears for the first time from this correspondence, viz., that the Queen had resolved not to make use of the breve, because it implied in its dispensing clauses that the marriage with Prince Arthur had been actually consummated, which she persistently denied. The Queen herself told Chapuys that the King, in conversation with her after dinner, had said, 'You wish to help yourself and defend the validity of the dispensation by saying that your former husband, Prince Arthur, my brother, never consummated marriage. Well and good, but no less was our marriage illegal, for the bull does not dispense *super impedimenta publica honestatis*, and therefore I intend disputing and maintaining against all people that a dispensation thus conceived is insufficient.' The letter containing this intelligence has also an interesting account of the fall of the Cardinal of York, and in a postscript which was written two days later, the writer announces his condemnation by the Council on the charge of high treason. On November 8 the Imperial ambassador describes the meeting of Parliament on the preceding Wednesday, November 3. A ciphered paragraph in this letter is worth transcribing, because it alludes to a subject which occurs two or three times in the correspondence, but is not mentioned elsewhere. He says :—

'It is rumoured that among the motions one will be made to marry the Princess [Mary] to the son of the Duke of Norfolk, and the King's mistress [Anne] to the son of the Duke of Buckingham, for both which alliances, and especially for the last, many specious reasons are alleged, although I must confess that, however desirable this last union might be for the better issue of the other affair (the intended divorce), I think it very improbable, and will not believe in its accomplishment till I see it with my own eyes.' (P. 325.)

The external appearance of decent behaviour was still kept up between the King and Queen, and on St. Andrew's Day they dined together. Chapuys, who of course was not present, but no doubt had his information direct from the Queen, relates that she complained of her husband's neglect, when he replied that she ought to know that he was not her legitimate husband, and that he had ascertained the opinion

of many learned men on the subject, and as soon as Dr. Stokesley brought back the sentence of the Parisian doctors, if the Pope should not decree in conformity with their opinion that the marriage was null and void, he would denounce the Pope as a heretic and marry whom he pleased. A great deal of altercation followed upon this, which was put an end to by the King abruptly quitting the room, and he had not recovered his temper when in the evening he sat down to supper with the Lady Anne. And here Eustace Chapuys relates what passed from the hearsay of 'some of those present;' what he reports must be taken for what it is worth. He says that at supper the Lady Anne reproached him as follows:—

'Did I not tell you that whenever you disputed with the Queen she was sure to have the upper hand? I see that some fine morning you will succumb to her reasoning and that you will cast me off. I have been waiting long, and might in the meanwhile have contracted some advantageous marriage, out of which I might have had issue, which is the greatest consolation in this world, but alas! farewell to my time and youth spent to no purpose at all.' (P. 352.)

The despatches all tell the same story. They harp upon the infatuated passion of the King for Anne Boleyn. In December Chapuys writes the opinion of the Duke of Norfolk on the case. 'The King's scruples of conscience instead of abating are on the increase, chiefly owing to the opinions of men who think as he does in this matter, and there is nobody in this world capable of turning the current of his passion or fancy in this particular case.' He adds in the same letter: 'Respecting the Queen matters can hardly be worse than than they are at present. Such is the blind passion of the King for the Lady, that I fear some of these days some disorderly act will take place.' It was not till the end of the year 1529 that Chapuys' eyes were thoroughly opened to the inevitable result. He had hoped like others that the extraordinary infatuation would pass away; but Anne's ambition to be queen was proof as yet against all her royal lover's solicitations, and as yet it is pretty certain that she had successfully resisted the King, though it seems more than probable that she had been improperly intimate with Wyatt, if not with others. But Chapuys had not only found out that somehow or other the King would marry Anne Boleyn, but he also saw that his conjecture that Norfolk was ambitious to gain the hand of the Princess Mary for his own son, with a view to that son succeeding to the crown, was altogether wrong. Norfolk knew at least as well as the Imperial ambassador that the marriage would take place, and that the male issue of such union would

come to the throne in preference to the Princess Mary. Everybody, he says, sees the King so much bent upon that unfortunate union that no one actually dares contradict him, and so, in order to countenance the intended alliance, the father of the lady was yesterday created an earl (December 6). On the day after the King gave a grand *fête*, to which several ladies of the Court were invited, and amongst them Mary Tudor, the Queen Dowager of France, and both the Duchesses of Norfolk, when the Lady Anne Boleyn took precedence of them all, being made to sit by the King's side, occupying the place allotted to a queen consort, a thing which had never before been done, as the ambassador thought. All the time this carousal was going on, poor Queen Katharine, he says, was seven miles away from the place, holding her own *fête* of sorrow and weeping.

Unquestionably no one would have imagined from the extreme anxiety manifested by Chapuys that the marriage would be delayed for nearly three years longer. He was evidently in great fear lest the Parliament, which he imagined to have been packed by the King for the express purpose, should pronounce the invalidity of the marriage, and the King instantly proceed to solemnise his nuptials with Anne. The chronic irritation against papal exactions had been recently exasperated by the avocation of the cause to Rome, which the English people thought was too great an indignity to be endured by their king. So persuaded was he that some move of the kind was contemplated, that he wrote for instructions how to act. He suggested means for weakening, or at least deferring, the action of Parliament as long as possible; for referring the case to Cambray instead of directly to Rome; or to the doctors of the Sorbonne, both sides being represented in order to check and delay the deliberations of Parliament. The following passage explains the ambassador's hopes and fears in the matter:—

‘I likewise deem it advisable to try, in my own name of course, *what can be done with the Duke of Norfolk*, and see whether we could not gain him over to our cause by means of some promise of help and assistance in the marriage of his son to Princess Mary, which is so much spoken of here that I consider myself perfectly justified to urge it on by pointing out the mutual advantages to be derived from it, as well as the troubles and anxieties it would remove. I have no doubt that such motives would strongly work upon the Duke, and yet there is ground for fearing that such a plan, if proposed, will be rejected; for should the Queen regain her influence and position before his son's marriage takes place, she is sure to have it broken off, and besides, injure the Duke in many other ways; for he knows well that the

Queen has never forgiven him some angry words which he and his wife, the Duchess, said on the occasion of her not allowing the latter to take precedence of her mother-in-law, by which both were much offended, especially the Duchess, who belongs to the House of Lancaster. The other motive of anxiety for the Duke is that, should the King return to his duty towards the Queen, his lawful wife, and the Lady should consequently be dismissed from Court, the Cardinal would, in all probability, regain his influence, as there is good reason for thinking, owing to his uncommon ability and the King's readiness to restore him to his former favour. Indeed, everyone here perceives that the King bears the Cardinal no real ill-will, and that in acting towards him as he did it was merely to gratify the Lady in this particular. Should, however, the King's affection for the Lady abate in the least, the Cardinal would soon find means of settling this business in a manner which would not only cost the opposite party their lives, but, as they suspect, make the Queen, who has lately shown some pity for the Cardinal's fall, help his return to power. It is therefore highly probable that they will all look more to their own immediate advantage or risk than to any chance for the future. Nevertheless, should the Queen approve of this plan of mine, I will try my best with the Duke; no harm, in my opinion, can result therefrom, and in the meantime your Majesty may carry out the suggestions conveyed in my despatch of the 9th inst. I must add, that when the King heard, as I failed not to assure him, that your Majesty was fully convinced that all his steps about this divorce were merely owing to his scruples and to the wish of relieving his conscience, he showed great satisfaction.' (P. 368.)

Soon after this follows a remarkable passage, which shows how well known the King's past connexion with Mary Boleyn was :—

'Had he, as he asserts, only attended to the voice of conscience, there would have been still greater affinity to contend with in this intended marriage than in that of the Queen, his wife, a fact of which everyone here speaks quite openly. (P. 369.)

This despatch is one of the most instructive in the volume. After making all due allowance for the prejudices of the writer, there appears to be no ground for disputing the substantial truth of his narrative. It fits in extremely well with all that has been hitherto known of the case of the divorce, and it represents what appeared to an imperialist the different probabilities or chances of the day. The allusion to the incestuous nature of the marriage with Anne, if it should take place, shows that the writer was not only aware of the scandal about Mary Boleyn, but from the expression of *a still greater affinity* it is plain that he had heard the rumour, though it was probably a false one, of the *liaison* with Sir Thomas Boleyn's wife, the mother of Mary and Anne. That the report, whether true or false, was widely spread, may be inferred from the

charge brought against a priest in 1533, of having stated the fact that the King had been guilty of adultery with both mother and daughter, which was published in the Oxford 'Records of the Reformation;' but this charge against Henry rests mainly on the assertions of his bitterest enemies.

We must be content with merely calling attention to a most interesting letter from the Emperor to his brother, the King of Hungary, written January 11, 1530. There is the less occasion for our attempting to analyse it here because it has already appeared at length in print; but it contains an important and valuable description of the state of Europe dated from Bologna, whither Charles had gone to meet the Pope, and to receive from his hands the Imperial crown. It was to Bologna that the ambassadors, Lord Wiltshire, Dr. Lee, and Dr. Stokesley, were sent, with a divine and a lawyer in their train—the one called Croma and the other Carmel. One of these names means Cranmer—we do not know which. It is known that he went as Sir Thomas Boleyn's chaplain; but who the other is we are unable to say. The real object of their embassy was to persuade the Emperor, at whose bidding they supposed the Pope to be, to consent to the divorce. Before they could have reached Bologna Chapuys had sent several more letters to the Emperor. Writing February 6, 1530, he says:—

'The Queen is treated as badly and even worse than ever. The King avoids her company as much as he can. He is always here with the Lady whilst the Queen is at Richmond. He has never been half so long without visiting her as he is at present, giving as an excuse that some one had died of the plague near her residence. He has also resumed his attempts to persuade her to become a nun—this, however, is but a delusion and loss of time, for the Queen will never condescend to consent to it.' (P. 447.)

Soon after this the mission to Oxford and Cambridge, for the opinions of these universities, and the scandalous proceedings by which they were obtained, are narrated in detail, and a good deal of information given as to the proceedings at Paris in the same case. A favourable opinion from Paris was thought of more importance than from any other university, and the most strenuous efforts were made to secure it. The details are graphically given direct from Paris by Dr. Garay, who was sent from the Emperor to watch the proceedings; but we must in this article confine ourselves to the despatches of Chapuys.

As time goes on the relations of the King and the Imperial ambassador appear to become less friendly, and it is not a little remarkable that Chapuys spoke out in the most open manner, contradicting the King, and telling him facts which

not one of his subjects would have dared to speak of before him. Chapuys was equally frank in speaking with the Duke of Norfolk. On one occasion the Duke said: 'Should the King, after having thoroughly proved the righteousness of his cause, and obtained the sanction of the ecclesiastics and of the Anglican Church, marry this woman, what will the Emperor do? Will he make war upon us? If so, I hope we shall defend ourselves well.' Chapuys replied that he could not imagine the King would ever give due cause for that, and even in the event of this second marriage taking place, there would be no need for any foreign prince to declare war against England, as the Duke must know that if the King divorced his Queen and took another wife, there would soon be mortal strife among his own subjects.

Nothing is more remarkable in these despatches than the light which they throw on home affairs, which we should rather have expected to find in histories or annals of the period. An instance of this occurs in the letter from Chapuys to the Emperor of May 10, 1530. No account has ever been given of two documents which have been printed in Wilkins's 'Concilia,' iii. 727. The one is called 'A public instrument made in an assembly of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and others, by order of King Henry VIII.,' containing divers heretical and erroneous opinions considered and condemned. The other is a proclamation, copied from Foxe, against the damnable heresy of Luther. The first contains extracts from some of Tyndale's works, and other books which are condemned. The second enumerates the books, with the addition of several others which are also condemned. Now this assembly is announced by the Imperial ambassador, who wrongly calls it a convocation, and he gives us the information that it was about to be held, and that the King intended to be present at all their deliberations, because he was so familiar himself with the subject of theology. The assembly is casually mentioned by Chapuys, who tells the Emperor of the Queen's fears lest it should have been called to promote the divorce, and adds that the Duke of Norfolk had assured him, upon his honour, that there was no such intention, but that the theologians and canonists had been summoned to take measures for preventing the spread of the Lutheran heresy. In a subsequent letter Chapuys informs the Emperor, in cipher, that this assembly never would have been held if it had not been for the publication of a certain book, said to be written by an English priest residing abroad, addressed to the King himself, touching the

divorce affair and other matters connected with him and his kingdom, in which the whole question was treated in a masterly and most complete manner. He thinks that otherwise the King, the Lady, and her father, would only have been too glad, in order to spite the Pope, that any Lutheran books specially directed against him should have been published in England. There can be little doubt that the book in question is Tyndale's 'Practyse of Prelates,' published at Marburg in 1530, which contains, as a second title, 'Whether the Kinges grace maye be separated from hys quene because she was his brother's wyfe.' The fact that the priest's brother and the merchants were condemned to throw the books publicly into the fire, is not, we believe, mentioned elsewhere. What the writer adds as having come to him on good authority must be taken for what it is worth. He says, also in cipher, that the King being afraid that the said priest will write still more boldly against him, and hoping to make him retract what he has already said in the matter, has offered him several good appointments and a seat in his council if he will come over (p. 848). The Queen, he says, was at this moment in better spirits, as she thought that the King would not venture upon the second marriage. The ciphered passage which follows is worth transcribing :—

'Should it take place, which may God prevent, I suspect that the King will hastily repent, and that he will be thankful to return to his first marriage, if by so doing he could be freed from the second.'

This was also, he adds, the opinion of the Cardinal and of many others. There is another passage in this letter which bears upon the rumour of Anne Boleyn's intrigues, but as it is mere hearsay, it must be taken for what it is worth. The ambassador says :—

'It is a long time since the Duke of Suffolk has been at Court. Some say that he has been exiled for some time, owing to his having denounced to the King a criminal connexion of the Lady with a gentleman of the Court who had already once been dismissed from Court on such suspicion. This time the gentleman had been sent away at the request of the Lady herself, who feigned to be very angry with him, and it was the King who had to intercede for his return. Others attribute the Duke's absence from Court to other causes, with which I will acquaint your Majesty at the very first opportunity. The King shows greater favour to the Lady every day; very recently, coming from Windsor, he made her ride behind him on a pillion, a most unusual proceeding, and one that has greatly called forth people's attention here, so much so that two men have been, as I am informed, taken up and sent to prison merely for having mentioned the fact and commented upon it.'

The allusion in this passage is to the alleged intrigue of Anne Boleyn with Wyatt; and this is the earliest intimation we have of it. People have been content, hitherto, to speak of it as a lie invented for party purposes by Sanders. But the story was told also by Harpsfield, and has recently been brought to light in the 'Treatise on the Pretended Divorce,' published by the Camden Society. Chapuys' letter shows that it had become the topic of conversation; and there is a remarkable confirmation of the story in a Spanish volume, published in 1874 at Madrid, from a nearly contemporary MS., entitled '*Crónica del Rey Enrico Otavo de Inglaterra.*' This volume is, indeed, by no means to be trusted, and a story found in it would be of little value without some corroboration from another source. It details most minutely the conversation held between Wyatt and the King after Anne Boleyn's disgrace in 1536, when the King made Wyatt repeat to him the charge which he made against her six years before, and which it is alleged Henry at that time bade him suppress. Unfortunately for Anne Boleyn's fame, the story must, we think, be pronounced to be tolerably well authenticated.

As there is no further allusion to this point, and the next letter is dated more than a month later, we suppose there is a missing link of one or more letters in the correspondence. In a despatch of June 15, Chapuys gives an anecdote in illustration of the power which Anne Boleyn was exerting at Court. Quite lately the King had sent to the Queen some cloth, begging that some shirts might be made of it for his own use; but Anne had roundly abused the bearer of the cloth, one of the principal gentlemen of the bed-chamber, in the presence of the King, who confessed that the cloth had been taken to the Queen by his order. And here we light upon altogether a new phase of action in Cardinal Wolsey. Hitherto it has been supposed that Wolsey had ceased after his fall to interfere in any matters of Court. But if the information which his physician gave Chapuys may be trusted, he had turned completely round, and was acting, or wishing to act, in the Queen's interest. It is of course disguised in ciphered writing.

'I have received a letter,' he says, 'from the Cardinal's physician in which he tells me in rather obscure terms that his master, not knowing exactly the state of the Queen's affairs, cannot give any special advice upon them; that, if he could get fuller information, he would give counsel and direction, as though Paradise were to be gained through it; for his happiness, honour, and repose depended upon that, and that it seemed to him that now was the time to take stronger measures, and call in the assistance of the secular arm, since so little

nerve was shown on the other side. The physician did not further explain the Cardinal's meaning, and therefore I am at a loss how to interpret his message and wishes.'

There is another passage in a subsequent letter which bears in the same direction :—

'The Cardinal sends daily to enquire how the Queen's cause is progressing, and why it is not more energetically pushed. He dislikes delay above all things, for he thinks that this business once settled, he has a good chance of returning to power.' (P. 692.)

Some of our readers will be familiar with the address of the nobles of England to the Pope, which was finally sent off with the date July 13. But no one has ever before told the story of the mode in which it was got up. The address itself may be read in Herbert, and it has been reprinted with the signatures, headed by Wolsey and Warham. It is creditable to the episcopate that only four bishops signed it, and we rejoice that the name of Sir Thomas More is not appended to it. But if what we have just seen of Wolsey is true, he must have been playing a double part, which is most discreditable to his memory. Chapuys alluded to it several times, and says that each of the signatories had been dealt with by the King separately, who first got together a considerable number by personal application, and then sent round commissioners from house to house, to obtain from each nobleman, whether ecclesiastic or layman, the required signatures; for which object, he says, commissioners started two days ago; and adds, 'There will doubtless be but few who will venture to oppose the King's will in this matter.'

On September 4th and 5th we have two letters—the first to Madame Margaret, the other to Charles—stating that Francis, by means of his ambassadors, had endeavoured to persuade the King to conclude the new marriage at once, saying that he would afterwards engage to obtain from the Pope all necessary licenses and dispensations; but that all the Council, except Norfolk and Boleyn, would not listen to any such proposal. Towards the end of the month Chapuys received a power of attorney to act for the Queen, which had been sent off three weeks before by the Emperor. And now the King appears to look upon Chapuys as his personal enemy, and to inveigh in no measured terms against the Pope's duplicity and scheming to the Emperor. The Imperial ambassador reports a conversation between the King and the Papal Nuncio, in which very strong and angry words were used; the King asserting that, unless the case could be tried by English prelates, he would take the matter in his own hands, and that he had prorogued

Parliament from October 5th for twenty days, in order to gain time for a final answer to come from the Pope. The Nuncio was the bearer of a despatch from Clement to the Queen, which the Pope had expressly written to see whether, upon his request to the King to be allowed to present it to Katharine, he would be refused. He was refused accordingly, and so Clement became convinced of the King's bad feeling in the affair. The same despatch informs us that the Chancellor had spoken so much in the Queen's favour that he had a narrow escape of being dismissed, and that the King, having found that the discussion in the Privy Council had got wind, had now taken precautions to prevent the Queen or anyone else from learning anything of importance, except by means of bribery and pensions.

The Papal Nuncio and Chapuys were now in constant communication, and they wrote to the Pope to say that he must proceed at once to pass sentence, as there was now no longer any hope of the King being induced to alter his course. On October 15 Chapuys wrote to the Emperor to say that the King, after calling together the lawyers and divines of the country, and finding that they could not consent to the cause being finally decided here by the Archbishop of Canterbury, had further prorogued Parliament till February, with the view of gaining over to his opinion a larger number of members. Nothing could be plainer than that the King had now made up his mind to have the case decided at home in his favour in whatever way might be possible. A General Council seemed probable, as the Lutheran affairs were beginning to press; but he feared that as much as the Pope disliked the idea of it. There was no attempt at secrecy any longer. The King abused the Pope and the clergy in the severest terms, both to Chapuys and to the Baron del Borgho, the Papal Nuncio. Whatever else was being talked about, the King would bring in the subject of the divorce, and on one occasion Chapuys observed the Lady at a window which commanded the gallery in which they were discussing the subject, listening to every word that was uttered; and the King, fearing that she might hear what he was going to say, moved the ambassador from the window, and took him to the middle of the room.

We wish we could collect more precise information from these letters about the Cardinal Archbishop of York; but every allusion to him is so mysterious, that it is difficult to understand the meaning of the sentences. Writing on November 13, Chapuys says that a week ago he was removed from the keeping of Northumberland to that of Talbot, and that his physician had been sent to the Tower as a traitor. The Duke of Norfolk

could not explain the reason of Wolsey's arrest; but it seems likely that the King had discovered that he was in secret communication with the agents for the Queen, and was greatly incensed against him.

As the time for the meeting of Parliament approached the Queen became more and more anxious. She knew the opinions of the Universities had been put into authentic form, and were to be read at the commencement of the session. But before that time came the poor Cardinal had breathed his last. It seems that the King in his papers had complained that no one did business now as Wolsey had managed things for him, and that Anne Boleyn and the Norfolk faction were bent on his destruction. The accusation brought against him was his tampering with the Courts of Rome and with France in order to obtain his restoration to office. One would hope, if one could, that Wolsey had seen his error, and was endeavouring to repair it. But we have found nothing in these documents which helps to decide the question. On November 27 Chapuys announces his arrest, and adds, what is important, that his physician had been arrested also, and was entertained like a prince by the Duke of Norfolk. Coupling this with the fact that a year or two later Agostini was expecting a reward for secret services he had performed at his master's death, it can scarcely be doubted that the physician had turned against Wolsey, and had given the information which would have led to worse consequences if he had not anticipated the machinations of his enemies by dying on the eve of St. Andrew's Day.

The letter ends with an important piece of information:—

‘Whilst I was writing this a good and trusty man called and said to me that he had been informed by the prothonotary of the Archbishop of Canterbury that the King not only wished to have a copy of the documents above referred to, but also to have them translated into the English language and attested, and that the Earl of Wiltshire had requested him, in the King's name, to make the said translation, and so shape the text by enlarging it wherever it might seem desirable, and that the conclusions and papers should turn entirely to the King's advantage. This, and other circumstances which I omit, will give your Majesty an idea of their way of proceeding in this matter.’ (P. 827.)

The month of December was important, as the crisis was coming, and the Pope was certain soon to issue the breve, forbidding the cohabitation of the King with Anne Boleyn, which arrived at the beginning of the year 1531. The King knew what was coming, for he had been informed by his ambassadors in a ciphered despatch of the Pope's intentions.

The Duke of Norfolk reproached the Papal Nuncio for never having alluded to the subject, and the Nuncio had replied that he had refrained from speaking for fear of aggravating the King's anger, and producing violent and threatening language, such as the King had recently used against the Pope; and that the Pope had himself instructed him not to give himself any further trouble in vindicating his conduct to the King, as he had more than sufficiently acquitted himself of all his obligations, and must now consider his duty to God and his conscience, and how best to ensure justice to the parties concerned.

As we approach the end of the year the ambassador's despatches become more and more interesting. He wrote on December 17, and again on Tuesday, the 21st. In this last he alludes to one of the 18th, which, if the date is correct, has been lost. But he gives most important information, of which we have only the most indirect account elsewhere, of a meeting held on Sunday the 19th at Lambeth by Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, at which Stokesley, Lee, and Foxe were present, in which they vainly endeavoured to persuade Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, to change sides. Fisher was a perfect model of integrity and honesty, and replied that the matter was too clear to require argument, and besides, that the Pope was the only person who could pronounce authoritatively on the case. But he was informed that all his self-will and obstinacy would not affect the decision at all, for that the King had determined to appoint six doctors on one side and six on the other, to debate the matter, with two impartial judges to hear what each side had to say, and to pronounce definitively upon it. The debate accordingly was fixed for January 12, 1531, and Parliament, which had been prorogued to February 2, was summoned for January 16, from which circumstance people began to conjecture that the King was now bent on carrying out his design immediately with the help of Parliament. We may judge of the prevailing agitation from what Chapuys says as to the current rumours to which people began to attach importance, that the kingdom was at the time to be destroyed by a woman; in accordance with which fear some worthy English merchants had been to him to consult him about removing their goods to Flanders or Spain, and settling there. One of the worst signs, he thought, was that the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had hitherto been on the Queen's side, went over to that of the King. The Queen had sent him the intelligence that Warham had drawn up two documents, one being an appeal to a

General Council, and a protest of the nature of which she could learn nothing. Chapuys was of opinion that Warham, on the score of being entitled by special privilege to conduct the case, had protested against his jurisdiction being transferred to Wolsey and Campeggio, but he added that his timidity and his age were so great that he thought much reliance could not be placed on him. Chapuys seems to have been well informed as to what was happening, and remarkably sagacious in guessing what was about to transpire. Things were just passing into Cromwell's hands, and the proceedings in Parliament owed their origin to this unscrupulous minister's suggestion. But Eustace Chapuys was not sufficiently behind the scenes as yet to know this, and there is no mention of the name of Cromwell in this volume. But several of the contents of this letter are remarkably verified by hints which appear in other documents of the period, which have hitherto been somewhat difficult to understand. One instance of this is the suggested conference with Fisher. No notice of this has been taken by historians. Burnet (i. 143) found a letter from Stokesley to Fisher on the subject, which he assigned to January, 1533, forgetting that there was no Archbishop of Canterbury living at the time. Whether he supposed that it was Warham or Cranmer who offered to debate the matter with Fisher cannot be ascertained, nor does it much matter, as the whole transaction belongs to a period two years antecedent to what Burnet supposed. The letter itself has been printed at length in the 'Records of the Reformation,' but the editor has unfortunately also mistaken the date, attributing it to 1533 instead of 1531. The despatch from Chapuys to the Emperor not only settles this point, but explains the whole tenor of the letter, which is inexplicable if referred to any other than its true date.

The same despatch supplies another instance in point. And it relates to a more important subject than the settling of the date of a conference to discuss the matter of the divorce. It has long been known that Reginald Pole was in France, and at Paris during the time when the opinions of the doctors and canonists of that university were being procured for the King; but it is only since the publication of the 'Records of the Reformation' at Oxford in 1870 that Pole has appeared as at one moment an active partisan for the King, using all his influence, and that not very honestly, to bias the doctors of theology and canon law. The subsequent interview between Pole and the King has indeed been graphically described by himself, and the story appears in most of the

histories of the period. But we have in Chapuys' despatch of December 21, 1530, a confirmation of the proceeding, as well as a remarkable addition to it, though Chapuys seems not to have known even the name of the young agent for the King, whose change of purpose he describes, and even the editor of the Calendar appears to be in entire ignorance of the person intended.

The paragraph we are alluding to is as follows. It is, as usual in the most important particulars of the ambassador's despatches, written in cipher:—

'There remains but little to say excepting that the King has offered to the son of the Princess's governess, who is a relative of his, the archbishopric of York, on condition of his being one of the two neutral judges above mentioned, and complying with the King's wishes in that respect; but he has declined the appointment, saying very candidly that he considered he had already sinned against his conscience, when, in obedience to the King's command, he had tried to forward the King's case at Paris.' (P. 854.)

Now, the first few lines of this paragraph plainly prove that Reginald Pole is the person meant, the son of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, the younger brother of Edward IV., who had been selected by Katharine as governess to the Princess Mary, partly, it is supposed, from a desire of cultivating a friendship with an illustrious member of the House of York, whose brother, the heir of that house, had been put to death before the marriage of Prince Arthur with Katharine, in order to secure the throne from a possible claimant from that family. The offer of the Archbishopric of York to Pole is a matter of history, but it is entirely new that the northern primacy was offered him under the condition of accepting conjointly with Warham the decision of the question as to the legitimacy of the marriage of the King with his brother's virgin widow. Of course the bargain was that the decision should be in favour of the King, and possibly it was the very form of the proposal that opened Pole's eyes to the iniquity he had been already guilty of in endeavouring to procure the favourable sentence of the University of Paris. It is not a little remarkable that thus early in the course of the proceedings Pole had begun to falter. Chapuys says of him: 'Being pressed by me to speak according to his conscience, he depreciated those doctors much more than I had done to the Duke of Norfolk, and strongly commended the doctrine of those who held for the Queen.' Whether Pole is the person alluded to in another letter of August 2 is perhaps not quite so certain. After ob-

serving that the Queen had been informed of the disgraceful way in which the sentence had been obtained at Paris, he adds that she is perfectly indifferent to all that has been done there in the cause, and that he thinks she is right to disregard the opinion extorted by such unfair means; for he says: 'I have certain information that one of those who went over to agitate for the King has said the same thing since his return from that capital, and expressed his great surprise that there should have been so many distinguished men in that university ready of their own accord to speak out so boldly and firmly in support of the Queen's cause.' (P. 673.) Now, this paragraph, in all probability, refers to Pole, and fits in extremely well with what is said elsewhere in these letters, and with the two letters to him from the King, which were first produced by the editor of the 'Records of the Reformation.'

The volume ends with a most interesting letter written in Spanish by the Queen herself to the Pope, imploring him no longer to delay trying her case and giving sentence upon it. It is without date, but must be the letter which Chapuys alludes to as included in the parcel which carried his own two letters of December 21 to the Emperor. The editor has assigned it to December 17. The exact date of the day of the month on which it was written is of little importance, but the contents of the letter gives us information which is not to be had elsewhere. It is certainly not a little remarkable that Katharine, knowing the terms of familiarity on which Henry was living with Anne Boleyn, should have expressed such confidence in what she calls his natural goodness and virtues. She tells the Pope that if she could only have him two months with herself, as he used to be, she had power enough to make him forget the past. She attributes his persistent infatuation for his mistress entirely to evil counsellors, who were her real enemies, and who, she says, 'wage constant war against me. Some of them, that the bad counsel they gave the King should not become public, though they have been already well paid for it, and others that they may rob and plunder as much as they can, thus endangering the estate of the King, my lord, to the risk of his honour and the eternal perdition of his soul.' 'These are the people,' she continues, 'from whom spring the threats and bravadoes preferred against your Holiness; they are the sole inventors of them, not my lord.' (P. 856.)

The last despatch that the Imperial ambassador wrote is dated December 29, but it was kept open by desire of the Queen till the 31st, when he enclosed a ciphered communication she had received from Rome, from an unknown writer, who is

described as 'a person in authority,' informing her that an excusator had appeared on the part of the King, claiming that the cause should be heard elsewhere than in Rome, and advising that every effort should be made to counteract the design of the opposite party. The despatch ends with the words: 'I write as a faithful servant of the King, my lord, and of your Highness, that you should save your husband's honour from those who are daily heaping disgrace upon him.'

Here we must take leave of this remarkable volume of State papers. The remaining part, which will probably be published in the course of this year, will, we have no doubt, contain further revelations, though it can scarcely give us more important contributions to the history of the period.

ART. XI.—*The New Parliament, 1880.* By WILLIAM SAUNDERS. London: June, 1880.

THIS little volume is a useful compendium of the causes, incidents, and results of the late election. It is, to borrow the language of the racing season, the 'correct card' of the contest, with the names and colours of the riders, comprising within a modest compass a narrative of the events immediately preceding the dissolution, a selection from the addresses and speeches of the principal candidates, and a full account of the numbers polled on each side, with a biographical sketch of some 240 new Members of Parliament. With this opportune guide we may venture to offer some remarks on the composition of the Legislature and the Administration to which the government of the British Empire has been entrusted by the people of England, perhaps for several years.

In looking back on this record of a period of excitement we find a good deal which might have been left unsaid, or which might have been better said, even by eminent men, on both sides. Perhaps Lord Beaconsfield has had cause to reflect in the shades of Hughenden that his letter to the Duke of Marlborough—intended, doubtless, to open the lists with the blast of a trumpet—was not felicitous in the choice of topics or in the choice of language. The 'constitutional tie' is not broken; the 'expediency of the Imperial character of this 'realm' is not assailed; the 'power of England and the 'peace of Europe' are not impaired. The address of Lord Hartington, on the contrary, was by general consent the most sensible and statesmanlike which the occasion called forth. It is entirely free from exaggeration; it leaves nothing to be

retracted or explained; and, viewed by the light of subsequent events, it affords a sufficiently clear view of the policy of the present Government on the principal questions of the times. For the rest, the majority of these addresses and speeches, struck off on the spur of the moment, present as little interest as a last year's almanac, and are already forgotten; if remembered at all, they are sometimes quoted to establish a charge of inconsistency against those who delivered them.

Inconsistency! Long life to it! There is a vast deal of inconsistency in politics which may not only be condoned, but received with approbation and gratitude. Inconsistency is the staff of halting politicians, the salve of wounded consciences, and the only remedy for political intoxication. It makes the crooked straight, and the rough places plain. It is the bridge by which men pass from wrong to right, from passion to reason, from error to truth, from the impossible to the possible, from the polemics of the hustings to the responsibilities of government. Inconsistency turned Saul, the persecutor, into Paul, the apostle; inconsistency taught King Clovis to burn what he had adored, and to adore what he had burnt. By inconsistency the Duke of Wellington emancipated the Roman Catholics; by inconsistency Sir Robert Peel abolished the Corn Laws; by inconsistency Mr. Disraeli introduced household suffrage; by inconsistency Mr. Gladstone has more than once modified at one time of life, and in a more liberal sense, the opinions and measures he entertained or advocated at another time. Indeed without the grace of inconsistency our Prime Minister might still be a hot Tory and a bigoted Churchman. Men of a fiery temperament, especially if they are endowed with the perilous gift of eloquence and wit, are apt to say a good deal more than they will ever do. Sir William Harcourt at Scarborough or at Oxford, and Sir William Harcourt dealing with the Water Supply of London or the Game Laws from the Treasury bench, would do well to assume a different attitude, and change his arms from those of offensive to those of defensive warfare. But why should we cite personal instances of inconsistency, when the House of Commons itself—the new House of Commons of the young Parliament—has given the world a transcendent example of this virtue by rescinding in one week the resolution it had passed by an equally large majority in the week before? After such a proof of its ductility, who can doubt the fine temper of the metal?

As far as the country is concerned and the public interests, such changes are hailed with general satisfaction, when they

are the result of reflection and common sense. Nothing can be more unfounded than to suppose, because a Liberal Administration has come into power, containing, as it ought, some important representatives of advanced Liberal opinions, that we are living under what the Tories were pleased to call a 'Radical dictatorship.' A dictatorship in this country, although it were a dictatorship of eloquence and patriotism, would not be of long duration. This sort of exaggeration on the Conservative side is quite as misplaced and unfounded as anything that was said by the sharpshooters of the Liberal party; and if there is something to abate on the one hand, there is everything to be recanted on the other. Far from regretting that the tempest raised by the dissolution of Parliament has subsided, we rejoice that the winds have fallen into a more gentle breeze, which renders the voyage on which we are embarked infinitely more safe and pleasant.

But, although we feel great indulgence for that sort of inconsistency which leads men to prefer temperate courses to intemperance and violence, we are by no means inclined to claim that indulgence for ourselves. We confess that we are rather proud than ashamed of a dogged adherence to old-fashioned Whig principles. Not being addicted to the use of strong polemical language, and not having the excuse of the hustings, a writer on political subjects, who treats them with deliberation, ought to have nothing to unsay. And we hope that this is our own case. We would even venture to remind our readers that the programme of the policy of the Liberal party, published in this journal on the eve of the dissolution, under the title of 'Plain Whig Principles,' has been fulfilled more nearly than might have been anticipated, and has, as far as we know, not been exceeded by any measures of a political character, although the new ministers may be accused of some deviations from sound economical principles.

We quoted a dictum of Lord Russell's that whenever the Liberal party was reconstituted it would be on a Whig basis. The present Administration comprises the following members amongst others :—

Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary of State.
Marquis of Hartington, Indian Secretary of State.
Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Home Secretary of State.
Earl of Kimberley, Colonial Secretary of State.
Mr. Childers, Secretary of State for War.
Earl of Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Earl Spencer, Lord President of the Council.
Marquis of Ripon, Viceroy of India.

Earl Cowper, Viceroy of Ireland.
Duke of Argyll, Lord Privy Seal.
Mr. Dodson, Local Government Board.
Mr. Adam, Commissioner of Works.
Earl of Morley, Under-Secretary for War.
Mr. Grant Duff, Under-Secretary for the Colonies.
Lord Frederic Cavendish, Secretary to the Treasury.

We have sometimes been told that there is no such thing as a Whig left in England—that they are as extinct as the dodo. Here, at least, are some survivors of the species. He must be a very unconscionable and exacting Whig indeed who is not satisfied by this array of names. They are the names of the most considerable men in our party. They are, we firmly believe, the men best able, at the present time, to govern the country with prudence and success. The Whigs have been accused, we think unjustly accused, of being an exclusive party. They have, on the contrary, sought to rally to their standard recruits both from the side of Liberal Conservatism, and from that of more advanced democratic opinions. Thus most of Sir Robert Peel's immediate followers, after 1850, melted into Lord Palmerston's Government, and there has been a strong and sincere desire to include in Liberal Administrations the men of advanced opinions who gave most promise of executive ability or of Parliamentary talent. In forming his Cabinet, on the present occasion, Mr. Gladstone, whom no one accuses of exclusive Whig predilections, very wisely proposed office to Mr. Bright, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Mundella. They form a very important ingredient in the Government, and we attach great value to their advice and co-operation. It is desirable and proper that the opinions of the large section of the people of England which they represent should be worthily expressed and fully weighed. But they are not the dominant principle of the present Ministry. The Radical or advanced portion of the Liberal party in the present House of Commons is supposed to consist of about one-third of the Ministerial majority. It seems to us preposterous to suppose that the element in the Government and in Parliament which is numerically and personally the least strong should exercise a fatal ascendancy or paramount authority over their colleagues. To the Whig statesmen we have named moderate Liberals throughout the country look to uphold the sound and time-honoured principles of their party; to refuse all unwise compliances with measures at variance with the rules of political economy and of justice; and to resist the cry for rash and

reckless innovations. This is what the Whigs have done before and may do again, without ceasing to promote the cause of progress and reform. We believe them to be equally capable of performing those duties now; but should they unhappily fail, they will extinguish their party and ostracise themselves.

To two of the most eminent persons in the Government, Lord Selborne and Mr. Gladstone himself, the foregoing remarks do not apply. Lord Selborne, whose acknowledged eminence as a lawyer places him at the head of his profession, is a Liberal Churchman, who has shown on more than one occasion that with him political expediency and party connexion do not outweigh conscientious personal opinions.

Mr. Gladstone would probably disclaim the appellation of 'Whig,' and it would be presumptuous in us to affect to circumscribe his vast and versatile genius within the stricter limits and traditions of the Whig party. The circumstance is a fortunate one, if it places him in a broader and loftier position than those who surround him. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly possessed at the crisis of the election the confidence of the majority of the electoral bodies; he has perhaps a keener perception than any other statesman of their wants and wishes; he is an essential element of a popular Government; and, to speak plainly, neither the leaders of the Whig party nor Mr. Gladstone himself could carry on the Government without their mutual, cordial, and united support.

But we entirely deny that the Whig party suffers any diminution of strength or influence from this just and necessary alliance. A man may be a sound Liberal without being a Whig, but he cannot be a Whig without being a Liberal. What, then, is the distinction? Briefly this: the Whigs are a section of the Liberal party who adhere to a creed; they have articles of belief; they admit the authority of tradition; they form their judgment and regulate their conduct on principles which have been recognised and established amongst them for two centuries. Thus they believe in Constitutional Monarchy; they uphold the authority of the law over the National Church in restraint of clerical pretensions; they adhere firmly to the doctrines of the great English economists; they approve the share in government of an aristocracy not founded only on rank and wealth, but open to merit and recruited by public services; they do not think that the introduction of pure democratic principles (as seen in some other countries) is so favourable to liberty, stability, and good government as the maintenance of the British Parliamentary Constitution. The political Free-

thinkers of the present day, of course, dissent from these old-fashioned and orthodox views of the Whig party. They are at liberty to proclaim their preference for republican government, for a voluntary ecclesiastical system, for secular schools, for the extinction or limitation of settlements of property and endowments, for arbitrary restraint on the trade in liquor, for the propagation of noxious diseases, or for universal suffrage, with all its consequences. We do not quarrel with them on that account, though we cannot agree with them. But they agree with us in our sympathy with freedom and free institutions throughout the world, in our desire to advance in the track of national progress, and in our love of economy and peace.

In a country subject to popular delusions and strange outbursts of fanaticism and ignorance—a country which produces believers in Arthur Orton, and constituents of a Kencaly and a Bradlaugh—large allowances must be made for extravagant opinions. But it is the first duty of enlightened statesmen to combat them. We can conceive nothing more contemptible than to temporize or waver, with regard to fixed principles of legislation and government, out of regard to the interests or passions of any ill-informed class of electors. They who claim to lead the nation, should lead it right. Thus we regret extremely that when the President of the Board of Trade received a deputation of foolish tradesmen who came to protest against the liberty of trading in Co-operative Stores, he did not manfully vindicate the principles which govern those useful institutions, which were first adopted for the protection of the class of artisans, but have now benefited all classes of society. Mr. Chamberlain seemed, on the contrary, chiefly anxious to defend himself from the charge of dealing with a co-operative society, as if it were a crime. He should have told the deputation that all forms of commercial association are in this country open to all classes, and that there is not a public servant in the country who, as land-owner, mine-owner, capitalist, merchant, or manufacturer, is not practically engaged in trade, and in competition with other traders. He might have added that the co-operative societies, by encouraging cash payments and reducing prices, have benefited the tradesmen themselves.

A measure, introduced, we are sorry to say, by another member of the Government, to relieve from repeated penalties the persons who refuse to vaccinate their children, is still more indefensible. It is a criminal surrender of a public duty to a most mischievous agitation. The law compels a man to have his child vaccinated, in the first place, because he has no right to expose the child to a malignant disease; and, secondly,

because he has no right to propagate a malignant disease among his neighbours. The penalty is merely the sanction of a legal and moral obligation. To remit the penalty is, in the eyes of the vulgar, to relax the obligation and to paralyse the law. Considering what the consequences of such a measure may be, it merits the strongest condemnation. But that condemnation is still further increased by the consideration that it is impossible to conceive that the Ministers who propose such a measure are themselves the dupes of it, or are blind to its evil effects. It is on their part simply a surrender of their own judgment and knowledge to a mischievous agitation. This is not the way a State can be governed. We have a right to expect that the eminent men who now hold office should act strictly upon their own principles and convictions, and should never stoop to waive them. We have a right to expect that there should be no legislation in violation of fixed principles, which have the certainty of science, and are accepted as truths by all the enlightened members of the community. The Liberal party claims, we think with reason, a more advanced position in knowledge and intelligence than that of its opponents : is that position to be sacrificed in obedience to the clamour of the most ignorant portion of society ?

The Employers' Liability Bill is another measure of a purely social and non-political character, though not the less important on that account. This Bill has encountered serious opposition from those who are best qualified to judge of its effect, and the opposition has been most strongly expressed on the Liberal side of the House. The questions it raises must be dealt with simply on sound economical principles, and there is reason to fear that the scheme proposed by the Government is crude, and might do more harm than good both to masters and to workmen.

Upon the whole, it is computed that about 230 members of the Liberal party in the new Parliament are men professing moderate opinions, and not favourable to the test questions of the extreme section. The party professing more advanced opinions is estimated at about 110, exclusive of the Irish Home Rulers. As compared with the last Parliament, the two great parties in the House of Commons have as nearly as possible changed their respective positions. In 1874 the country returned 351 Conservatives and 250 Liberals ; in 1880 the numbers are 349 Liberals and 243 Conservatives, leaving the Irish members out of the account. Such, at least, is Mr. Saunders's computation in the volume now before us. We

shall therefore assume this to be the aspect of the present House of Commons.

The Liberal party undoubtedly achieved a signal victory at the last election, and their opponents collapsed, chiefly, as we believe, because their power and efficiency as a Government, more especially in the House of Commons, were exhausted, and because they were convicted of some egregious blunders in Indian and Colonial policy, and of inefficiency in their financial arrangements. The state of business in the public offices, the critical questions left untouched in Ireland, in India, in the Colonies, and at home, and the irregularity in our finances have imposed a heavy load on the successors of the late Government, and sufficiently demonstrate that they were as deficient in administrative ability as in Parliamentary eloquence. But it is not our intention to resume this discussion. We advert rather to the circumstances which accompanied their fall and restored their antagonists to power.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that there was one thing almost as costly as a battle lost, and that is a battle won. We confess that, however we may be gratified by the result of an election which has restored our friends to power, there is much in the late electoral struggle, and on both sides, which we cannot regard with satisfaction. Nothing is more strange to a looker-on than the fact that out of this mass of exaggeration, passion, manœuvring, deception, and extravagance is evolved the basis of the government of a free, moral, and intelligent people. A cynic might imagine that at such a time all the worst qualities of the nation obtain a momentary ascendancy, and supplant the best. The proud stoop, the independent bow, the honest equivocate, the honourable corrupt, yet happily the result is infinitely superior to the means employed to obtain it.

Reckoned in pounds, shillings, and pence, these means are weighty enough. There were probably about 1,000 candidates in the field at the late election, for we suppose that at least two-thirds of the 652 seats were contested. It appears from the declared expenses of candidates, whether successful or not, that not many of these contests cost the individual nominated less than 2,000*l.*; and, if the undeclared expenses are reckoned, this sum of 2,000*l.* would be a low average for the cost of challenging a seat. At that rate a general election costs the country 2,000,000*l.*, or rather 2,000,000*l.* are spent in the country, and in very questionable ways, by about a thousand gentlemen who aspire to the honour of a seat in Parliament. And how has this money been spent? In foolish

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No. CCCXII.

ART. I.—1. *Life of Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch.* By ALEXANDER M. DELAVOYE, Captain 56th Foot (late 90th L.I.). London—Richardson & Co.: 1880.

2. *Records of the 90th Regiment (Perthshire Light Infantry).* By ALEXANDER M. DELAVOYE. London: 1880.

THESE volumes contain two very remarkable biographies; each constituting a valuable contribution to history, and full of interest and incident. If their respective titles had been the 'Adventures of a Scottish Laird' and the 'Fortunes of a Scottish Regiment,' the contents would not have belied the description. One of these volumes is the 'Life of Thomas Graham of Balgowan,' better known to this generation as Lord Lynedoch. The second is devoted to a 'History of the 90th Regiment,' which Lord Lynedoch raised in 1794. The story, in both volumes, is told with a simplicity which adds to its interest. In the first, the hero is mainly left to give his own account of his adventures, through his letters and memoranda. The second is composed of the annals of a gallant regiment which had its part in most of the important military events in which our troops were engaged since its embodiment, and which at this day has lost none of its renown. But, unpretending as the biographer's task is, we doubt if Scott in the full vigour of his powers could have produced a tale of fiction more replete with every element of romance.

A mere outline of the argument or plot of the first of these volumes will indicate at once the dramatic ingredients it contains: and with it, for the present, we are chiefly concerned. It exhibits the life of a Perthshire country gentleman, of fair

estate and good family, who until he was forty-four years of age had lived on his property, hunted, shot, and farmed like his neighbours, until he was overwhelmed by a sudden blow in the death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Thenceforth his old haunts and pursuits became distasteful to him: he left his home, and wandered over Europe in search of distraction of thought, until chance brought him to Toulon, when that place was seized by the British troops in 1793. Having as a volunteer exhibited some aptitude for military tactics during the siege which followed, an avidity for a soldier's career sprang up within him. He returned home and raised a regiment at his own charges, in which he held the position of colonel; and the regiment so raised has carried the fame of British arms to the ends of the earth. After waiting for nearly fifteen years for permanent rank in the army, which during that period was withheld from him, he at last obtained it under circumstances full of singular interest; and we read how he subsequently inscribed his name on the roll of Britain's greatest commanders. When the war was over, the veteran survived to enjoy his reputation and honours for thirty years, and died fifty years after he had first gone in search of the career—perhaps the grave—of a soldier.

This far from exhaustive table of contents indicates the remarkable life of a remarkable man: too little known to his countrymen, partly because his strictly military career was short, and partly from his own unassuming nature. But no one can peruse this record, admirably compiled from his own writings, without being impressed by the clear and lucid vigour of his thoughts, and the unaffected simplicity and magnanimity of his nature. He had not an ignoble tinge in his devotion to his country, and admitted no rival to share it. Few heroes have come out so well from the ordeal of their own recorded words. Though simple, he was a thorough man of the world, familiar with the languages and the best circles of Europe; but the dignified abnegation of himself, combined with a manly tenacity of what he felt to be becoming, which we find in these letters, denote true loftiness of mind. While they show him firm in his resolve, and rapid in conception and action, they have the freshness and unconsciousness of a well-conditioned schoolboy. Add to this a bold, undaunted spirit, which brought him through dangers which few would have surmounted, or perhaps encountered, and we recognise the lineaments of a leader of men. But this is not a mere romance, nor a mere biography. It is a history which embraces the most exciting period, and some of the most exciting events,

through which Europe ever passed. In some of these Graham was only a looker on, and acts the part of a narrator of considerable power; in many of them he bore an active part; and it may thus not be uninteresting to our readers if we fill up in some detail the brief outline we have given, and follow out the narrative before us in some of its most striking features.

Thomas Graham of Balgowan was born in the year 1748: he died in the year 1843. He was thus a year older than Charles Fox, had seen the commencement of the American War of Independence, and outlived the passing of the first Reform Bill by eleven years. An eventful life, even if it had not been marked by a personal share in some of the great occurrences it covered. His father, Thomas Graham of Balgowan, was a well-descended landed proprietor in Perthshire who married Lady Christian Hope, sister of the Earl of Hopetoun. Thomas was the third of his sons, the two eldest having died early. His education was commenced under a private tutor, who himself was destined to some literary fame, and a tomb in Westminster Abbey. He was the well-known James Macpherson, the supposed translator of Ossian. His instructions do not seem to have infused into his pupil much of the poetic temperament; but Graham's command of easy and powerful language, and his high, well-balanced sense of rectitude and honour, show that his early studies and the formation of his character had been committed to conscientious and able hands.

He entered Oxford as a gentleman commoner of Christchurch in 1766. His father died in the following year, leaving him a competent estate, but placing him until he came of age under the guardianship of his uncle, Lord Hopetoun. When he left Oxford in 1768 he was advised by Lord Kinnoul (a very kindly and sensible letter from whom is printed in this collection) to spend some time in travelling on the Continent. He followed this advice, and thereby acquired an advantage which afterwards was in great measure instrumental in raising him to distinction. He spent several years abroad, and became a perfect master of French and German: an attainment which, during the troubled condition of Europe in subsequent years was of rare occurrence even in well-born circles. Tall and large of limb and powerful of frame, he returned to take possession of his paternal estate in 1772. He was addicted to all sorts of athletic sports, an admirable horseman and a keen sportsman, and capable of enduring the severest exercise, exposure, and fatigue. In the same year, at the age of twenty-four, he contested the county of Perth in the Whig interest against Colonel Murray, a brother of the Duke

of Athol, but without success on this occasion. But his country life and his Whig politics were both destined largely to colour his after career, in a direction little expected at the time.

On December 26, 1774, Mr. Graham married the Hon. Mary Cathcart, second daughter of Lord Cathcart. The light in which the young Laird of Balgowan was regarded in the Perthshire circles may be judged of by a sentence from a letter of his father-in-law, Lord Cathcart. 'Mary,' he wrote, 'has married Thomas Graham of Balgowan, the man of her heart, and a peer among princes.' Of the bride our principal knowledge is derived from a masterpiece of Gainsborough, which now hangs in the Scottish National Gallery, the grace and beauty of which shows how charming a subject he had for his pencil. She is described as very accomplished, and as having mixed much in continental society with her father, who had been Ambassador at the Court of Russia.

Of events which occurred during Graham's married life we have few or no details in this volume. For eighteen years of unbroken happiness he seems to have followed his old country pursuits. Even his political aspirations remained dormant, though the Duke of Athol had married Mrs. Graham's sister, and the brothers-in-law were on the best of terms. But in 1792 the blow fell which was to change the whole current of his life. Mrs. Graham, whose health had been for some time precarious, had been residing at Nice during the autumn and winter of 1791. A sea voyage had been recommended by the medical advisers; and while the vessel was anchored near Hyères, Mrs. Graham died on July 26, 1792. The shock to Mr. Graham was aggravated by the rough and unfeeling treatment which the coffin containing her remains met with from the French Custom House authorities. The calamity to the bereaved husband was irreparable. He broke up his establishment at Balgowan, nor did he resume it for twenty years. The couple had no family, and in the absence of any ties at home he began the aimless wanderings which were to terminate so remarkably. It is said that the portrait by Gainsborough, which we have mentioned, was nailed up in a wooden packing case, and never saw the light again for fifty years.* The death of Mrs. Graham created much sympathy in a wide circle of relations and friends. A letter is quoted in this collection from Queen Charlotte to

* Mrs. Graham was twice painted by Gainsborough, at first in cabinet size; and the artist was so much pleased with his sitter that at his own request the larger portrait was taken.

Lady Cathcart, written on the occasion, in which the Queen expresses her sympathy in very simple and feeling terms, which do honour to her kindness of heart.

Mr. Graham spent the autumn of 1792 with his friends Lord and Lady Stormont at Cowes, and then proceeded to hunting quarters at Brooksby; but finding his solitude insupportable, he obtained, through General O'Hara, a passage in one of the Government ships to Gibraltar, where the fleet, under Lord Hood, was expected to assemble, in the prospect of active hostilities. During his residence in France, in the earlier part of 1792, he had carefully observed the temper of the people and their rulers. Events were gradually hastening on to that crisis of European conflict which they rapidly reached. Graham was, as we have seen, a Whig in politics, but experience and reflection had not led him to the same practical conclusions in point of policy as those adopted by Fox and Grey. In a very calm and well-expressed memorandum of his own he has recorded the general tenor and grounds of his views. Speaking of his voyage to Gibraltar in the spring of 1793, he says:—

‘During the voyage I had time to consider of my future plans, after satisfying my curiosity about Gibraltar. I had, in unison with the sentiments of those political friends to whose judgment and opinion in general I was sincerely attached, deprecated the hostile interference of Britain in the internal affairs of France; but what I had seen in my journey through that country the preceding year, and the apparent determination of the rulers to force their democratic opinions on every other European Government, made me consider that war was not only inevitable, but was just and necessary for the defence of our Constitution. I therefore heard with great satisfaction that a powerful fleet was immediately to rendezvous at Gibraltar, and proceed up the Mediterranean under the command of Lord Hood.’

The policy of the war with France in 1793 is a worn-out question, relegated to debating societies, and not worth solving now, so utterly have the conditions and relations of civilised intercourse between nations altered. It is vain, of course, to speculate, after the event, on what might have been. As far as the results to this country can be reckoned up, they were altogether calamitous. We had no concern with the form of government the people of France preferred, and the European concert to impose a government on France only aggrandised her to a pitch she never otherwise could have attained. We spent millions of the money of this country and the lives of thousands of her sons, and placed the nation in the greatest peril she had seen since the Armada, with no other result than

that of creating dangers which never could have otherwise threatened us. But this is a threadbare theme. Doubtless in the year 1793 even home politics were doubtful and cloudy enough. The war was young, the spirit of the nation high, and it is not surprising that in Graham's weariness of his old life, now such a blank, he should have been fired with the same ardour as undoubtedly possessed a large majority of the people.

From Gibraltar, while Hood and his fleet delayed their coming, Graham made an excursion into Spain, with which country he was destined ultimately to be more familiar; and at last was fortunate enough, as he thought, in June, 1793, to be taken on board one of the ships of war on the expedition to Toulon, was present at the landing of the troops, and, accompanying Sir Hyde Parker ashore, was enabled by his knowledge of the language to be of considerable service to him. The account of this expedition, given by Graham himself, is exceedingly interesting, but is too detailed even to be summarised here. The object of it was to aid the French Royalists, who were neither so numerous nor so enthusiastic as our Government imagined, as the sequel showed. They did, however, succeed in effecting a counter-revolution within the town, under cover of which the British troops, by a well-directed and rapid movement, possessed themselves of the place. Graham asked for and obtained leave to join as a volunteer, and throughout this affair, and on a subsequent attack by the French, so much distinguished himself as to earn great reputation. His first experience of actual service was the charge of a friend and comrade, Captain Douglas, who was mortally wounded in a gallant and successful assault on one of the outposts of the town. His letter to Lord Cathcart of September 7, 1793 (p. 48), indicates much good feeling, and shows how deeply this early catastrophe impressed him. His first real engagement in the field, however, was more important, and led to personal results of much consequence to him. It was a gallant and serviceable affair. On October 1, 1793, the French, being strongly reinforced, made a sudden attack on one of the Royalist positions. The Spanish troops whose duty it was to defend it took to disgraceful flight, and left the enemy in possession of one of the most important defences of the town. Lord Mulgrave, having arrived from Genoa, was in command, and had taken Graham as his aide-de-camp, and the latter conveyed to Lord Mulgrave the news of this misadventure. Lord Mulgrave directed Captain Moncreiffe, who was in charge of the light infantry, to get all the troops under arms immedi-

ately, and gave Graham leave, as a volunteer, to accompany Moncreiffe at their head. A serious action ensued, and at the most critical part of the engagement Graham observed, with the instinctive apprehension which he afterwards exhibited, that a large body of the Royalist troops were ascending an incline, and that when they reached the summit they would be exposed to the fire of the enemy, while a double flank attack would probably avert the danger, and throw the enemy into confusion. He pointed this out to Moncreiffe, the flank attacks were made, and the enemy were thoroughly routed.

This service, and the remarkable intrepidity which he displayed during the day attracted much attention. Lord Mulgrave thanked him in general orders in the following terms:—

‘Lord Mulgrave begs leave on this occasion to express his grateful sense of the friendly and important assistance which he has received in many difficult moments from Mr. Graham, and to add his tribute of praise to the general voice of all the British and Piedmontese officers of the column, who saw with so much pleasure and applause the gallant example which Mr. Graham set to the whole column in the foremost point of every attack.’ (P. 77.)

The particulars of the action, more interesting to the military than the general reader, are given in detail, and with some pardonable complacency, in his letters and a memorandum which he afterwards drew up. But in the latter he explains that the events of that important day led to his resolve to take to the profession of arms. He says:—

‘Thirdly, I have been thus minute because I wish to account for the resolution that I instantly took to follow the advice which Lord Mulgrave had repeatedly pressed upon me, viz., that of becoming a soldier, and taking an early opportunity of offering to raise a regiment which should serve under my command.

‘I am satisfied, myself, that by the experience of this day I might not unreasonably hope, even at an unusually advanced period of life for entering on a new profession, to be able to serve with credit and distinction, have ascertained that the natural turn for accurate observation of ground, fostered by a constant enjoyment of field sports, would give me advantages which many who had entered the service at a very early age could never possess. Besides, I was aware that after a long peace I should be but little behindhand with most of the field officers of the army, except in the mere knowledge of drill and what is termed “field exercise.” Though I was aware that very considerable prejudice in the minds of such officers as had gone through the drudgery of the inferior ranks, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the theory of their profession, would undoubtedly meet me on occasions of service where a newly-acquired, but superior, rank might bring such under my command, still I trusted that no real superiority from such habits

need long exist, as there was nothing of difficulty or mystery in the theory of drill that might not by attention be quickly overcome.' (P. 79.)

Lord Mulgrave quitting Toulon shortly afterwards, Graham left at the same time, and ultimately returned to England to take measures to raise the contemplated regiment of which Moncreiffe and Rowland Hill (afterwards Sir Rowland, and Lord Hill) had already agreed to be the field officers. Moncreiffe was an old Perthshire friend; Hill's name is historic.

The Toulon affair, like almost every land expedition undertaken by the Government at that time, turned out completely abortive. The engagement we have just mentioned took place on October 1, 1793. Four months afterwards the French compelled the British troops to evacuate Toulon, after an assault conducted by a young officer of artillery, then engaged in his first service as *chef de brigade*. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte. Graham recounts this disaster, and adds:—

'It was generally believed that at one time it had been in contemplation of the Government to send General Grey, with the whole force collected for the expedition to the West Indies, to Toulon. Had this plan been carried into execution, and such a powerful reinforcement arrived in time, there can be no doubt but that the Republican army before Toulon would have been forced to fall back upon the Rhone. Unfortunately the war was carried on on the old principle of almost undivided attention to what was termed British interests, i.e. looking to and preferring the protection of trade and the capture of the enemy's colonial establishments, rather than to the objects which had involved Great Britain in the contest with France.' (P. 85.)

The Government of that day never, during the struggle of which we have here seen the commencement—perhaps Governments have not learned the lesson yet—seemed to know that in such warfare preparation should always leave a margin over the mark. Partly from inexperience in the equipment of land expeditions, partly from always underestimating the power of the enemy, and partly, we suspect, from not a little corruption in carrying out the orders of the departments, there was not a period from Toulon to Talavera, or from Talavera to Waterloo, in which more lives were not lost from the inadequacy of the means provided, than from the enemy in the field. The lesson had not been learned in 1854. It would be well to see that it has been learned now.

Whatever the value, however, of the brief occupation of Toulon may have been to the country, it was all-important to our adventurer. His fame had spread far and wide. Lord Winchelsea writes to him to make a hunting appointment at

Brooksby, in Leicestershire, and takes the opportunity of saying (December 6, 1793, p. 82): 'I long much to congratulate you on all the events at Toulon, and on the distinguished part you bore in them.' He was unanimously elected member of Parliament for the county of Perth in April, 1794, and the municipal authorities of Glasgow and Perth conferred on him the freedom of their respective cities.

Meanwhile, by the aid of his many friends, and a considerable expenditure of money, recruiting for the regiment he had obtained leave to raise went on rapidly, and at the end of June, 1794, after a parade at Perth, he had the satisfaction of marching, on foot, with the new 90th Regiment, then 1,000 men strong, to the shores of the Firth of Forth, by a night march of upwards of thirty miles, only two men falling out. The regiment spent some months in camp in England, and then joined the expedition to Quiberon Bay, and took l'Île Dieu, where it remained until December, 1795. A second battalion had been added in the interval.

When Colonel Graham returned from l'Île Dieu to England, having successfully added a regiment of two battalions, each 1,000 men strong, to the forces of the Crown, he asked for an apparently reasonable reward. He applied to the Commander-in-Chief to have his rank of colonel, which he enjoyed at the head of his own regiment, rendered permanent—as had been the case with the few others who had performed the same patriotic service. He was not uncivilly, but coldly and curtly, refused. Graham was much hurt, as he had counted on obtaining this favour. It was explained from the Horse Guards that the King had sanctioned a new rule on this subject, and that former examples would not be followed. He obtained, however, from his friend Lord Melville an assurance that if in any case the rule should be broken through, it should be relaxed in his case also. It very soon, however, became clear that Lord Melville had promised more than he could perform; for within a very short time permanent rank was conferred on Lord Paget, in precisely similar circumstances; but Graham appealed to the Commander-in-Chief in vain to fulfil the undertaking Lord Melville had given him. The request was renewed three times within the next twelve years, and uniformly refused, although Pitt and Dundas did everything short of resignation to accomplish it. We are at a loss to account for the persistent obstinacy with which this boon was withheld. One can understand that a man might raise a regiment without being fit to command it; but we do not see how a man should be fit to be colonel of a regiment, and yet

unfit for permanent rank. Even if this refusal had arisen from some rigid military etiquette, it was a signal slight to a man who had performed such a service, and a senseless discouragement to such unusual efforts of individual enthusiasm. The three or four instances in which exertions like these had been or were likely to be made, were so exceptional, that no possible injury could have befallen the service from so reasonable a request being granted. But we much fear that the pretext was not the truth. It seems clear from the narrative that the rule was substantially made for Graham's case, and for his case only. At a later stage of his career, and when he had given repeated proofs of his capacity, the question was again raised, and the truth came clearly out. In 1804 the 90th Regiment was ordered to the West Indies, and it was a question with Graham whether he should accompany it. He was willing to do so if it would aid him in obtaining the recognition of his permanent rank, and wrote to his relative, General Alexander Hope, to ask his advice. General Hope, writing on October 24, 1804, strongly dissuaded him from going, and told him it would not advance his object if he did. He said:—

'I have sufficient evidence to induce me to believe that the K—g has declared that he will never grant you rank in the army. . . . When you mention an expectation that Mr. Pitt might now urge your claims, I am sure you do so without being aware that nothing can result but a personal quarrel between him and the King. It has already produced the most decided difference which Lord Melville, as a Minister, ever had with the King and the Commander-in-Chief, which went so far that Lord M. intimated that he should consider the treatment offered to you as a personal incivility to himself.' (P. 248.)

And what were the reasons which rendered royalty impervious to the advice of Pitt and Melville, so earnestly given? Not any doubts of Graham's capacity as a military leader; for in 1804 he had been entrusted with important commands, in which he had exhibited great ability, followed by marked success. Not want of confidence; for that, as we shall see, was largely entertained by the Government. But he was a Whig member of Parliament, a friend of the cause of Catholic Emancipation, and of Reform in Parliament. We can only surmise, as was the impression at the time, that these were offences which, to the royal mind, or to that of some hidden adviser, counter-balanced, or rather neutralised, the most devoted acts of patriotism and the most undoubted proofs of superior capacity. The wish was at last granted—under circumstances striking in themselves, and forming the keenest reproach on the past;

and when it was granted, it became quite manifest that neither doubts of Graham's ability, nor the jealousy of the army, had any real connexion with this ill-judged and, as it proved, unpatriotic exclusion.

It affords a practical commentary on these unhappy proceedings to find that in 1796 Graham was employed by the Government on a confidential mission to the Austrian army, then in the field in the north of Italy, and in the heart of the disastrous campaign which ended in the blockade of Mantua. The position which he was to occupy appears from the full instructions from Lord Grenville which are printed in this collection. His duties were to advise with the Austrian authorities on all matters in which it might be thought that the co-operation of this country might be useful, and to keep up a constant correspondence between the Austrian army and the British fleet in the Mediterranean. The description which Graham gives of the condition and movements of the Austrian army forms one of the most curious and instructive passages in the volume. The combination of gallantry, skill, and ability on one hand, with lax discipline, stolid obstinacy, and pompous pedantry on the other, which marked the Austrian command, is delineated with great spirit. According to Graham, the Austrians under Marshal Wurmser were greatly superior in numbers, having a force of 50,000 men; while, according to Graham's estimate, the French never could bring more than 25,000 into action. 'Yet,' he says, 'it is notorious that the French in every action that took place during this short campaign were greatly superior in numbers to the Austrian corps with which they had to deal' (p. 129). He says that 'the Croats (in the former campaign), on all occasions of disaster, went off in crowds towards their own country, and that 400 officers belonging to the different corps were found in Trent, having, like the Croats, abandoned their corps during the preceding part of the campaign.' Napoleon kept flying round the tardy Austrians like a hawk with a heron; and at last Marshal Wurmser and all his force were shut up in Mantua, and Graham along with them.

The other corps of the Austrian army was under the command of General Alvinzy, and was at that time in the neighbourhood of Padua. It was very important that some communication should take place between the two armies, and a sortie undertaken with the view of obtaining information had failed. Sir Archibald Alison, in his account of this campaign, says that

'in a council of war held in the end of December it was decided that instant intelligence should be sent to Alvintzy of their desperate situation. . A British officer, attached to the garrison, volunteered to perform in person the perilous mission, which he executed with equal courage and address. He set out, disguised as a peasant, from Mantua on December 29, at nightfall, in the midst of a deep fall of snow, eluded the vigilance of the French patrols, and, after surmounting a thousand hardships and dangers, arrived at the head-quarters of Alvintzy at Bassano on January 4.' *

This account, which shows the importance attached to this singular episode—not more, indeed, than it deserved—is not quite accurate in detail; and as the adventure was hazardous and romantic enough for any tale of fiction, our readers may be interested by the incident as told in Graham's own words.

His action was not the result of any council of war. He had indeed agreed secretly with the Marshal to make the attempt on horseback, with a small escort; but this design was frustrated by jealousy from within, and by a treacherous rumour that Alvinzy was about to march to the relief of the garrison. Graham then, having quite resolved not to stay in Mantua, 'as it were a prisoner,' decided to make the effort on foot and alone. His account then proceeds as follows:—

'Accordingly, having gone in the evening to make a visit to the Governor, I next proceeded to the Marshal, and begging to speak to him in private, I requested him to sign an order to the officer commanding the pontoniers to furnish me with a boat for the purpose of being landed near Pictole. He warmly remonstrated with me against the imprudence of the attempt, but finding me determined, he very kindly took leave of me, wishing me all success. I next called on Colonel Zuch, the Quartermaster-General, who countersigned the Marshal's order for the boat. It was then about eleven o'clock at night, and I found my friend Radetzky waiting for me in my quarters, as he had insisted on seeing me to the last moment. I had at first intended to have no other attendant but the Pictole guide, a very intelligent carpenter lad, who had assisted my courier in getting into the town some weeks before, but by Radetzky's advice I determined to take the courier with me too, leaving behind, however, Mr. Russell, surgeon of the 90th Regiment, who had, a very short time before we were shut up in Mantua, joined me from Gibraltar, having got some weeks' leave of absence. Exactly at midnight I embarked on board one of the Austrian gunboats, and accompanied by Radetzky proceeded a little way down the lake, and having anchored, an intelligent sergeant of pontoniers was sent on in a small boat to reconnoitre. He soon returned with the disagreeable news that a French guard-boat was lying just where the Mincio runs out of the lake a little above Pictole. The

* Hist. vol. iv. p. 119.

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sergeant was then sent down with orders to watch, and as soon as the French gunboat moved down the river to the station at the bridge, he had orders to return. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that he brought intelligence that the coast was clear. I lost not a moment. Having taken leave of my friend Radetzky, I got into the small boat, accompanied by the courier and guide. As there were French sentries not only on the side of the lake, but all along the top of the bank, down as far as Pictole, whose challenges we distinctly heard, it was necessary to use the utmost precaution to avoid discovery. The sergeant, having directed the boat into the middle of the stream, took in the oars and glided down with the current till the guide pointed out a wet ditch that, branching off from the river, afforded the means of getting close under the steep bank on which his father's house stood alone and retired from the street or roadway of the village. We landed and took shelter in this house, while the guide, proceeding up a little lane, examined the roadway, and soon returning with an assurance that all was quiet, we immediately left the house and crossed the roadway, and went up another lane on the opposite side which led into the vineyards. I was not a little alarmed, however, at seeing the light of a fire on the left side of this lane; but the guide assuring me that he had often gone up and down that way without ever seeing a sentry posted in the lane, I ordered him to go quickly and quietly forward; he stopped short opposite to the light in the adjoining ground and, pointing over the wall, whispered to me "Ecco i Francesi." I pushed him on, and we all bent down not to overtop the wall, and so got safely past this picket. We then took a direction parallel to the Borgoforte road, for fear of meeting any cavalry patrols; but, impeded by the vines and the half-melted snow, for a thaw had begun two days before and it was then raining hard, we ventured into the road in order to get on faster. We were still more than a mile from the Po when the morning began to dawn, and, after holding a consultation with the guide, I determined on taking shelter in a lone farmhouse, the owner of which was his relation.

'As, however, all these farmhouses were likely to be visited by marauders, I took the precaution of sending him forward to see that all was quiet in the house and the landlord willing to give me shelter for the day. Nothing could be more hospitable and kind than his conduct. His son, well acquainted with Borgoforte, agreed to go there with my guide, for the purpose of getting a boat to come up about a mile above that ferry, to the nearest point where I could embark without going on the high road. Meanwhile the farmer prepared me an excellent bed, and said that I should have a boiled fowl and rice at any hour I chose. Towards the afternoon I became very impatient for the return of the two young men, but they had purposely delayed till after night closed in, when they brought a four-oared boat up with them. I received this joyful news about seven o'clock in the evening, and, taking leave of my hospitable landlord, I proceeded with these men, and in half an hour more, having embarked, began to fall down the river. I then became acquainted for the first time with a new difficulty, and I may say danger. At this ferry of Borgoforte, as well as at four other

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ferries lower down the Po, the passage boat, or *ponte volante*, swings from side to side of the river like a pendulum, the great boat having a very long chain attached to its bow, the upper end of the chain being fastened to a heavy anchor, and the chain supported by several small boats, the uppermost, or anchor, boat being of considerable size, on board of which there was a corporal and two men as a post of observation, in order to command the navigation of the river during the night. Fortunately for me, there was heavy rain and thick and cold weather, and all these men were snug under the awning. It happened, however, that out of these five passage boats two were close to the right or southern shore of the river, and we found ourselves on two occasions caught between the bank and the floated chain. There was no getting out of this without rowing up against the stream, and then crossing above the anchor boat to go down by the opposite side. On one of these occasions, whether from the darkness of the night or the rapidity of the stream, our boat had the greatest difficulty to cross the bow of the anchor boat without running foul of it. The noise of our oars was fortunately drowned by the water breaking against the chain of the anchor. The instant we got to the other side of this obstacle the men took in their oars and allowed the boat to glide down the stream close alongside the anchor boat. I had a double-barrelled pistol in my waist-band, and I had determined, in case of discovery, to threaten our boatmen with instantly using it against them to prevent their obeying any summons to surrender which might have been made by the small party in the anchor boat. One more danger, however, awaited us. I had urged the boatmen on almost beyond their strength, aware that if day broke upon us before passing the lowest ferry boat, a discovery was inevitable. We were but just in time at the last ferry boat; the day was beginning to dawn, as we could plainly distinguish the houses of the village as we passed. It was lucky, on the whole, that I knew nothing of these five formidable impediments, as I really believe I should not have ventured to encounter them. We had not proceeded far down the river—and at a slackened pace, as there was now no occasion to press the boatmen to greater exertions than was necessary—when, the rain ceasing with the sunrise, there came on a dense fog, that created a new and unexpected peril. In that part of the river, which is extremely rapid, there are frequent mills, the wheels of which are impelled merely by the force of the current passing between the boats, which are for that purpose anchored or fastened to great piles driven into the bed of the river, projecting at right angles to the shore, and always in places where there is a bend of the river inwards, so as to ensure in those sites the greatest rapidity and the deepest water. As it was quite impossible to see the situation of those mills, I agreed to the proposal the boatmen made of landing on the dyke, on the right bank of the river, where they assured me there were no other habitations near than an occasional fisherman's hut. Chance led us on shore very near a lone hut of this kind, and I gave my courier strict orders to employ by turns some of the boatmen to keep watch, to prevent any inhabitants of the hut from leaving it. This was no difficult task, as there was only one man with his wife and two or three children. We

remained there nearly two hours before the fog cleared off; then, re-embarking, in an hour more we landed safely at Policella, the first village on the left bank, belonging to the States of Venice. It is impossible for me to describe the satisfaction I felt on finding myself in safety on a friendly shore. Besides the disappointment I should have experienced had I not been able to fulfil the object of my mission, I was aware that I should have met with sympathy in my captivity, had I fallen into the enemy's hands, from only a very few of those I left behind in Mantua. I had risked the adventure from a sense of duty, but had I failed I would only have been laughed at.

'I felt benumbed by the cold and wet, having been cramped up in the boat for fifteen hours; but thanks to repeated draughts of Tokay, of which I had a flask with me, I experienced no after ill-effects. At Policella I wrapped myself up in a blanket and sat by a great fire while my clothes were being dried—my luggage consisting of one shirt. I paid my boatmen liberally for their job and for the value of their boat, which I recommended them by no means to think of taking back to Borgoforte, as it would be the means of their being discovered.

'I hired another boat, in which I embarked with my Pictole guide, and proceeding down the Po and some way up the Adige, I got into a line of canals that led me by an inland navigation all the way to Padua, where I arrived about midnight, twenty-eight hours after I first embarked on the Po.'

The distance travelled was over fifty miles. It was a bold venture, and one few men would have dared. Nor was it without signal fruits. At Padua he learned that General Alvinzy, who commanded the other detachment of the Austrian army, was at Bassano. Thither he went, and described the situation of the troops at Mantua. Immediate action was resolved on. On January 11, 1797, Graham writes to Lord Cathcart, from Brentonico: 'We are all in good spirits: *j'en augure bien* for the first time. Alvinzy goes this way himself, and on the 13th, if we carry the heights of Rivoli, the bridge will be established for our artillery, &c., and we shall push on for Mantua, &c.' He adds: 'Buonaparte will not quit his hold without a violent struggle, at the moment the garrison is at the last gasp; but still I flatter myself I shall have the happiness of writing from Mantua in a few days.'

But alas for human forecasts! The battle of Rivoli was fought on the 14th, and, as every one knows, gained by Napoleon after a bloody and very doubtful struggle. How it was lost, in Graham's judgment, is told in a private letter to Lord Cathcart, dated the 16th, in which, contrary to his wont, he is roused to language more forcible than flattering. It would seem, from the terms he employs, that he must have been on the field.

Alla, January 16, 1797.

'My dearest Brother,—I am *excédé* with disappointment, mortification, and fatigue, and after the volume I have written to Lord Grenville I can only tell you that with half our army we had beaten Buonaparte, and must have destroyed him with the other half, but for the damnable stupidity of our generals and the disgraceful and unaccountable terror that seized our men; and though this singular opportunity was lost, we should not have been so shamefully licked at last had any decision been taken in time. But perhaps you will contrive to see my despatch, which I wish you may on many accounts. Adieu, my dearest brother. I have not the power of adding a word more. God bless you all!—Ever affectionately yours, T. G.' (P. 152.)

Three months afterwards he says in one of his letters: 'I have no doubt of Buonaparte's having much merit; but he is undoubtedly, by the circumstance of war, the most fortunate man existing. Having escaped destruction so narrowly at Rivoli, he has, by the wonderful exertions of his Government, been enabled to take the field with an immense army before we had received any reinforcements.' He adds a sentence or two which contains a moral worthy of attention: 'The Archduke,' he says, 'I dare say, will soon get quit of some of the *vieilles perruques*, but meanwhile the mischief goes on. Should these fellows land in England in any force, I should dread the manœuvres of some of our veteran generals, supported in command by political interest.' (P. 154.) He did not foresee that he himself was to be close to his grand climacteric before great command devolved on him; but few 'veteran generals' can reckon on the vigour and elasticity which Graham preserved to a much later period. Graham remained at the Austrian headquarters until the end of the campaign, which was terminated by the Treaty of Campo Formio; and Lord Grenville, in relieving him of his mission, on May 16, 1797, expressed his Majesty's satisfaction with the way in which it had been conducted. There can be no doubt that the battle of Rivoli did give the Austrians a chance of retrieving the whole campaign, and it is admitted even by French writers that the struggle was long in suspense, or, indeed, that at one time it was lost to Napoleon. But it seems certain that the opportunity would never have occurred at all but for the wonderful feat of Graham in his escape from Mantua, and his being thus enabled to convey to Alvinzy the tidings of the condition of the Mantuan army.

More important to Graham himself was the military experience which a year in the Austrian camp, in front of Napoleon, must have given him. His *forte*, as he afterwards

proved, was a rapid apprehension, on the field of battle, of the immediate emergency when movements were likely to be effective or decisive. With that intuitive and rapid instinct we can well conceive how Graham would fret at the tardy and thrifless tactics he witnessed day by day; golden opportunities slipping one by one away, and an audacious though numerically weaker antagonist escaping over and over again from what ought to have been hopeless defeat, and effecting, man for man, twice the results with half the number. For military training nothing could be more instructive than that period of observation; a lesson in strategy worth years of drill or of abstract or theoretical study. Neither his important services, nor his experience, however, availed to obtain a recognition of his rank.

Our limits compel us to pass rapidly over the events of two or three subsequent years, as they intervene between the Austrian mission and matters of more importance. But they are full of interest, and might of themselves furnish many topics for remark. Graham returned home in 1797, and after a short stay rejoined the 90th Regiment at Gibraltar, and commanded it in the capture of Minorca, which was effected without the loss of a man. Nothing of interest occurred during that not too arduous service. Graham was amused to find among the enemy a large number of Swiss troops, who had been in the Austrian service at Mantua, and had been sold, he says, to the Spaniards for two dollars apiece by the French. His servant Charles found many old friends among them. His good nature could not think of treating these poor fellows as enemies, wearing as they did their old familiar raiment. He devoutly hoped they might escape, and formed a plan of recruiting them, if Austrian officers could be obtained for them. He says: 'I am afraid some of these Highlanders have been remiss at the gate, for Charles grinned when I asked him whether any of his friends had slipped out this evening. I am glad of it with all my heart, and only regret the impossibility of my letting them all go.' (P. 160.)

The account of the Minorca transaction is only diversified by an interesting letter from Graham to Sir William Hamilton at Naples, with whom he seems to have been long acquainted, on the subject of obtaining Austrian officers for the Swiss troops; and by two very characteristic letters from Emma Lady Hamilton, in November and December, 1798, about the time when the royal family of Naples took refuge with Lord Nelson on board the 'Vanguard.' In the first of these the lady tells him that she has the honour of 'being like a person

‘ that was very dear to you and Sir William (Mrs. Graham),
‘ as everybody tells me I am.’

In May, 1799, Colonel Graham, with the temporary rank of brigadier-general, was entrusted with the duty of putting the fortifications of Messina, in Sicily, in an adequate state of defence. This duty he discharged with his accustomed energy, inspired the Neapolitan Government with some temporary courage, and gave so much satisfaction to the King that he offered him a seat in the Council of the Government, which, however, was declined. When, in 1801, after the peace, Graham was at Vienna, he received from the Queen of Naples an enamelled box, with her cipher in brilliants on the lid, and a letter in which she says, ‘ *Veillez bien accepter un très-petit souvenir, pour vous rappeler le nom de celle qui n’oubliera jamais que votre présence et prudence à Messine a sauvé la Sicile.*’ (P. 220.)

His stay in Sicily was short, but longer than it need have been, and the narrative is chiefly remarkable for two or three letters from Lord Nelson to Graham, which contain nothing sufficiently marked to be the subject of an extract, but which are worth perusing for their genial and friendly tone, and as an example of his manly and incisive style. Lord Nelson was very anxious about the state of Malta, and very desirous that Graham and the troops under him should be sent thither. In spite of Lord Nelson’s remonstrances, for some reason, or none, Graham was allowed to remain in Sicily for three months after his work was finished. In December, 1799, however, he was sent to Malta, and took the command of the troops there, and of the siege of Valetta, which had been long in progress.

In Malta he found himself fettered by orders from headquarters, and by the want of sufficient force. He pressed for reinforcements, and specially asked for his own regiment to be sent to him; but as his applications produced no result, he issued a spirited proclamation to the Maltese, and actually succeeded in enrolling a very capable body of native militia. As an acknowledgment of his energy, when reinforcements did arrive, General Pigot was sent to supersede him. A letter is quoted from Sir Ralph Abercromby, dated June 23, 1800, announcing General Pigot’s appointment, and he takes care to intimate that it was made in pursuance of orders from home. That Graham should have been prevented from completing his work, which Sir Ralph Abercromby says he had performed admirably with very inadequate means, must, we fancy, be set down to the same influences as those we have already referred to. However, he was too manly to resent the slight,

and continued to act under General Pigot until the surrender of Valetta, when Graham was left to settle the terms of the capitulation, in September, 1800.

In the midst of these not unimportant matters we meet with a friendly letter from Sir Sydney Smith, dated on board the 'Tigre,' off Alexandria, dated September 28, 1800, about a horse which Sir Sydney had promised to procure for him. He says:—

'If Kleber were alive I should be sure of my own or the best of his stud, for he was a gentleman; at present it is out of the question. I send you the Mameluke's report of his progress in his inquiries as a specimen of what a ferret the Mameluke is. . . . I have another string to my bow by my intimacy with the princes and sheiks of the Druses, and you may depend upon it I shall not lose sight of your commission. . . . I would not scruple to ask old Herad Gezzar for one or two of his very excellent stud, but he is such an old rebel that I am obliged to carry on a correspondence with him of a nature that does not allow of one's accepting favours from him at a time when we can't get him to do his duty.'

He adds, that such is the state of the empire that nothing can be done by the Turks without British battalions to urge, goad, and drive them on.

'I thought I had precluded the necessity of any sacrifice from us by the conclusion of a convention, by which the enemy voluntarily relinquished a prize we shall find it hard to wrest from them; it must, however, be done, and I take for granted you will soon be ordered up here.' (P. 106.)

After some fruitless negotiations about his rank, Graham resumed his wanderings. He met Lord William Bentinck at Verona, and with him called on General Bellegarde, the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army, and met several of his old Austrian friends. He went over the ground of his escape from Mantua with his Pictole guide, whom he contrived to find out, and was astonished at the dangers he had eluded. He remained with the Austrian army until the Peace of Luneville, spent a short time at Vienna and Venice, and returned to England in March, 1801. Meantime, however, the 90th Regiment had been ordered to Egypt; and receiving in Scotland the news of the action of March 13 at Aboukir, and the brilliant conduct of the 90th in that affair, to which we shall afterwards revert, he determined at once to join his regiment, and arrived at Aboukir on July 14. The military operations, however, were over before he arrived. He started, in company with Mr. Hutchinson, brother of the General, on his way to Constantinople; visited Lord Elgin at Pera, and spent a fort-

night with him; went on to Stamboul, and reached England at the end of the year.

The Peace of Amiens followed, and Graham became apprehensive that his regiment might be disbanded, which would have been a serious matter for the gallant officers who had cast in their lot with the 90th. He very soon found, however, that this was not what was contemplated, but that the Government wished to retain the regiment, and get rid of the Colonel to whose exertions it owed its existence. We have not space to follow this most unfair attempt through the correspondence. There was an express clause in Graham's commission, under which, in the event of peace, he was to retain his position of Colonel of the regiment; and it was coolly suggested from head-quarters that Graham might voluntarily depart from his right. This he very naturally declined to do, and in consequence the Government resolved to disband the regiment, and nothing but the rupture of the Peace of Amiens prevented them from carrying out their threat.

Graham was very angry, as well he might be, and turned to bay with the strength of character he possessed. But the danger passed, and he had the satisfaction of receiving from the county of Perth the thanks of a numerous meeting of the landowners and Commissioners of Supply, for his eminent services, especially at Toulon and at Malta. The 90th was not reduced, but strengthened and sent to Ireland, and Graham accepted the position on Lord Cathcart's staff of assistant quartermaster-general. Rowland Hill, who owed to him his opportunities of distinction, and who had been sharply wounded in the affair of March 13 at Aboukir, was raised to the rank of brigadier-general; but Graham rejoiced with all his heart at his promotion, although he thus became the superior officer.

All these rebuffs, as they seemed, and slights as they really were, cooled for a time the impetuous spirit of the man. He remained in Dublin until September 1805, when he received from Lord Mulgrave the offer of the post of secretary to the embassy at Vienna, to which Lord Cathcart had been appointed ambassador. Graham declined the appointment, stating that he had resolved to accept military promotion only. He was re-elected for the county of Perth in the election caused by the death of Mr. Fox, and remained in a state of comparative inactivity until the month of May in the year 1808, when he was appointed, as a volunteer, to serve as aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore, on an expedition to Sweden. But, as is well known, a difference arose between

the general and the King of Sweden, and the former withdrew his whole force to England. An episode which then occurred throws light on some of our previous comments. Sir John Moore was then ordered to Spain, but only as third in command, being superseded by Sir Harry Burrard, as Napier says, 'with marked disrespect.' Sir John Moore obeyed his orders, but protested against what he called unworthy treatment. Lord Castlereagh retorted; and Graham tells us in his journal: 'The substance of this correspondence, with a detail of all that passed, establishing by proof of intended neglect his assertion of unworthy treatment, was sent to the King, who, expressing his wish that Sir John Moore had not used such strong language, very graciously said that a stop must be put to this persecution, and that he (Sir J. M.) must not be plagued any more.' (P. 262.) Like Graham, Sir John Moore was a Whig in politics, and we know very well what he thought was the cause of the neglect each had met with: they were both of them what Moore playfully calls 'bad subjects.'

Graham accompanied Sir John Moore to Spain. A strong friendship sprang up between the two men; and Graham, who must have been considerably Moore's senior in years, seems to have conceived for him the most profound admiration, and the warmth of the feeling appears to have been fully reciprocated. He acted, still in his volunteer capacity, as aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore during all the time that General was in the Peninsula. Here we come into the field of familiar history. The battle of Vimeiro, the Convention of Cintra, the squabbles of the generals, the indignation of this country, Moore's subsequent expedition, retreat to Corunna, victory, and death, have been narrated by many eye-witnesses, and are too well known to require description. We have here, however, an interesting journal of Graham's movements, which forms a kind of index to the campaign, and fills up here and there some passages in the course of events.

The resolution to aid the Spaniards by a land force commencing operations in Portugal was, as it ultimately turned out, a wise and effective one. Up to this point nothing had been accomplished by our land forces which had even an appreciable effect on the gigantic and growing power which the allies had themselves created. In 1793 France was on the defensive, and the monarchies of Europe thought they could stamp out the democratic flame. In 1808 all Europe was at the feet of the conqueror. At sea alone had we been able, through the genius of Nelson, to make a sensible im-

pression on the French power, although not to stay or retard the current of Napoleon's victories. But the conception of the Spanish campaigns was felicitous, although we embarked in them with very little knowledge of the real condition of the Peninsula. Our rulers pictured to themselves a warlike and patriotic nation rising as one man to resist the invader. They turned out very unlike one man indeed. Dissension, jealousy, and enormous mendacity were the main qualities first encountered. Then much vapouring, and a fitful spirit of courage, sometimes rising to splendid devotion, sometimes resulting in undisguised cowardice. We were fortunate in having two such men as Moore and Wellington. In the hands of weaker or feebler men both armies must have been destroyed. But both generals found it impossible to co-operate with the Spaniards, because impossible to trust or believe them.

Nevertheless, on looking over Napier's masterly account of these expeditions, as illustrated by the detached incidents of this volume, while the historian's general estimate is fully confirmed by Graham's own experience, we do see, trying them by a different and much lower standard, some points in the Spaniards worthy of commendation. As allies in the field they were generally worthless, and only thwarted and impeded instead of aiding us. Among the leaders, jealousy of each other and of the foreigner neutralised effective co-operation. Still the nation were in arms. If they ran away to-day, they were ready to fight to-morrow. If their leaders sometimes retreated precipitately, they were soon found at the front again. Defeated and dispersed over and over again, they exhibited these alternate qualities of strength and weakness, of manliness and childishness, with a dogged pertinacity equally vexatious to their allies and to their enemy. They never were better than guerillas, and they so remained to the end; but with the hand of a giant at their throat, their struggle was not without elements worthy of respect, or even admiration.

The Spanish war was Napoleon's greatest blunder, and it proved his destruction. It was a war not of invasion merely, but of conquest: a hazardous experiment with a proud, fierce, and warlike people. It was certain to end in ultimate failure, the greater the amount of first success; but the genius of Wellington brought down retribution at a far earlier period than any at which Spanish patriotism could have attained it. The want of candour, cordiality, and gratitude towards their allies is often charged, and with too much reason, against the Spaniards. Of course they were ungrateful. No man is ever

grateful to another for fighting an enemy he ought to have been able to meet himself. The aid may be timely, but it is humiliating; and when the danger is over the sense of lost self-respect remains. We hated the Dutch who came over with King William, and probably our gratitude was not more lively either in expression or action than that which the Spaniards exhibited. It is, however, impossible to over-estimate the mischief created by the belief, entertained and acted on by the Home Government, that our troops were to co-operate with a large and well-organised Spanish force, formed of disciplined and enthusiastic soldiers, and counted, on paper, at a very imposing number. It led to the appliances at the disposal of the commander being starved to the lowest point, and might—indeed must—but for the ability of the generals, have been productive of more serious disaster.

The story of the Convention of Cintra is not altogether flattering to the actors in it. Sir Arthur Wellesley had fought and gained the battle of Vimciro, and was prepared to follow up his success by pursuing the defeated enemy, when Sir Harry Burrard interposed and prevented him. The opportunity was lost, and, Junot being allowed to retreat leisurely, all the advantage of the engagement was surrendered. Then came the Convention by which the French troops were to evacuate Portugal—transacted by Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple. Burrard and Dalrymple were summoned home to answer for their share in it. Sir Arthur Wellesley was so far implicated that he had approved of the result, but that only on the ground that Junot had been allowed to escape. This appears clearly from the following memorandum in Graham's journal:—

‘The following note was sent by Colonel Graham to Sir John Moore, as containing Sir Arthur Wellesley's reasoning about the Cintra Convention:—

“That as far as he knows of the convention and the suspension, he had great objections to both, which it is unnecessary to trouble him (his correspondent) with. But that as far as regarded the principal point, the evacuation of all Portugal, he approved of it, and thought it necessary under the circumstances. That the opportunity of following up his victory having been lost, the enemy had time to strengthen the passes on the roads to Lisbon. That since the commander-in-chief did not choose to send your corps to take up a position which should cut off Junot's retreat, he had the roads to Elvas and Almeyda open to him, whence he might make a protracted defence. That the season of the year imperiously called for the opening of the Tagus, to give a safe and ready communication with the shipping for the supply of the army, and to afford safety to the transports already exposed to much

danger on the coast. That for all these reasons he thought the agreement for the evacuation proper and necessary ; but that the mode in which the details of the suspension and convention were settled was a question of a very different nature, to which he had great objections." (P. 270.)

Sir Arthur Wellesley also was obliged to return to this country, and thus Moore, who arrived when the imbroglio was at its height, was, whatever was the original intention, left with the supreme command, and received his instructions accordingly.

The action of Vimeiro, in which Junot was the assailant, was fought on August 21, 1808. It appears from Graham's journal that Moore's detachment did not disembark till the 25th. He mentions, under date of the 22nd, that General Sir Hew Dalrymple joined that day from Gibraltar, and that Junot on the same day sent General Kellerman to treat for a capitulation. Sir Harry Burrard had joined during the action on the 21st. Graham notes in his journal, under date the 25th : ' Sir H.'s caution is said to have prevented Sir A. Wellesley ' from attacking the enemy on the 21st, and his pursuing him ' after his defeat.' (P. 265.) On the 6th (September) he enters : ' Having got leave to go to Lisbon, went with Lord ' Paget. Called at Junot's (the Duke d'Abrantes), whom I ' had known at Paris. We dined there at six.' Graham went to Madrid in the end of September to deliver a letter from Moore to General Castanos ; and while there he received from Moore a letter announcing his appointment to the command of the army. He says :—

' I have only time to tell you I have received your letter of the 4th. It is a most satisfactory performance. They have given me, *bon gré, mal gré*, the greatest command that any English general has had this century. I hope I may be able to acquit myself as becomes me. — *We have till now made no preparation nor procured any information to enable us to move.*'

Graham, from the heart of the Spanish councils, indicates in his journal the utter want of method and decision which prevailed everywhere. He says he was present at a council of war, and adds : ' It is impossible things could prosper under ' such management.' He saw the risks which were impending, and after noting, under date of October 30, that the whole of Blake's division amounted to 30,000 men, ' one third not to be ' much depended on,' he concludes with this remark :—

' I should have preferred a movement by the left, so as to cover Blake's right, now quite exposed, because, considering the ultimate

success of the cause to depend in great measure on Sir J. M.'s coming into action properly supported, the safety of Blake's army, which would be exposed to the greatest risk by attempting to penetrate into Biscay, becomes in that view doubly important. *Should any misfortune befall it, Sir John Moore's advance would probably be considered too hazardous, as both his flanks would be en l'air.'*

Too true a prevision. On October 24th Moore writes to Graham:—

'I think I have not been dilatory, for when I succeeded to the command on October 6 *not a mule had been bought, not a road correctly ascertained, and not a single commissariat arrangement made. I hope the Spaniards are making preparations, that we may not want when we get all together. Upon this confidence I am advancing without the knowledge of a single magazine being made, or that we may not starve when we arrive.* I trust that by the time we get together a chief commander may be appointed, otherwise we must get into confusion, and if the French get such reinforcements as enable them to act offensively, they would have *beau jeu* against a parcel of independent generals. This is so plain that the Junta must get over their scruples. Castanos seems to unite the most voices, and on him therefore will fall the election.'

His reliance was in all respects utterly misplaced; and while the Spanish Junta trifled away their time in divided councils, senseless boasts, and petty jealousies, Napoleon himself suddenly swooped down on them in the beginning of November, routed Blake and scattered his forces on November 12, and Castanos on the 23rd. The conqueror marched right on Madrid, which was surrendered on December 3, by the treachery, it was said, of the commanders.

Meanwhile Moore, on learning late in the day of the utter rout of the forces under Blake and Castanos, and the march of the French on Madrid, had given orders for preparations for retreat, fearing he might otherwise be prevented from uniting his force, and that, even if united, they were utterly insufficient to withstand the whole strength of the French. But on being informed, through ignorance the most discreditable on the part of those who gave him the information, that he might rely on a firm defence being made by Madrid, he so far suspended his retreat, and on December 6 sent a letter by Graham to the Junta, in which he speaks hopefully of 'the example of patriotism given by the capital.' On the next day we find this ominous entry in Graham's journal: '7th.—Found at Talavera two of the deputies of the Junta, waited on them, and learned that Madrid had capitulated on the 3rd.'

Graham instantly wrote by courier, and went off himself to join Moore. He arrived before his letter, which did not

reach until the 10th, and thus, since the defeat of Castanos, a most valuable, indeed a momentous, fortnight had been lost. Meanwhile Moore was besieged and pestered by entreaties to advance, both from Spaniards and from the British representative at Madrid, founded on assurances which were utterly delusive. Napier recounts a characteristic instance in which on one of these occasions it was denied that Castanos had been defeated at Tudela; when Graham was introduced, who testified that he had himself seen the whole army take to their heels. 'The retreat was a flight,' he notes in his journal. Graham extricated himself with great difficulty, had to take to the mountains, and ultimately was made prisoner as a Frenchman.

When the true state of affairs came to be known, Moore adopted a very courageous course. He thought he could deal with Soult alone, who was in his front; and that he might either crush him, or draw off the Emperor and his troops from the capital, and give the scattered Spaniards some breathing-time to unite. He had secured his communications with the other wing of his army, under Sir David Baird at Astorga, and he carried out the first part of his plan with energy and rapidity. It so far succeeded that Napoleon immediately marched from Madrid; but there was no Spanish army, and no sign of the popular enthusiasm on which he had been told to rely. Graham assures us that the Spanish authorities represented that there were only 74,000 men of the invading force in Spain, while the figures given in the Appendix to Napier's history show that the French force of all arms amounted to 320,000 men.

Napier has brilliantly vindicated the memory of Sir John Moore; but the true state of his position comes clearly out in these notes of his devoted subordinate. Moore commenced his forward movement on December 12, Soult retiring before him, and continued it until the 23rd, when, learning that the French Emperor with his whole force was advancing from Madrid, and having thus accomplished one of the contemplated results, he commenced his celebrated retreat. Colonel Graham says in his journal that 'there is not a man in the whole army 'who will not feel mortified and disappointed at the counter-orders now issued.' It seems that Graham had met with a personal enemy on the same day; for he chronicles, as part of the military movements: 'Tossed by a bullock in the convent-yard' (p. 291).

Napoleon's orders to Soult were to lead Moore on, and he believed that his strategy had succeeded. But the British general was too quick for him, and had his troops well in hand

across the Esla before Soult's forward movement could commence. The course of the retreat is recorded day by day in Graham's journal. It began on December 23, and the battle of Corunna was fought on January 16. It was of course hard on such troops to have to retrace their steps almost without having come in sight of the enemy; nor is it wonderful that it was not accomplished without great disorder in the ranks, all of which Graham duly records. Still the army, hotly pursued, in a strange country and in dead of winter, was brought to the ships substantially unbroken; fought and gained a brilliant battle in sight of them, and successfully re-embarked, although they left their gallant and devoted captain behind them.

Thus Graham records the catastrophe:—

'The enemy, whose artillery all day had been directed with much precision and rapidity against groups of mounted officers, continued firing at this spot, when at last a fatal ball took the general under the left arm, shattering the ribs and almost severing the arm from his body. He fell at my horse's feet; but such was the invariable firmness of his mind, such the consciousness of his rectitude, that he bore this pain without an altered feature. I scarcely thought him wounded till I saw the state of his arm; we lifted him against the bank. I sent Percy for a surgeon, though it seemed quite a hopeless case, and by Lord William Bentinck's advice I rode to tell General Hope that the command had devolved on him, Sir D. Baird having left the field early in consequence of a wound in his arm. When we returned to the right, Sir J. Moore was carried off the field towards Corunna.'

It was a subject he often recurred to in his later correspondence; but the following extract from a letter by Graham to a friend—not in the collection—dated on board the '*Audacious*,' February 22, 1808, gives a detailed account of the event:—

'But for the sad loss of the most perfect soldier and gentleman I ever knew, it was a most fortunate circumstance that the enemy made the attack; it was what he (Sir John Moore) earnestly wished. I never saw him in such spirits as when their columns were advancing, and that it was seen that the attack was to be a serious one, and he only regretted that there would not be daylight to profit by the advantage he anticipated as certain. His features were so little affected by the pain of a wound which broke the upper ribs and nearly tore off the left arm, that I could hardly believe he was struck till I got off my horse to help to lift him against a bank, and saw with horror the state of the wound, which was evidently mortal. He lived, however, above two hours, and was carried back to Corunna in a blanket, nearly three miles, and spoke to Colonel Anderson with perfect recollection about different things, particularly inquiring about the result of the action, and expressing his satisfaction at having beaten the French, asked after me and all his aides-de-camp by name, said that Anderson

knew that was the kind of death he wished for, sent messages to his family and friends in England, and hoped his country would be satisfied with his conduct; in short, his death, like his life, was most exemplary, bespeaking that consciousness of rectitude and that invariable firmness of mind which characterised him on every occasion.'

As in life, so in death, the general was at the time the victim of much party acrimony. But his country has done ample justice to his memory. True, his comrades

'Carved not a line, and they raised not a stone,
But they left him alone with his glory.'

But had he no other memorial, the noblest funeral ode in our language would have kept his memory green wherever that language is spoken.

The second act closes here. We have seen our Perthshire squire pursue his steadfast but disheartened way for sixteen years in pursuit of an object fairly and nobly earned and unjustly refused. Had his career ended at this point, his services would well have deserved to be remembered. But a third and stirring stage of his life was about to commence. It was short, but was filled with great events.

Graham had scarcely landed from Corunna when he received the following gratifying communication from the Duke of York:—

Horse Guards, March 4, 1800.

'Sir,—I have not failed to submit to the King the communication made to me by Lieutenant-General the Honourable John Hope, at the dying request of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, upon the subject of the eminent and important services performed by you during the campaign in Spain, and his Majesty, in consequence of the earnest and last solicitation of that gallant officer, and in testimony of the zeal which you have upon several occasions manifested for his Majesty's service, has been graciously pleased to direct that, in your particular case, the established custom of the army may be departed from, by your being promoted to the rank of Major-General.

'I am further to acquaint you that your appointment as Major-General in the army has accordingly taken place, and that you stand amongst the Major-Generals in the situation you would have held had the lieutenant-colonelcy to which you were appointed in February 1794 been a permanent commission.—I am, Sir,

'FREDERICK,

'Commander-in-Chief.'

Thus the commander they excluded when he was in the full vigour of manhood, they received when in his sixty-first year.

We are glad to say that, whatever the injustice of the long delay, or the causes which led to it, the act was generously and

handsomely done, and Graham never thereafter had any cause to complain of want of support from the Government. In his after-correspondence he often recurs, with expressions of exuberant gratitude, to his obligations to the noble nature of his chief, who even in the moment of victory and death thought only of his friends. He elsewhere says that this matter had been the subject of many conversations between Moore and Sir John Hope during the retreat.

Placed at last in the position so long wished for, Graham's first command was the right wing of the forces despatched on the too well-known Walcheren expedition. The narrative before us only says that he returned from it thoroughly disgusted with its mismanagement. But in 1810 he was appointed, with the local rank of lieutenant-general, to the command of the defences of Cadiz, which was then surrounded by the French troops under Soult and Victor. He landed at Cadiz on March 25, 1810, and set to work with his accustomed energy to place the defences in the most secure condition of which their position admitted; and from that date down to the battle of Barrosa, in April, 1811, he maintained his ground at all points, and closed his command with one of the most important and brilliant victories of the campaign.

Graham's appointment to a position of such prominence evinces how high his reputation stood even at that date. But it is not unconnected with some of the episodes of that most critical period. We find from the Duke of Wellington's despatches that in March, 1810, Wellington had recommended that as General Sherbrooke's health obliged him to retire, Graham should be sent to the army under his command to succeed Sherbrooke, and he writes on March 15 to Lord Liverpool: 'As your Lordship has settled with General Graham that he is to come out to succeed General Sherbrooke, I shall be obliged to you if you will arrange with him to be in Lisbon in the first week in May.' What led to the change of plan we have no means of ascertaining; but we do know that it did not proceed on Wellington's suggestion, nor did it meet with his approbation; for he writes to Mr. Wellesley on March 30, 'You will find General Graham a most able and active officer;' but he adds, 'Let General Stuart know that this arrangement was not proposed by me.'

The truth is, Wellington's demur was in no respect to Graham personally, whose vigorous assistance he was most anxious to obtain, and had applied for; but related entirely to the question of Cadiz, which had assumed importance in another controversy, and one of large dimensions. It is plain

that Wellington was still hampered by petty cabals in the Cabinet. At this moment (March, 1810) there was a section who insisted that his position in Portugal was untenable, and quoted Sir John Moore's opinion to that effect; and were desirous that Wellington should embark and go to Cadiz, as Sir John Moore had contemplated. Wellington, professing his readiness to go wherever he was sent, combated these faint-hearted notions with his usual vigour. 'He was confident of being able to maintain his ground; and if he was to go, he did not think Cadiz the most expedient place. 'At least,' he urged, 'when we do go, I feel a little anxiety to go like gentlemen out of the hall door, particularly after the preparation which I have made to enable me to do so; and not out of the back door or by the area.'* In regard to conveying the troops to Cadiz, he writes on May 30, 1810: 'I wish you to consider whether it may not be deemed a hardship on General Graham that I should go there and supersede him in the command of the operations for the defence of Cadiz, at the moment when the measures for the defence will be completed, and the serious attack is about to commence.'†

Lord Liverpool replied that Graham was the last man to be sensitive on that score, and that from a conversation with him he was certain he would make no difficulty in serving under him. We strongly suspect, however, that the selection of Graham for this service was not fortuitous, although he was quite unconscious of the springs which lay hidden; and this suspicion is confirmed by the fact that originally Graham's was an independent command.‡ But if any such views were entertained, the manly simplicity of Graham entirely defeated them, and Wellington understood from the first communication which passed between them the stamp of man with whom he had to deal.

Great events had taken place in the Peninsula since that dark January night, two years before, when they laid Sir John Moore in his grave at Corunna. Wellington had to a large extent experienced the same fortune as Sir John Moore had met with, but he was of resolute mould, and had learned by the past. He had, in March, 1810, fought and gained the

* Desp. 6, 8.

† Desp. 6, 158.

‡ The remarkable paper of Lord Wellesley, describing the reasons which led to his retirement from the Cabinet in 1811, printed in Wellington's Supplementary Despatches, gives a clue to the reasons which may have induced the Home Government to balance one general by another. See Supp. Desp. 7, 259.

battle of Talavera, although deserted by the Spaniards at the first brush; vowed he would never trust them again, and retreated before Massena to the lines of Torres Vedras. Wellington also had his detractors, was the object of party virulence like his predecessor, and, like him, of lukewarm support; but our great commander, whose military merits none can now gainsay, was able and fortunate enough to live to silence calumny. •

The correspondence between the two generals, commencing as it did in the circumstances we have described, is characteristic, and creditable to both. Graham, who knew well enough how to maintain his own personal dignity when occasion required, writes to the more experienced commander with a degree of deference equally unaffected and sincere. Indeed, his main ambition seems to have been the position of one of Wellington's lieutenants, and it was with some chagrin he found that the force under him was not to form part of Wellington's command. On the other hand, while it was arranged that Graham should be second in command in the Peninsula, there is no tone of jealousy or patronage in Wellington's correspondence with the new general. He expresses himself in terms of respect and confidence which form the highest tribute to Graham's reputation and capacity. They had not been previously acquainted, but their subsequent intercourse was marked by unbroken cordiality.

Graham on his arrival at Cadiz had written to Lord Liverpool on March 30, and to Lord Wellington on April 4, a full exposition of his views as to the projected defences. Wellington writes to Graham on April 15, 1810:—

'I have read with great interest your despatch to the Secretary of State of March 30, and your letter to me of the 4th instant, and I am happy to find that the opinions regarding the defence of the Isla (de Leon) which I had given generally to Major-General Stewart are confirmed by such good authority. . . . I mention these ideas only in confirmation of your own. I had but little opportunity of forming a correct judgment upon the subject, and if you should entertain a different opinion on any part of this general outline, I am convinced you must be right.' (P. 342.)

A question had arisen at this time whether the force under General Graham was subject to the orders of Wellington; a matter which was discussed between them in a temper very different from that in which such controversies are often conducted. Graham wished to form part of Wellington's command. The latter, anxious to have his services as a general of division, thought that it was more important that

he should remain at Cadiz. Wellington says, writing on May 3, that he had wished Graham to be sent to him, and that his arrival with that view should have been postponed. But he adds:—

‘On the other hand, the state of affairs at Cadiz is highly interesting, not only to the Peninsula, but to Great Britain and to the world. You may render the most important services there, and to withdraw you from that place might shake the confidence and damp the spirits of the Spanish Government, and of the people of the town, upon whose exertions the defence and ultimate safety of the place must in a great measure depend. However desirable, therefore, it might be to me that you should be in Portugal, I cannot but think that it would be most advantageous to the public interests that you should remain at Cadiz, at least as long as that place is seriously threatened by the enemy.’

Lord Liverpool decided that Graham should be under Wellington’s command; and adds:—

‘As to the question of second in command in Portugal, it has been most seriously considered in the Cabinet. Graham was intended for that service, but we were all of opinion that the service at Cadiz is of such a critical nature that it could not be entrusted to any person so well as to him, considering his habits of acting with foreigners and his personal intimacy with General Castanos. *He is certainly to be considered as second in command in the Peninsula. If anything should unfortunately happen to you, he should succeed to the command of the army.* Under very special circumstances you might send to him to join you, but it is very much wished that, except in a case of emergency, he should be left where he is for the present.’

In the communications between the generals we find the following sentences, raising a question of much present interest. Lord Wellington writes on August 10, 1810, to General Graham:—

‘I was astonished some time ago to see in the English newspapers an accurate account of the batteries and works erecting at Cadiz, and on the Isla, with the number of guns, and of what calibre each was to contain, and their distance from each other and from the enemy’s works. This information must have been extracted from the letter of an officer. If officers wish to give their friends this description of information, they should request them not to publish their letters in the newspapers.’

To this Graham rejoins:—

‘It will be very difficult to correct the mischief of newspaper publication of details as long as they are sought for with such avidity by the people at home; for besides all the indiscretion of the private cor-

respondence of individual officers, and the still greater of those friends to whom they write, there is very little doubt of the editors employing men of some description to furnish them with information, and very probably the details which your Lordship has read in the papers concerning the works here have been purposely sent home by clerks in some of the departments. In one of Berthier's intercepted letters to Massena, the newspaper account of your Lordship's army is quoted as furnishing authentic information. I fear nothing short of a legislative prohibition against printing such details in the papers will ever deprive the enemy of this source of information. (P. 412.)

The narrative of General Graham for the year during which he commanded at Cadiz is uneventful until its close. It was marked by the old story, as far as the Spaniards were concerned—fair promises, slack performance, incessant political and military cabals, and, as he plainly intimates, an undercurrent of corruption sapping the foundations of efficient administration. But by this time Graham knew them well, and contrived to have his own way with them. The defences of Cadiz grew stronger day by day, and although a pretty constant fire was kept up, the enemy never ventured an assault. The nature of the position and the works is fully described in Colonel Napier's history, which contains two illustrative charts, giving a very clear impression of the general features of this historical place. But the military and engineering details are beyond our province. What was to be done was to detain Victor and the 1st French *corps d'armée* in front of the place, and prevent them from joining Massena's force, an event which would have been very critical for Wellington after Talavera. We find, accordingly, that in June and July, 1810, when the Spaniards were anxious, with the aid of the British troops, to try military conclusions with the besieging army, Wellington strongly dissuaded Graham from making any such attempt, and that partly because he suspected Victor to be stronger than was supposed, as indeed he turned out to be, but chiefly because either success or failure would be likely to set Victor's troops free to move on Portugal. That this might have had a most disastrous effect at that time is certain, and hence the grave importance of the firm and resolute action of Graham in presenting such a front to the enemy. He himself would fain have joined Wellington, but fortunately for his own fame he did not.

In January, 1811, things had somewhat altered; Victor's force had been weakened to reinforce the French army, then retiring before Wellington from the lines of Torres Vedras; and a proposal was again made by the Spanish Government

to make a combined attack on the enemy's position. Graham was then of opinion that the attempt might be made with advantage, and that success might have the effect of compelling the troops detached from Victor's corps into Estremadura to be drawn back; and accordingly, after much wearisome negotiation with the Spanish leaders, and on Graham consenting to act under General Lapena, the Spanish commander, the attempt was made, and General Graham landed at Tarifa on February 25, with a force consisting of 4,314 sabres and bayonets, and ten guns; and on March 5 came, after a variety of *contretemps*, caused by the stupidity of the guides and the utter fatuity of the Spanish general, in sight of the enemy at the heights of Barrosa.

The description of what followed may be summarised in the following extracts from the General's official despatch:—

'As I considered that position as the key to that of Santi Petri, I immediately countermarched in order to support the troops left for the defence, and the alacrity with which this manœuvre was executed served as a favourable omen. It was, however, impossible in such intricate and difficult ground to preserve order in the columns, and there never was time to restore it entirely. But before we could get ourselves quite disentangled from the wood, the troops on the Barrosa hill were seen returning from it, while the enemy's left wing was rapidly ascending. At the same time his right wing stood on the plain on the edge of the wood within cannon shot. A retreat in the face of such an enemy, already within reach of the easy communication by the sea beach, must have involved the whole allied army in all the danger of being attacked during the unavoidable confusion of the different corps arriving on the narrow ridge of Bermeja nearly at the same time. Trusting to the known heroism of the British troops, regardless of the numbers and position of their enemy, an immediate attack was determined on. In less than an hour and a half from the commencement of the action the enemy was in full retreat. The retiring divisions met, halted, and seemed inclined to form; a new and more advanced position of our artillery quickly dispersed them. . . . An eagle, six pieces of cannon, the General of Division Ruffin, and the General of Brigade Rousseau, wounded and taken; the chief of the staff, General Bellegarde, an aide-de-camp of Marshal Victor, and the Colonel of the 8th Regiment, with many officers killed, and several wounded and taken prisoners; the field covered with the dead bodies and arms of the enemy, attests that my confidence in this division was nobly repaid. . . . Having remained some hours on the Barrosa heights without being able to procure any supplies for the exhausted troops, the commissariat mules having been dispersed on the enemy's first attack of the hill, I left Major Ross with the detachment of the 3rd battalion of the 95th, and withdrew the rest of the division, which crossed the Santi Petri river early the next morning.'

Such was the result of this brilliant affair, which has drawn down merited eulogy from all the greatest masters of the art of war. The rapid and instinctive determination of the British commander, delivering battle when the key of the position was already in the hands of the enemy, is described by Napier as an 'inspiration rather than a resolution, so wise, so sudden ' was the decision, so swift, so conclusive was the execution.' * The result was an absolute defeat of Victor's force, and the salvation of the British division. But the baseness of the conduct of the Spanish general passes all words of condemnation. The whole Spanish force looked on, and saw the combat begin and end, without striking a blow, moving a man, or firing a shot to aid them. Even when the French retreat became a rout, and a cavalry pursuit must have destroyed them, they remained intentionally inactive. The patience of the General was now thoroughly exhausted. He withdrew his troops to the Isla de Leon, and refused thenceforth to co-operate in any way with allies who so conducted themselves.

Congratulations poured in on every side. Wellington wrote with more than his usual warmth to express his approval and admiration. He says :—

'I beg to congratulate you, and the brave troops under your command, on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th instant. I have no doubt whatever that their success would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz if the Spanish corps had made any effort to assist them, and I am equally certain, from your account of the ground, that if you had not decided with the utmost promptitude to attack the enemy, and if your attack had not been a most vigorous one, the whole allied army would have been lost. . . .

'I concur in the propriety of your withdrawing to the Isla on the 6th as much as I admire the promptitude and determination of your attack on the 5th ; and I most sincerely congratulate you and the brave troops under your command on your success.'

Mr. Wellesley writes to Lord Wellington, on March 11 : 'Graham's conduct is the theme of general praise. I believe 'him to be a most excellent officer.' The Council of the Regency publicly thanked him, and made him the offer of a dukedom, which, however, he declined. Letters of congratulation are printed in the collection from Lord Eldon, Lord Douglas, Lord Grey, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Rosslyn, the Duke of Athol, Duke of Montrose, Lord Moira. The thanks of the Prince Regent and of both Houses of Parliament were

* Napier, iii. 447.

given him, as well as those of the City of London, and many other corporations.

General Graham persisted steadily in his refusal to co-operate in any way with the Spanish army; and his refusal was not only approved at head-quarters, but his hands were strengthened by an order from Government which instructed him, as a rule, not to put himself under the command of any other general. He had now reached the summit of the aspirations so long entertained and so nobly vindicated, and had the reward of his patient and inflexible perseverance. He had placed his name, where it still stands, high on the roll of British captains. The Spanish leaders, stung by his unaided success, circulated and published the most infamous libels to cover what, if not their own incapacity and cowardice, was their own treachery. Graham was urged by Mr. Wellesley, our minister, not to allow these misstatements to pass without contradiction; but at last, as from accusations against his military skill they assailed his personal honour, he took a soldier's shorthand way with them. It is certainly not the usual way of dealing with allies, but it is so characteristic, and so thoroughly consistent with the temperament of the man, that we give the incident in the words of his brother-in-law, Colonel Cathcart, in a letter to his father, dated July 10, 1811. He says that he

'found a most impudent and mischievous publication of General Lacy's had been translated into English. There were some passages in this book so objectionable and personal to General Graham that he, when it first made its appearance at Cadiz, found himself under the disagreeable necessity of sending a message to both Lacy and Lapena, desiring that these passages might be expunged, or that they must consider the chastisement they so richly deserved from his hand had been already inflicted, and which otherwise certainly would be, the first opportunity. These gentlemen were all submission, shrugged up their shoulders, and declared they did not mean any disrespect to the General, were very sorry the language had been so strong, and were ready to retract what he pleased!'

And this they did.

Meanwhile Wellington obtained authority to require the services of General Graham as his second in command. The battles of Albuera and Fuentes de Onoro had been fought, and Wellington continued his advance. Graham joined him on August 6, 1811, and from that time forward his military life is so familiar that a mere summary may wind up our notice of this interesting volume. General Graham, as second in command to Lord Wellington, took part in all the movements

from August, 1811, to July, 1812. He was present at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, and covered the siege of Badajos, with the 1st, 6th, and 7th Divisions, in April of that year. He was at Portalegre with the 1st and 6th Divisions, covering Hill's attack on Almaraz. With the 7th Division he drove back part of Marmont's force near Salamanca, the forts of which were captured, and Marmont withdrew. In March, 1811, he, along with Sir Rowland Hill, was invested with the Order of the Bath. For some time Graham had suffered under an affection of one of his eyes, which obliged him to return to England in the summer of 1812. While there he received from Wellington a short and graphic note announcing the victory at Salamanca, dated July 25, 1812. He says (p. 636), that Marmont,

'after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style—nobody knew with what object—he at last pressed on my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would either have carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured, and we fell upon him, and I never saw an army receive such a beating.

'I need not express how much I regret the disorder in your eyes since this action.'

Graham rejoined the army in April, 1813. He commanded the left wing of the army at the battle of Vittoria, and his operations on that day were mentioned by Wellington in his despatches with special approbation. On the 26th he attacked General Fay at Villafranca, and drove him from his positions. He was then charged with the reduction of St. Sebastian, but the first assault failed. The second was successful, and the place was captured on August 31, 1813. On October 7 he had the distinction of leading the first troops across the French frontier at the passage of Bidassoa. But his eyes were again becoming troublesome, and he relinquished his command to his cousin Sir John Hope, to the great regret of the army. He returned home, accompanied by many kindly expressions from a large circle of friends. Many towns in the United Kingdom presented him with the freedom of their corporations, and he was elected shortly afterwards Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He was now sixty-five years of age; his health uncertain, and his eyesight impaired; but he was not allowed to rest in retirement. He was requested by the Government to undertake the duties of the Commander-in-Chief of the British and Dutch forces in the Low Countries. He was most desirous to avoid this service, as he felt there was little probability of its resulting creditably; but he did not

think he could with propriety decline. It was from the first a dispiriting affair; and is a good example of the prevalent mismanagement of the departments. There was a design to burn the French fleet, but this was abandoned; 'for,' as Graham wrote, 'the easterly winds detained all the great ordnance train, rockets included, at home, and the ice in the river at Willemstadt prevented our getting the small ordnance equipment that had arrived, so that we were obliged to depend chiefly on such Dutch and French mortars as we could pick up. The shells bad, the fuses worse, so that the practice could not be good.' The campaign substantially terminated with the brilliant but unsuccessful and disastrous attempt to storm the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom, which miscarried in the very moment of success, in consequence of one portion of the troops having, through misunderstanding orders, quitted the post assigned to them.

The failure of this enterprise depressed the General greatly; all the more that he felt, bold as it was, it ought to have succeeded. His disappointment was consoled by many friendly letters, from the Duke of Clarence, Lord Mulgrave, and many other friends. Although unsuccessful, the conception and execution of the enterprise have been the theme of military eulogy in many quarters. Among the other letters he received was one from Mr. Adam, in which he says, in reference to a conversation between Napoleon and Colonel Campbell previous to the departure for Elba:—

'He (Napoleon) particularly mentioned the attempt on Bergen-op-Zoom, displaying great military talent and enterprise, and, he added, "its failure is nothing against it; that is incident to all military enterprise, and without such attempts there would be no great military success: its failure was owing to causes which the general who planned it could neither foresee nor prevent."' (P. 738.)

Some years later Napoleon recurred to this subject at St. Helena, with Barry O'Meara, speaking of the assault as a most daring enterprise, although he thought it ought not to have succeeded, as the garrison was more numerous than the assailants—unless a panic ensued. "'Graham," he observed, "had been Commissary with the army at the time of his first career of arms at Toulon. . . . A daring old man," he said, and asked if he were not the same who had commanded at the affair at Cadiz.'*

In May, 1814, Sir Thomas Graham was raised to the peerage as Lord Lynedoch of Balgowan. He was soon after-

* Voice from St. Helena, ii. 195.

wards appointed to the chief command of the forces in the Netherlands. He resigned this appointment into the hands of the Prince of Orange in August, 1814, and returned home. This was the last incident in his singular and brilliant military career. Considering the important duties committed to him, Lord Lynedoch was certainly a successful, if not always a fortunate commander. Few enterprises failed in his hands; and if he be the greatest general who makes the fewest mistakes, Graham must be held to stand high. His only mishaps were the first assault on St. Sebastian, and the misadventure at Bergen-op-Zoom. The first was one of those events to which all siege operations are liable. The last was a calamity which none but a powerful leader would have encountered. With these two exceptions his career was one of unbroken success, and his character as a military chief stood even higher on the Continent than at home. The conversation related in this volume, between Major Stanhope and Marshal Bernadotte, proves the estimation in which he was held; and he was the only English general except Wellington mentioned by Napoleon in the interview with Colonel Campbell. Fortune, however, was not uniformly kind to him even in success. It was hard to lose the fruits of the brilliant success at Barrosa through the cowardice or treachery of his allies; for if they had done their part, his name would have stood even higher than it does. Doubly hard was it that, while serving with such distinction with Wellington, his physical powers, great as they were, should have given way. But take him altogether, his career was a marvel. In defence and in attack—at Messina and Cadiz, as at Barrosa and Vittoria—he was equally and uniformly efficient. The main topic of regret which the narrative leaves behind, is that his power of accurate calculation, bold resolve, rapid action, and cool judgment were not made more available to his country before years, hard work, and unceasing exposure had laid their hand on his powerful frame. But even when he was compelled to quit his command in 1812, Wellington directed Dr. Macgrigor to intimate to his successor that the instant Sir Thomas Graham was able to resume his situation, no other person could fill it. How Graham acquired his knowledge of military detail he does not inform us. He trusted probably to quick observation and adaptability of apprehension, as the mainspring of his mastery of it. That he ever studied the art theoretically seems unlikely. His acquired knowledge of ground and distance, and accurate calculation of the time required for movements, the fruit of his love of field sports, along with his

iron nerve and contempt for danger, made him what he was. But he had, beyond and below these, native genius, which forced its way through many opposing obstacles.

So falls the curtain on the third act. The last was not marked by any excitement or adventure. Lord Lynedoch was made Governor of Dumbarton Castle in 1829, and received a note at the same time from his old brother in arms, Lord Hill. In 1834 he was appointed Colonel of the 1st Foot, and the King wrote to him to congratulate him. His principal achievement was the foundation of the United Service Club, which, strange to say, excited as much interest and contention in high quarters as a campaign or a command. He at last succeeded, and a plate commemorative of his exertions is inserted in the foundation stone of the building, which was laid in March, 1817. In 1830 he published a letter to the unrepresented owners and holders of land, and the house-holders of the Royal Burghs in Scotland, in favour of Parliamentary Reform. Notwithstanding his great age, he continued to visit and travel on the Continent, and to take great interest in the current of affairs. The following description of his appearance and manner in extreme old age will be read with interest. Lord Cockburn in his journal mentions, under date October, 1837, that he met Lord Lynedoch at Jeffrey's. He says of him:—

'At the age of about eighty-eight his mind and body are perfectly entire. He is still a great horseman, drives to London night and day in an open carriage, eats and drinks like an ordinary person, hears as well as others, sees well enough—after being operated on—for all practical purposes, reading included, has the gallantry and politeness of an old soldier, enjoys and enlivens every company, especially where there are ladies, by a plain, manly, sensible, well-bred manner and a conversation rich in his strong judgment, and with a memory full of the most interesting scenes and people of the last seventy years. Large in bone and feature, his head is finer than Jupiter's. It is like a grey, solid, war-worn castle.'

He lived six years after this, and died in Stratton Street on December 18, 1843, in his ninety-sixth year. The romance is ended. The play is over. The actors have all gone. But they did not include among them a manlier, braver, or more honourable spirit than that of the hero of this interesting volume.

It must be plain to our readers that we have only gleaned, and that sparingly, from the many topics and features presented by the work before us. The best meed of praise we can offer to the editor is that there is so little to say of his personal share in it. All is judicious, moderate, well selected,

and well expressed. But both to the military and the general reader the volume itself, bulky as it seems, will well repay perusal. The public are indebted to Mr. Maxtone Graham, Lord Lynedoch's successor, for having placed Lord Lynedoch's papers in the hands of so judicious an editor.

The career of the 90th Regiment, which is the subject of the second of these volumes, travels over a field of interest of the most extensive description, and would indeed furnish admirable material for a commentary of some length. But having devoted so much space to the story of the man who raised the regiment, we must content ourselves with a mere summary of its subsequent fortunes. We believe, however, that we do it no more than justice when we say that no regiment in the service has enjoyed, professionally and socially, a more uniformly high reputation than the 90th has sustained ever since its embodiment. It probably consisted, owing to the manner in which it was originally raised, of better material than always follows the allurements of the recruiting sergeant.

Our limits will not permit us to refer to the early history of this gallant corps, or to the first comparatively unimportant services they had to perform. Their share in the capture of Minorca we have already referred to. But in 1801 they had to discharge a service of great hazard, and of immense value, at the first engagement in Aboukir Bay on March 31. It does not appear that the 90th had ever been under fire before. On this occasion they had to support the whole weight of an attack of the French cavalry, equally unexpected and formidable. The resolute front shown by the 90th, taken by surprise as they were, saved the position, and prevented Sir Ralph Abercromby from being taken prisoner. He had his horse shot under him, and was nearly surrounded, when a party of the regiment rescued him. Lord Hill—then Colonel—was badly wounded in the affair. They were mentioned with distinction in the general orders.

At the rupture of the peace of Amiens, the 90th went to Ireland, thence, in 1810, to the West Indies, and accomplished the capture of Martinique and Guadaloupe. They served in the Kaffir war, through the whole struggle in the Crimea, and in the Indian Mutiny. On March 29, 1858, Sir James Outram, in relinquishing his duties as Chief Commissioner in Oude, wrote to Colonel Purnell, their commander: 'In my various despatches I have endeavoured to express my sense of the obligations under which I lie to yourself and the glorious 90th' (p. 203). They returned home covered with

distinction. In 1872 they deposited the remnants of their colours beneath a monument erected at Perth to the memory of their comrades. Their ranks at that time cannot have contained one of the gallant band who marched from Perth to Kingstown by night in 1794 ; but there is a touch of sentiment in this return, with honour and renown, to the cradle of the regiment's infancy after nearly eighty years' service of their country. Still further duties and further honours awaited them. They served throughout the Zulu campaign, and the gallant 90th still stands in the front rank, prepared to add to its now accumulated honours. We should gladly have followed Captain Delavoye through the stirring adventures he has so well recounted ; but we can only commend his labours to our readers. The names, among many others of honourable fame, of Garnet Wolseley and Evelyn Wood, remain to shed lustre on the corps which owed its origin to the patriotism of Thomas Graham.

ART. II.—*Register of the Rectors, Fellows, Scholars, Exhibitioners, and Bible Clerks of Exeter College, Oxford, with illustrative Documents and a History of the College.* By Rev. C. W. BOASE, Fellow and Tutor. Oxford: 1879. 8vo. 200 copies printed for Rector and Fellows.

THE reforms which the University Commission of 1854 recommended the various colleges at Oxford to adopt were assailed by many of the most distinguished graduates of a previous age with a storm of invective. The warnings of those prophets of evil were disregarded at the time, and the pernicious consequences which they freely predicted have not yet come to pass. Of all the political enthusiasts that denounced the action of Parliament in tampering with the sacred institutions of Oxford, Dr. Bliss, whose researches into its past history had blunted his perception of its present needs, was perhaps the fiercest in his resentment. After more than twenty-five years' experience of college life since the introduction of these reforms, his prophetic admonitions on the terrible dangers which would overwhelm his beloved university in ruin strike the reader with amazement. 'I have seen, 'alas!' says the excited antiquary, in a strain of rhetoric which he rarely attained to, 'Oxford deserted by the House of Peers, her interests neglected by the bench of bishops, and not as manfully supported as she should have been, nay, in some instances, betrayed, by her own sons. I have seen her members compelled to violate oaths, to disregard the in-

‘junctions of friends, and set at naught the expressed intention of benefactors. I have seen old statutes swept away and new ones enacted with a wilful pertinacity and an ill-advised haste that forbad prudence and due consideration ; and lastly, I have lived to see a system of plunder and confiscation practised upon several of the foundations . . . under the sanction of a second Commission, comprising, strange to say, men educated within the walls of Oxford, some of whom even profess the practice of the law, others the administration of justice.’ These Cassandra-like strains fell on deaf ears a quarter of a century ago. Now they seem like the echoes of ages far distant. The alterations in the statutes of the colleges have raised instead of lowering the level of knowledge in the schools, have heightened and not diminished the love of learning.

In one respect, indeed, they have been productive of great changes. The throwing open to the whole country of many of the fellowships and scholarships previously confined to the natives of special districts has naturally weakened the local connexion which for many generations had characterised the majority of the Oxford colleges. In none has this been felt with greater severity than at Exeter College. For nearly five centuries and a half an unbroken succession of fellows had been maintained there from the Western counties. From the days of the founder until past the middle of the nineteenth century the fellowship which had been held by a Cornishman was on its vacation filled by a native of the same county, and a Devonshire man succeeded to the post which had been occupied by one born in the same shire, it might be within the same parish. The Petrean fellowships were subject to similar limitations. No one who was not born in a county in which some of the estates of the family of Petre were situate was eligible for election to those prizes. The Commission swept all these restrictions away. For years the number of the fellowships at Exeter was largely in excess of the requirements of the college. Several of them were suppressed, and those which were left were declared open to the world. Of those which still exist, only one is now held by a gentleman who enjoys it in right of birth within the limits of a privileged county ; and it is a happy accident in the history of the college that the last of these close honours should be enjoyed by a scholar whose academic attainments would have enabled him to win the prize in a competitive examination. It is even more fortunate for its lasting fame that it need not seek outside its list of officers for an antiquary willing to ‘scorn delights and live laborious days’ among the mouldering records of bygone ages in search

of details of life at Exeter College under Lancastrians and Tudors, and able to annotate the career of its earliest members with ample knowledge of the genealogy and topography of the Western counties. Imperfect as the notices of the fellows in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries must ever remain, the obscurity which enshrouds their lives would have been still denser had the duty of editing the 'Register of the Rectors and Fellows of Exeter College, Oxford,' been entrusted to one who did not bring to his task a close acquaintance with the history of the West. But for an intimate familiarity with the names of the hamlets and homesteads of Devon and Cornwall, the succession of the earliest fellows could never have been traced or their identity proved with certainty. The value of such local knowledge will be instantly appreciated by anyone who takes the trouble to refer to the opening pages of this work. The birthplace of the second fellow on the list is attributed to an obscure village near Barnstaple. The two succeeding names are identified with the north of Devon. A fourth fellow on the same page is assigned to a parish in the east of Cornwall, and a similarity of name leads the editor to connect another of his predecessors with a family dwelling on the banks of the Truro river. There is not a single page throughout the whole of the volume which does not afford frequent proofs of the value of such learning to the historian of the great college of the West country, and we readily acknowledge our obligation to Mr. Boase for the zealous prosecution of a labour which no one else could have undertaken with the same certainty of success.

Exeter College, the fourth in antiquity in the University, owes its foundation and its name to the munificence of Walter Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter. His death was in sad contrast to a prosperous life. It was his misfortune to be charged by Edward the Second with the responsibility of guarding the City of London in his master's interest against the Queen and her foreign adherents. The choice of the King was not happy. The citizens of London were devoted to the cause of the Queen, and were full of resentment against the bishop for a rash attempt to curtail their liberties. Breaking out into open rebellion, they seized the Lord Mayor and forced him, through fear of losing his own life, to consent to preside at the trial of any of the King's advisers whom they might bring before him. As soon as the mob had extorted this promise from the abject Mayor, it rushed to the town-house without Temple Bar which the bishop had built for himself and for his successors in the see. The search proved fruitless, and

the infuriated rioters could only vent their rage on the bishop by destroying his property. Had he profited by the warnings of his friends, he might have succeeded in effecting his escape, but in a spirit of recklessness he insisted on passing through the city. At the north door of St. Paul's the bishop was detected by the mob, and being dragged to Cheapside was proclaimed a traitor to the realm and a destroyer of the civic liberties. He was then stripped of his armour and beheaded, together with two members of his household. His head was exposed to derision on a long pole, and his body thrown into a pit in a disused burial-ground. Six months later the corpse was laid with magnificent ceremonies in a tomb of polished marble on the north side of the altar in Exeter Cathedral. More than two centuries after his death an elaborate Latin epitaph, the composition of John Hoker, the well-known chamberlain of that city, was erected to the memory of Bishop Stapledon by one of his successors in the bishopric.

A Devonshire man by birth, as all the historians are agreed, he founded at Ashburton a guild of St. Lawrence, with particular stipulations concerning a 'free school for children,' which still flourishes within the bishop's court; he endowed the hospital of St. John at Exeter with a rich rectory for the maintenance and education of the poor; on the rebuilding of the cathedral he expended the enormous sum of 1,800*l.*, whilst its library was often enriched by additions from his own store of manuscripts; but the fame of all his charitable works must yield to that of the 'most fruitfull seminary of 'virtue and learning' which he founded and endowed at Oxford, still famous under the title of Exeter College.

Early in the year 1314 Bishop Stapledon presented the rectory of Gwinear, in Cornwall, to the dean and chapter of his cathedral church, with injunctions that they should employ its proceeds in enabling twelve scholars from Devon and Cornwall to study philosophy at Oxford in the buildings called Hart Hall, which he had previously purchased. In a few months the accommodation proved insufficient for the requirements of the scholars, and in the following year the founder of the new institution obtained from his old friend, Peter de Skelton, the Rector of Saltash, in his own diocese (and possibly a member of the Cornish family long resident in St. Stephen's and Landulph, which, after the restoration of Charles II., supplied some of England's bravest officers on land or sea), his interest in St. Stephen's Hall, in the parish of St. Mildred. It is on the site of this hall and the adjacent tenements that the existing structure of Exeter College stands. Part of St. Stephen's

Hall was soon pulled down, and on the ground which it occupied rose the north gate of the college. Over the gate was a tower, pieces of which may still be seen in the rector's house, and in front of it ran the city ditch, long since filled up and covered by the roadway of Broad Street. The college authorities were naturally desirous of securing an edifice within their own precincts in which the students might hear the prayers and receive the sacraments of the Church. This was for some time a matter of difficulty, in consequence of the close proximity of the parish church of St. Mildred, but in 1326 the provisions of a deed of agreement defining the rights of the college and the parish were amicably settled, and in the same year the high altar of the college chapel was consecrated 'in honour of the Blessed Virgin, St. Peter, and St. Thomas the Martyr.' About the commencement of the fifteenth century Bishop Stafford rebuilt the portico of the chapel, and supplied service books and communion plate. Under the library he constructed a chamber twenty-four feet long, with a smaller chamber under the chapel portico. A sum of 100*l.* to be expended in building new chambers west of the north tower and in repairing the tower itself was given to the college in 1432 by William Palmer, one of its fellows. The memory of his good deed was preserved for generations by the representation in the east window of the founder's chapel of a man kneeling and warning the pious students to pray for the soul of William Palmer, 'who caused this chapel to be lengthened.' A still more useful memorial of his munificence existed elsewhere. As a school-boy he had been compelled to pass every day from the Devonshire parish of Bradstone, in which he was born and bred, to the house of the schoolmaster in the neighbouring county, and sometimes risked his life in crossing the turbulent waters of the Tamar. On one of these occasions he vowed to span the river with a bridge in after life, and when enriched by the prizes of the Church and by his emoluments as physician to Margaret of Anjou, he fulfilled the pledge by the erection of the Greystone bridge connecting Bradstone with Lezant in Cornwall.

The greatest accession of fortune which the college has ever received came to it from Sir William Petre in the year 1566. He might, indeed, be appropriately called its second founder. After a long life spent in the brightest sunshine of Court favour, during which he managed to serve with equal success rulers of such diverse opinions as Henry VIII., his son, and two daughters, growing infirmities warned the compliant courtier of the necessity of retiring from business. In his heart he

was profoundly attached to the principles of the Catholic faith, but he did not hesitate to turn to his own profit the constant necessities of the Crown by purchasing on easy terms the property of which the Church had been deprived. When the accession of a Queen wedded to the Papal interests seemed to indicate the possibility of the forcible restoration of the abbey lands to their original owners, the prudent politician contrived to obtain from the Pope a dispensation for holding them on the assurance that they should be employed for pious purposes. Sir William Petre had received his early education at Exeter College, and in 1564 he seems to have communicated to the governing body his intention of increasing the number of the fellowships and augmenting the corporate revenue. Two years later he transferred to the rector and scholars some valuable estates which he had purchased from the Queen in the preceding year. These consisted of lands at Kidlington Yarnton and other places in Oxfordshire, producing in 1564 a gross rental of nearly 15,000*l.* per annum. The income of the college was more than doubled by this accession of fortune, and, noble as the gift was, it did not exhaust the liberality of the donor, for at the same time he contributed nearly 100*l.* a year for the support of eight fellows born in the counties which contained the family property. In 1566, when seven fellows were added to the existing number under the Petrean statutes, the estates of the Petres were situate in only five counties, but through the growth of the family property, and by the liberality of several fellows who had purchased and conveyed to the head of the house of Petre for the time being small plots of land or rent-charge, with the object of rendering the natives of other shires eligible to hold these fellowships, the number of counties had been increased by 1554 to seventeen. Sir William's regard for the college lasted until his death, for his will contained a legacy of 40*l.* in its favour. His relict left it a like sum, while his son, the first Baron Petre, imitated his father's good example by leaving to it after his death the sum of 20*l.*, and raising during his lifetime sufficient money to equalise the incomes of the fellowships which his father had established. The right of nominating to these fellowships was retained in the hands of Sir William Petre and his son for their lives, but on their deaths it passed to the college. This express stipulation did not restrain the second baron from endeavouring to force his nominee upon the college on the first vacancy after the death of his father. The college, however, successfully resisted the claim in the law courts, and it may be mentioned to the credit of the much-

calumniated Attorney-General Noy that, in gratitude to the college of his education, he pleaded its cause gratuitously in the Court of Common Pleas. To the services which Noy and Sir John Doddridge rendered in this emergency a graceful tribute is paid by Nathanael Carpenter in his volume of '*Geographie*.' These two illustrious lawyers were cherished in the bosom of Exeter, and have since 'returned back with 'interest' her courtesies. The claim was again raised and again defeated fifty years later. Prince, the laborious author of the '*Worthies of Devon*,' and a scholar eminently deserving of the honour of a fellowship at Exeter, was one of the Oxford students nominated by Lord Petre in 1663-4 to a vacant Petrean fellowship, but the nomination, as poor Prince confesses, did not secure 'that happy success as to myself my 'lord intended and I then greatly desired.'

Through the good offices of two former fellows, both benefited in Devonshire, and both celebrated by Bishop Prideaux as 'religious and constant preachers,' two gentlemen of good standing in that county were induced to bestow great benefits on the college. About the year 1618 the hall and the large beer-cellars underneath were erected at a cost of about 1,000*l.*, and of that sum by far the largest portion was the gift of Sir John Ackland, of Columb-John, near Exeter. At the same time Sir John Peryam, a citizen of Exeter, expended nearly 600*l.* in building the rooms which stood north of the hall, and adjoining the small but pleasant garden of the college. The county of Devon has been a fruitful 'seed plot' of learning to Exeter College. 'The sweet hiue and receptacle of our 'Western wits' is the expression applied to it by Nathanael Carpenter in a passage of great eloquence* in praise of the vigour and energy of the inhabitants of mountainous districts, where he proves the truth of his assertion by citing a long line of worthies from his own county of Devon unequalled by any other shire in Great Britain. An eminent native of Devon, bearing a name distinguished in English literature for at least three generations, is credited with the remark that to be born within its borders is worth as much as the inheritance of 100*l.* a year to men outside its pale. The natural advantage inherited by the gentry born in this fair county has been heightened by the ties of friendship and community of tastes gained within the walls of Exeter College. Its children from the West country have never been slow to acknowledge the benefits of their residence at Oxford, and have laboured to repay their

* *Geographie*, Book II. c. xv.

obligations to the college. Scarcely had the buildings of Ackland and Peryam been completed when another illustrious graduate from Devonshire commenced the good work of erecting a new chapel. The cost of the edifice amounted to about 1,400*l.*, and all but 200*l.* were supplied by the bounty of Dr. Hakewill. This act of munificence is rendered more striking from the fact that it was the gift of a man, in the words of Bishop Prideaux, 'not preferred as many are, and having two 'sons of his own to provide for otherwise.' Liberality seemed hereditary in the family of Hakewill, for it numbered among its kinsmen both Sir Thomas Bodley and Sir John Peryam. The first stone of the new chapel was laid on March 11, 1622-23, and the edifice was consecrated on October 5 in the following year, on the very day when England broke out into tumultuous rejoicing over the return of Prince Charles without bringing back an Infanta of Spain as his bride. The chapel was dedicated to St. James in compliment to the reigning king, in the same spirit as after the Restoration several churches were dedicated to Charles the Martyr, and in a later reign several new churches in London were connected with the name of George. Hakewill gave the college a sum of 30*l.* in order that a sermon might be preached every year on the anniversary of its consecration, and left instructions in his will that his body should be buried in the chapel, or, if that proved undesirable, that his heart should be deposited under the communion table with the inscription *Cor meum ad te, Domine*, to mark its resting-place. Neither of the last injunctions was fulfilled. His body was placed in the chancel of the church of Heanton Punchardon, and his heart remains in his body.

For nearly fifty years bricklayers and masons ceased from disturbing the repose of the college. 'No hammers fell, no 'ponderous axes rung.' In 1672 the work of reconstruction commenced afresh with the new buildings between the front gate and the chapel, and ten years passed away before the works were finished. The cost was defrayed by subscription. Lord Clifford, the Lord Treasurer, headed the list of donations with a present of 50*l.*, and Dr. Bury, for many years rector of the college, contributed 700*l.* from his own purse. A much larger sum of money, raised by wealthy members of the college, was laid out in other works in the first ten years of the eighteenth century. During this time the front gate, with the buildings between it and the college, was rebuilt. An old fellow, Narcissus Marsh, who rose to the primacy of the Irish branch of the English Church, and is said to have spent

20,000*l.* in works of public utility, displayed his unabated interest in the prosperity of the college by the noble gift of 1,300*l.* A third of the present century had passed away before the governing body determined on devoting any large part of their corporate funds to the improvement of the college buildings. In August, 1833, the rooms east of the gate in Broad Street were begun. At the same time the buildings from the hall to the chapel were new faced towards the street, and the upper part of the tower was strengthened. The accommodation was still insufficient. More rooms were erected in Broad Street in 1854, and two years later an improved Rectory house on the site of an old quadrangle replaced the old and dilapidated house appropriated to the use of the head of the college. The same year (1856) witnessed the beginning of the new chapel, one of the most beautiful productions of the architectural genius of Sir Gilbert Scott, and one of the chief glories of Oxford. The visitor who climbs the hills which encircle the city easily identifies among the numerous towers and spires the sharp-pointed roof and the thin spire of Exeter Chapel. Its foundation stone was laid by Bishop Anderson (who in 1833 had won an open scholarship at the college) on November 29, 1856, and on October 18, 1859, the edifice was consecrated by the then bishop of the diocese. Over 20,000*l.* were spent on the works. Towards this large sum of money, which sorely taxed the resources of the college and its members, Dr. Richards, then the rector, gave 1,000*l.*, and the past and present fellows vied with one another in the munificence of their contributions. The annual value of a fellowship at Exeter in 1854 but little exceeded 100*l.*, and a year's income was in many instances a fellow's contribution for this good work. The undergraduates responded liberally to the calls of the tutors; they raised among themselves the funds required for a new screen and for an organ. The brass eagle used in the new chapel as a lectern forms a connecting link with the former building. It was the gift of John Vivian, a Cornish fellow of the college, to the old chapel in 1637.

To Henry Whitefield, a former fellow of the college, who subsequently became Provost of Queen's, must be assigned the distinction of being the first member of Exeter who thought of augmenting the college library. He was not unmindful of its wants in his lifetime, and on his death in the autumn of 1387 bequeathed to the college some medical works, and 5*l.* for the purchase of volumes on 'divine philosophy.' The books were either kept chained to desks in the library, or deposited in the college chests; but not infrequently, when the funds be-

came reduced to a low ebb, the more valuable works were pawned for money, to be redeemed when some of the richer fellows (as was the case with Henry Chard in 1470) should give from their private means for that purpose, or when the college funds should improve sufficiently to allow of the books being restored to their legitimate guardians. Mr. Boase suggests that the library was originally kept in one of the ancient tenements given by Peter de Skelton. In 1383 William Slade, a Devonshire fellow, who afterwards directed the rebuilding of the extensive buildings at Buckfastleigh Abbey, and left behind 'xiii books of his own penning,' superintended the erection of a new college library. The cost of the works amounted to 57*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*, and the 'computus' showing the expenditure is still among the muniments. Thirty pounds were given towards the cost by Bishop Brantingham, and another Devonshire fellow, who held the rectory of St. Petrock, in Exeter; the balance was defrayed from the corporate funds. Other dignitaries of the Church remembered the library at Exeter College, and the scanty resources of the fellows. Reade, Bishop of Chichester, whose mathematical attainments were unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries, gave, in 1374, 20*l.* in money and twenty-five manuscripts. One of these volumes, consisting of four books of the Sentences of Peter Lombard, still remains in the possession of the college, together with eighteen manuscript volumes, containing the expositions of Hugh de Vienna on the Bible, the gift of another dignitary of the Church. The breviaries and other service-books which were the property of the college suffered grievous mutilation under Cromwell's proclamations of 1534 and 1539, which required that the names of the Pope and St. Thomas of Canterbury should be blotted out of all books used in the English Church. Soon afterwards the library was 'purged' from all books which did not accord with the new religious system, the Catholic ornaments in the chapel were sold, and the proceeds applied in purchasing English psalters and Common Prayer books. A few years later several additions to the library were received from John Dotyn, a former rector of the college, whose skill in medicine won for him the title of 'medicus ac 'astrologus insignis.' A still more eminent physician and generous benefactor towards building the new library in 1618 was Dr. Robert Vilvaine, a native of Exeter, and the best known of the twelve doctors who practised in the faithful city in 1640, when Fuller benefited by Vilvaine's medical knowledge and enjoyed his agreeable qualities in social life. On the completion, in 1624, of the new chapel, the old building was

converted into the library. Early in the eighteenth century 'all the inner part of the library was quite destroyed' by a fire which began through a servant's carelessness in an adjoining room, 'and only one stall of books or thereabouts secured.' Tom Hearne, whose diary is invaluable to the student of Oxford life at that period, remarks that but for the lowness of the wind and the excellence of the assistance rendered towards putting out the flames, 'Bodley' itself would have perished. In this antique frame, the only fragment of the edifice erected by Stapledon which had escaped the ravages of the restorer, the remnants of the books remained until 1778, when the old buildings were removed, and a new library was constructed on their site. It nestles under the shadow of Bodley, on the west side of the small and secluded college garden. Nearly thirty-two thousand volumes are preserved on its shelves, and although it cannot pretend to compete with many of the other Oxford libraries in the possession of book-rarities, it contains a good collection of works in history and general literature, which the undergraduates of the college are freely allowed to use in their studies.

The munificent gifts of Stapledon and Petre long sufficed to attract to their foundation many devoted classical scholars; but the prizes for the studious offered by the governors of Exeter College were from the first inferior in value to those awarded at many other colleges of the University, and became in the course of years still more disproportionate. When Queen Elizabeth made a royal progress to Oxford in 1592, all the foundations were taxed for her entertainment on the basis of the 'old rents.' On that computation the yearly income of Christ Church was estimated at 2,000*l.* Magdalen came next with annual revenues amounting to 1,200*l.*, and New College rejoiced in the possession of 1,000*l.* per annum. Exeter stood tenth on the list, with meagre yearly receipts amounting to but 200*l.* In 1612 its actual income was no more than 600*l.* per annum, the rectorship being worth but 70*l.*, less than a fourth of the emoluments attached to the deanery of Christ Church. At that time there were 206 members residing in the college, and although its resources fell far short of those belonging to Christ Church and Magdalen, there were only thirty-four more members in the former house, and forty in the latter. In 1651, at the commencement of the Commonwealth, and just after the expulsion of the Royalist fellows, there were 3,247 students of all degrees at the University, against 2,920 in 1612, and the numbers at Exeter College had increased from 206 to 230. A small but welcome gift of 100*l.* came to

the college in 1634, from Samuel Hill, a beneficed clergyman in Cornwall, quickly followed by a gift from Dr. Michell of some land near Exmouth; it was stipulated that the proceeds of the one donation should be distributed every Michaelmas among the poor servitors studying divinity, and that the annual income of the other should be applied in relieving the necessities of poor scholars. Irish grievances and Irish wants have vexed the minds of Englishmen for centuries; they are met with even in the quiet retreat of Oxford life. In 1547 Dr. Cox, the royal visitor, brought himself to believe that the interests of Ireland required every college to elect one Irishman to a fellowship, and, in his eagerness to carry out his plan, forced the fellows of Exeter to break their statutes by electing an Irishman to a vacant Petrean fellowship. When Charles I. was convinced of the necessity of supplying fresh attractions at Oxford for students from the Channel Islands, he effected his object in a more legitimate way by founding fellowships at the three colleges of Exeter, Jesus, and Pembroke for natives of Jersey and Guernsey. At the end of the seventeenth century Lady Elizabeth Shiers, after the death of her only child, a graduate of Exeter, left the family estate at Slyfield, in Surrey, for the benefit of the institution at which he had been educated. The complicated indenture drawn up by her executor required that two new fellowships, one from Herts and the other from Surrey, should ultimately be created, and on St. Stephen's day in 1744 the first election took place. No further alteration in the number and value of the fellowships at Exeter took place for more than a century. When the University Commission inquired into its state in 1855, it was found that the fellowships were both excessive in number and inadequate in value, and that the wishes of the founders in requiring the holders to be born in a few counties had operated injuriously to the interests of the college. These prizes were therefore declared open to all graduates without restriction as to birth, and their number was gradually reduced to fifteen; and, with the intention of raising the standard of merit among the undergraduates, ten Stapledon scholarships were created for scholars from the diocese of Exeter, and two for persons born in the Channel Islands. During the previous two centuries many fresh scholarships had been created by the liberality of old members. Dr. Vilvaine, whose generous help in erecting the new library has been already recorded, founded many years before his death two exhibitions from the High School and two from the Free Grammar School at Exeter. He had himself held a fellowship at the college, and it was no doubt through his connexion with

William Reynolds, a former fellow and a master of Exeter School, that Dr. John Reynolds, a canon of that cathedral church, was induced to bequeath the funds for the creation at Exeter College of three scholarships tenable by pupils of that school. Another exhibition was established in 1664 for some 'ingenious scholar' from Lincolnshire or Notts, whose father was not in the receipt of more than 30*l.* a year from land, and in 1710 the mother of a scholar whose corpse was laid in the south aisle of the old chapel founded an exhibition for the maintenance of a poor scholar who should be chosen, if possible, from her own kindred. The natives of Cornwall were not left uncared for. The Rev. St. John Eliot, a pluralist enjoying two benefices, the rich rectory of Ladock and the poor rectory of Truro, in that county—whose imperfect conception of his own duties was the fortunate means of permitting Samuel Walker to win, by untiring efforts in an arduous curacy, a bright name in the annals of the Church during the last century as 'the Evangelist of Truro'—strengthened the ties which bound Cornwall with Exeter College by founding two scholarships for pupils of the grammar school at Truro. Those who have once perused the narrative of the early struggles of William Gifford will not have forgotten how a kind-hearted surgeon at Ashburton raised the means for the education of the cobbler's apprentice at Exeter College. The recollection of his early poverty did not fade from the mind of the prosperous man of letters, and to smooth the path of any ambitious student from his native town he left, in 1826, a bequest for the establishment of two exhibitions at the college for scholars from the grammar school of Ashburton. These munificent endowments provided more than sufficient means for the education at Oxford of the studious youth of the Western counties, but it became evident that the number of these rewards, for which only natives of certain districts were eligible, served to check the healthy spirit of competition. The college authorities found it essential to provide six more exhibitions, open to the scholars of all England, and free from all restrictions.

Shortly after the foundation of the college the fellows were engaged in the strife of ecclesiastical controversy. The academic quiet was disturbed for many years by the theological differences between Wycliffe and his inflexible antagonist, William Courtenay, the powerful Archbishop of Canterbury. The fellows of Exeter College possessed a more direct interest in the dispute than those of any other college in the university. Courtenay had applied himself with marked attention to the study of civil and canon law during his residence at

Stapledon Hall, and the members of Exeter were naturally interested in the career of a scion of the most powerful family in Devonshire, who had been brought up in their midst, and was the highest dignitary of the Church to which they belonged. Yet most of the fellows were allied in sympathy with the religious opinions of the reformer. Even if the supposition of Professor Shirley that Wycliffe resided at Queen's College in 1363 should prove to have been made without sufficient evidence to establish its truth, there can be no doubt from entries in its 'computi' that poor scholars of his name were living there, and partly supported by its revenues, during the lifetime of Wycliffe, at a period when most of its fellows had been indebted to Exeter College for the completion of their university training. Need we be surprised, then, at finding that the graduates of the latter institution were eagerly bent on diffusing the doctrines of Wycliffe? Henry Whitefield, whose journey to the Papal Court at Avignon on some business connected with Exeter and Queen's occupied many weeks, had been a fellow of the former college before becoming the provost of the latter. John Trevisa, best known as the translator into English of Higden's 'Polychronicon,' and at least four other fellows of Queen's, migrated thither from Exeter, and all suffered at the hands of the rulers of the English Church for complicity in the doctrines of the reformer. Two more members of Exeter, not without fame in their age, surrendered their fellowships for similar posts at Merton, and both were forced by Archbishop Courtenay into turning back from espousing the cause of Wycliffe. Stevine, of Exeter, renounced the same opinions in 1382. Serche, another fellow, showing less pliancy of doctrine, was removed from his chaplaincy and another put into his place. Landreyn, who flitted from Exeter to Oriel, appears to have been the only fellow who took a prominent part in the religious strife without favouring the new doctrines.

The fifteenth century was the golden age for the graduates of Exeter. It seemed to rain bishoprics on them. There were at the same time three occupants of sees in England and an archbishop in Ireland, all of them born beyond the fair capital of the West, who within the short space of four years had held fellowships at Exeter. First in time comes the name of Walter Lihart, Bishop of Norwich from 1446 to 1472, who rose to that position through his Oxford training, from being merely a miller's son in a rural parish of Cornwall. There were two claimants for the see—John Stanbury, the King's confessor, being the royal nominee, and Lihart being

nominated by a bull from the Pope. Stanbury, the defeated candidate, had two points of affinity with his more fortunate rival: both were Cornishmen, and both were members of Exeter. Stanbury's aspirations after the episcopal bench were gratified by his appointment to Hereford in 1453. The munificence of Bishop Lihart was shown in the extensive alterations which he effected at the cathedral of Norwich. When the spire was struck by lightning in 1463, and its ruins as they fell crashed through the roof of the nave, it was through his public spirit that the stone vaulting of the roof, which has been recently noticed in this Journal, was erected in its stead. His emblem, a hart lying in the water, which alternates on the corbels at the base of the shafts, will long keep alive the recollection of his good deeds. Arundel and Halse—the one became Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, the other Bishop of Chichester—were contemporaneous with Lihart. Arundel is supposed to have belonged to the distinguished family that lived at Lanherne, and to have owed his appointment to his skill in physic, which was employed in smoothing the sufferings of Henry VI. The fortunes of the college were bound up with the success of the house of Lancaster. Michael Tregury, a Cornish fellow of Exeter College, was one of the chaplains at the Court of Henry V., and through his connexion with the Court was appointed the first rector of the University of Caen, and afterwards elevated to the Archbishopric of Dublin. His rule over the diocese of Dublin was not unattended by personal danger. At one time he was seized by pirates in Dublin Bay, and only rescued from his captivity after he had been carried to Ardglass. A few years later a gang of conspirators transferred him from a palace to a prison. But, in spite of all vicissitudes of fortune and risk of bodily injury, his life was protracted far beyond the average duration of man's years. The vision of his native land of Cornwall and the homestead in which his youth had been passed rose before his eyes in the hour of his death. One of his executors or servants was instructed to fulfil a vow of the aged archbishop, by visiting the priory on the 'guarded mount' with a 'decent' oblation, and contributing from his estate towards the improvement of the churches in that part of the county 'near which his parents dwelt.' His fine granite tombstone, formerly near the altar of St. Stephen in St. Patrick's Cathedral, was found, after the restoration of the chapel, lying neglected and forgotten under a heap of stones and rubbish. Chiefly through Swift's action it was replaced in the cathedral.

Sir William Petre's sympathies were well known to lean towards the older form of religion, and the prevailing spirit of the fellows of Exeter attracted thither the sons of the Catholic laity. Most of the members of the college came from Cornwall and Devon, where the Catholic religion found its warmest adherents. When the simple peasants of the West rose in rebellion against the government of Edward VI., and attacked the royal forces with such vigour that Lord Russell was despatched to oppose their advance, and Cranmer was instructed to draw up answers to their demands, one of the articles of the insurgents stipulated that Dr. Moreman, a former fellow of Exeter whom the King's ministers had cast into prison, should be sent unto them in safety, and should be benefited in their midst, 'to preach among us our Catholic faith.' Some of the youth of Devon received their instruction from Moreman. Cholwell, another of its fellows, 'a learned and 'zealous man for the Roman Catholic cause,' is identified with the schoolmaster of that name who 'trained up many of the 'best gentlemen's sons of Devon and Cornwall' at the free school of Week St. Mary, in the north of Cornwall. There can be no doubt of the religious principles which such teachers would inculcate in the minds of their pupils. One of the fellows of Exeter was in 1570 confined for many months in 'Bokardo' for refusing to declare the names of the Papists in the college. In 1579, according to Strype—and his evidence may be implicitly relied upon—out of eighty persons at Exeter only four were found to be firm in their obedience to the Queen; all the rest were secretly or openly supporting the cause of the Pope. In the list of fellows elected between 1566 and 1579 occur the names of eleven Papists who crossed the seas for Douai and Louvain. Two of them, Sherwin and Cornelius, paid the penalties for their convictions by death: the latter was hanged at Dorchester in 1594; the former suffered with Campion in 1581. When the Queen visited Oxford in 1566, Campion, at that time a member of St. John's, was respondent at the disputation in natural philosophy which was delivered at St. Mary's, and the most conspicuous of his four opponents was Richard Bristow, of Exeter, who afterwards became President of Douai, and wrote the notes for the Rheims translation of the New Testament. Lewkenor, another of the Exeter fellows, was tutor to John Gerard, the handsome and engaging proselytiser, whose adventures in converting the Norfolk gentry are told with such animation in Dr. Jessopp's book on the Walpoles. The list of matriculations for 1575 comprises the names of two members of the noble family of Stour-

ton; a Habington, of Worcester (a relative of the Roman Catholic layman who wrote the poem of 'Castara'); Savage, of Rutland, singled out by Strype as 'a most earnest defender 'of the Pope's bull;' John Gerard and his brother, and Kenelm Catesby, of Rutland. Conspicuous in the entries for 1577 is the name of William Baldwin, a Cornishman, who, after an imprisonment of eight years in the Tower of London, was banished from the country, and became the first English rector of the college of St. Omer, and among the sojourners in the college in June, 1579, is Thomas Percy, the conspirator. About the same time four fellows from the West of England, through their attachment to the principles of the Reformed religion, attained to eminence in the law and the Church. Richard Tremayne, who in the first year of Queen Mary's reign sought safety for his theological opinions by a speedy flight into Germany, and was rewarded on his return after her death by a canonry at Exeter Cathedral and the rich living of Menheniot, in Cornwall, ranks among the proctors in Convocation who signed the document for establishing the Thirty-Nine Articles, and the addresses in 1562 for reforming the rites and ceremonies of the Church. The 'blandishments of a seditious 'Frenchman' all but lost John Chardon his fellowship at the end of his year of probation, but he luckily perceived his error in time to retrace his steps. Expulsion from the college finished the Frenchman's university career, and his misguided dupe, on promising amendment, was admitted to a full fellowship. A bishopric in the sister Church of Ireland, probably conferred on him through his connection with the family of Carew, was Chardon's reward in after years. In the same century an Exeter fellow, called Robert Napper, presided over the Irish Court of Exchequer, while the similar office in England was at the same time, by a curious coincidence, bestowed on Peryam, another of its former fellows, whose impartiality in administering the law and zeal in promoting religion are warmly lauded by Prince.

The visit of the royal commissioners to the college in 1578, and the zeal of its new governors speedily effected a thorough alteration in the principles of its members. During the next seventy years the fellows were, with few exceptions, identified with the Puritan section of the Church, and they rank among its brightest ornaments. When Dr. Holland, for twenty years rector of the college, and one of the divines selected by James I. for the translation of the Bible, took leave of the fellows for a journey from Oxford, his invariable farewell consisted of the words, 'Commendo vos dilectioni Dei et odio Papatus et super-

‘stitionis,’ and his pupils cheerfully obeyed his wishes. During the whole of Holland’s tenure of the rectorship William Helme, ‘the most famous tutor of his age,’ was the chief of the teaching staff of the college. It would have been sufficient honour for Helme to be remembered as the tutor of Bishop Prideaux, even if the eminent divines and physicians whose names are chronicled in Prideaux’s sermon at the consecration of the new chapel had not been indebted to him for ‘those grounds which, ‘improved since, have attained that height the world now takes ‘notice of.’ Three at least of the parliamentary champions of Puritanism were graduates of Oxford. In 1607 Sir John Eliot matriculated at Exeter College in his fifteenth year. Hampden was at Magdalen about the same time. A few years previously Pym had entered himself at Broadgate Hall. The fortunes of Exeter College never rose to so high a pitch of eminence as under the healthy discipline of Holland and Prideaux. The inventory of the college plate about 1640, which Mr. Boase has with great judgment printed in its entirety, commemorates the names of the fellow commoners who were sent to Exeter to be trained by these illustrious scholars. There is scarcely a single family of any importance in the West of England which had not one of its members in the college during the early years of the Stuarts. Godolphins and Arundels, Mohuns and Prideaux’s, Strodes and Morrices, Fortescues and Trevanions, Cliffords and Challoners, the blue blood of the squires of Devon and Cornwall, whether Cavaliers or Parliamentarians, will be found to have left behind them, for their successors within its walls, tankards and beakers as souvenirs of their residence in the university. The sons of the nobility and gentry who crowded the courts of Exeter, travelled thither from all parts of England. The Oxfordshire family of Lec and the Whartons of Buckinghamshire were represented by the heads of these houses. Among the fellow commoners were the heirs to the peerages of Monmouth, Hinton, Chesterfield, and Hamilton, and the young Lord Roscommon. The two sons of the Earl of Pembroke presented to the college a couple of flagons, each weighing ninety-four ounces; and the weight of the basin given to it by the Earl of Arran fell little short of the same number of ounces. Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, was at Exeter in 1636, and if implicit reliance can be placed on his entertaining picture of college life in his undergraduate days, he soon became one of the most popular men in the university. His ‘proficiency in learning’ won the approbation of his seniors; his generosity in sharing his ample allowance among his poorer brethren, com-

bined with his 'natural affability'—his modesty is less apparent—made him the patron of 'divers of the activest of the lower 'rank.' It was not through any lack of desire on his own part that the college is unable to claim the great Lord Clarendon as its own. Two of his name, one of them presumably his elder brother, held Sarum fellowships in 1621; and the future Lord Clarendon himself tried, but unsuccessfully, for a similar prize.

Another of the most active agents in bringing about the restoration of Charles matriculated at Exeter, and was encouraged in his studies by Dr. Prideaux. Sir William Morice laid the foundations of his learning under the tuition of Nathanael Carpenter. In early manhood, whilst Cavalier and Roundhead were waging deadly strife for supremacy, he buried himself in his study, forgetful of every pursuit but Biblical learning. After his attainment to high office in the State, the political and religious views which found favour with the intimate courtiers of Charles II. warned him of the expediency of retiring from the Court, and he found in his library at Werrington the charm and solace of his old age. Whilst Dr. Prideaux presided over the college, such a crowd of learned foreigners flocked to it, for the advantages of his society and direction in their studies, that he built a large house behind the rector's lodgings for their accommodation. Their names are preserved in the 'Athenæ' of Antony Wood; and as that sturdy opponent of everything that savoured of Puritan feeling could not but admit that the universal recognition of Prideaux's learning drew them to Oxford, he revenged himself with the reflection that some of the English nobility who owed their education to Exeter College had 'proved no great friends either to the 'Church or State,' and singled out for especial scorn the Earl of Radnor, as a 'severe predestinator, and a promoter of the 'grand rebellion,' Philip Lord Wharton as a 'cowardly 'rebel,' and (worst censure of all) the second Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, 'who lived and died little better than 'a Quaker.' Several of the fellows in the early years of the seventeenth century were conspicuous in opposing the political tendencies of the Stuarts, and the Arminian doctrines of the courtiers and the clergy. The boldest of the number was Anthony Lapthorne, whose fearlessness in denouncing the frailties of the age and the shortcomings of the clergy brought him into trouble before the High Commission, and drew down on him a temporary suspension from exercising the duties of the Christian ministry. Winniff was imprisoned in the Tower for the freedom of his strictures on Gondomar; and Prideaux

was Laud's most formidable opponent in the university. For writing a small manuscript treatise against the project of the Spanish marriage, George Hakewill tasted, during a few weeks of 1621, the sours of prison life; and Hodges, for his sermon against the doctrines patronised by Laud, was forced into making a submission to Convocation. It was at this time that such distinguished divines as George Kendal, George Hall, and Dr. Conant, all of them fellows of Exeter, drank deep of the spring of Puritanism.

Dr. Johnson, when dilating on the merits of Pembroke College, would dwell with triumph on the number of English poets who had drawn their inspiration from the genius of the place, and would sum up the praises of the college where he had himself passed many days of pain and pleasure with the glowing expression that it was a 'nest of singing birds.' The same phrase might be applied to Exeter during the reigns of the first two Stuarts, though its most ardent admirer could not find it in his heart to attribute to the melodies the softness and sweetness of 'Apollo's lute.' In this respect it differs but little from all other colleges, for in the volumes of *Epithalamia* and *Funebria* which were composed by the picked students on the Isis and the Cam in the seventeenth century, there is but one poem, the 'Lycidas' of Milton, which has survived to this day. No one but a genealogist glances now at these dreary specimens of academic talent. About 1620, these collections of loyal flattery were filled with contributions from the poetasters of Exeter. Not content with displaying their poetical talents in conjunction with the rival bards of other colleges, the members of Exeter came before the world in 1613, with a special volume of elegies of their own in memory of Lord Petre. One of their number (Samuel Harding) even ventured upon the composition of a tragedy. It was printed by his 'chums' at Oxford in 1640, with the usual pretence that it was published 'against the modesty' of the author. In the commendatory verses prefixed to it his friends at the university boldly placed his work in competition with the tragedies of the great classical author Ben Jonson. The comparison was of course declared in favour of the Oxford student—his brain 'vents fancies with a pleasure, Ben's with pain.'

A more distinguished name in the annals of English poetry is found at Exeter in 1624. It was then that William Browne, the Tavistock poet, whose volume of 'Britannia's Pastorals' contains many lovely pictures of rural life, returned to its courts. He had matriculated there some years before, but for some unknown reason had quitted the college without taking

any degree; in 1624 he revisited it to direct the studies of the young Earl of Carnarvon, who was afterwards killed at Newbury. Wherever the poet went he attracted to himself the affections of those around him. Some of the most famous men of the age showed singular zeal in commending his 'Pastorals,' and the ambitious young poets at Oxford welcomed his presence with delight.

The fellowships established by Charles I. at Exeter were first filled up in 1636, and in that year he paid a royal visit to his favourite university, when the college showed its gratitude by the contribution of over 32*l.* for the expenses of his entertainment. The rulers of Exeter had sympathised with the religious views of Pym and Eliot, but as soon as the civil war broke out, and the din of arms banished learning from the university, the followers of both religious parties closed their ranks and united in support of the King. Charles soon found it impossible to prosecute his operations in the field without drawing upon the resources of the colleges. The fellows of Exeter, in the hope of saving the gold and silver vessels which its loving sons had presented to their Alma Mater, came forward with the offering of 300*l.* Their efforts were in vain, and in a few months the college plate, valued at 750*l.*, was, in obedience to the King's peremptory command, lent to him under a promise of repayment. On the triumph of the Parliament the university visitors dealt very summarily with the fellows of Exeter. Two were immediately expelled for contumacy, and the vacancies were filled by sympathisers with the new rule. Tozer, a Devonshire fellow, who held the incumbency of two of the Oxford churches, and wrote a little work ('Directions for a Godly Life') which passed through eleven editions ere the century ran out,* had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the Parliament. He was summoned before the visitors at Merton in March 1647, and on several later occasions, but in spite of his offences he was permitted, even after the notice of his expulsion had been posted, to retain a travelling allowance for three years. A few months before these events George Bull was sent, though he had not yet attained his fourteenth year, from Blundell's school at Tiverton—which in recent times has furnished Exeter College with one of our greatest novelists—to Exeter, and placed under the guidance of Baldwin Acland. Clifford was

* It was written with especial reference to the training of young communicants, and dedicated to Lorenzo, son of Lord Falkland, and a fellow commoner at Exeter.

at the same time numbered among his pupils, and through his teaching these two men, whose subsequent careers were passed in different creeds, became united in their college exercises. Influenced by the moderation of the religious opinions of Dr. Hakewill, and by his imprisonment for opposing the projected union of Prince Charles with the Infanta of Spain, the Parliamentary commissioners permitted him to continue in the rectorship until his death. Dr. Conant, a past fellow, was then elected to preside over the college, and under his sway its reputation rose to as high a pitch as in the days of Holland and Prideaux. Few members of the university could rival Conant in knowledge of Greek and of the languages of the East. His regard for the fair fame of the institution of which he was the head was displayed in his anxiety that the vacant fellowships should be held by men of learning and unblemished character. Once more the sons of the gentlemen of the West flocked to the college, and among them may be observed the names of families which had furnished many of the bravest and purest supporters of Charles I.* During this period the graduates of Exeter occupied many of the most conspicuous places in the university. One of them held the presidency of St. John's, and another the principalship of Jesus. For the disinterested zeal with which Conant watched over the interests of the college during the thirteen years of his rectorship his name should have been held in grateful remembrance.

Conant had little sympathy with the militant members of the Commonwealth, and used his influence with the moderate Puritans to bring about the restoration of Charles. They could not foresee that the partisans of the banished prince would return to their native shores as conquerors instead of friends too long absent. No one was found to predict that a Royalist Parliament would hasten to pass a new Act of Uniformity for expelling from the Church and the universities many zealous ministers, whose opinions on the Prayer Book differed but little from those of Elizabeth's most eminent bishops. The commission which sat at the Savoy in 1661 for the ostensible purpose of revising the formularies of the Church included Conant among its members, and, although he subsequently conformed, he felt himself obliged, on the refusal of the bishops to introduce any alterations into the service, to

* Denis, the second son of Sir Bevil Grenville, matriculated at Exeter in 1657. On the abdication of James II. he sacrificed all his preferences in the English Church, and withdrew to Paris.

withdraw from the communion of the English Church. On Exeter College his resignation of the rectorship was fraught with misfortune. His anxiety for the advancement of knowledge among the undergraduates seems to have been but little felt by his immediate successors, and the salutary discipline which he introduced into the college was soon relaxed. The general decay of learning which prevailed at the universities after the restoration was felt acutely at Exeter. Within the last few years the colours of the gloomy picture have been deepened by the revelations of Dean Prideaux. He was no doubt a man of strong prejudices, who allowed himself to transmit to his correspondents scandals against Dugdale and Antony Wood which, even at that time, could only have been accepted by the credulous; his conduct to Locke showed an unworthy greed to curry favour with the Ministry of Charles II.; but when every reasonable deduction has been made from the harshness of his censures, a severe condemnation must be passed on life at Oxford after the Restoration. At Magdalen and New College places were openly bought and sold, and the Bishop of Winchester's visitors, when engaged on their work of inquiry, rather busied themselves in investigating whether any of the scholars wore 'pantaloon or periwiques' than in rectifying such abuses. All Souls was eaten through and through with corruption and dishonour. At a 'horrid scandalous' alehouse opposite to Balliol the members of that college were addicted to 'perpetual bubbling.' When the means of the proprietor of the Mermaid Tavern were insufficient for staving off bankruptcy, the 'ticks' of the Christ Church men amounted to 1,500*l*. Exeter was in a still more deplorable condition; nought but 'drinking and duncery.' Most of the disgrace which befell it arose from the laxity of discipline of which the rector, Arthur Bury, was guilty, and it is curious to find him singled out by Prideaux for especial praise as 'a man that very well understands business, and is always very vigorous and diligent in it.' Unfortunately for the welfare of the college over which Bury nominally ruled, whenever his aptitude for business urged him into activity, his vigour was so little tempered by discretion that higher authorities were obliged to step in and restrain his ardour. Three years after his election five of the fellows were suspended in order that one of his own nominees might be elected to a vacant fellowship; and two successive vice-chancellors condemned the proceedings of the rector. Twenty years later the zeal of Bury involved the society in still greater trouble. One of the fellows was expelled by him on a charge which, if supported by credible

witnesses, would have amply justified such an act. The 'ejectus socius' immediately appealed to the visitor, the fiery Trelawney, Bishop of Exeter, who ultimately ordered his restoration. Bury refused to comply with the decree, and locked the great gates of the college in the bishop's face. The visitor proved more than a match for the rector, and after further strife the latter was expelled from the college, together with the fellows who abetted his high-handed proceedings. The aid of the lawyers was invoked, and for four years the case was bandied about from law court to law court. Meantime a swarm of pamphlets buzzed about in the society of Oxford. In the House of Lords the victory was on the side of the visitor. Bury was driven from his place, and the rival rector declared to have been duly elected in his stead. Most ecclesiastics would have considered a legal contest of this internecine description sufficient outlet for their energies, but Bury, like a still more illustrious disputant at Trinity College, Cambridge, found his highest pleasure in controversy. A few months after the fellows of Exeter were divided into two contending parties by the expulsion of one of their number, the rector gave his enemies even greater cause for triumph. They discovered that an anonymous tract ('The Naked Gospel,' 1690), which had for its chief object the freeing of what its author considered the fundamental truths of Christianity from the additions and corruptions of later ages, had proceeded from his pen, and the luckless author had the mortification of finding the pamphlet condemned to the flames by the Convocation of his university.

A similar fate was the reward of one of Oxford's most devoted sons. For forty years had Antony Wood spent his energies in constructing on the foundations of the university records the history of his Alma Mater. Every antiquary in the kingdom was pressed into the service of the 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' and forced to contribute from the stores of his own knowledge towards building up the fabric of that biographical dictionary of the Tudors and the Stuarts. The book treasures of the Bodleian and the college libraries were ransacked for the materials of the lives, and the booksellers at Oxford who lighted on rarities which Wood had never been able to discover were paid from his scanty means for the loan of their valuable possessions. But for his self-denying labours the knowledge of many incidents in the lives of our greatest writers would have perished for ever. Conscious of this industry, the historian or antiquary of the present age pardons Wood's prejudices, and forgets his errors in taste. The

university for which he had toiled with such incessant devotion was less forgiving. For some incautious remarks in the first edition of the 'Athenæ,' reflecting on the character of Lord Clarendon, the volumes of that work were publicly burnt, and its author expelled from the academic groves which he loved.

Another Oxford antiquary, 'poor in fortune and poor in understanding,' to use the words of the fastidious Gibbon, began soon after the death of Wood to follow in his prejudices and virtues. Without any aid but the subscriptions which opportunity could draw from the pockets of the wealthy or studious, Thomas Hearne for many years passed through the press the works of many of our earliest historians. In his own manner he accomplished in his generation the work which the nation itself undertook in this age at the instigation of the late Master of the Rolls. In 1701 he obtained an inferior post at the Bodleian, with the magnificent salary of ten pounds a year, and was forced to eke out his income by showing, with a keen eye for the fee, the Anatomy Camera. It was at 'Bodley' that he found his pastime and his happiness, and he laboured with constant care to promote its usefulness. Hearne, however, was of the strictest sect of the Nonjurors, whose principles forbade the taking of oaths of allegiance to any but the son, of the exiled king, and at the end of 1715 he was debarred from entering the library. The keys remained in his possession to the last, but, to avoid the possibility of his entering the building clandestinely, its canny curators caused the locks to be altered. Fifty years ago Hearne's editions of the monkish historians fetched fabulous sums at book auctions, but the value of many of them has since been impaired by the reprints of more critical students. His name is best known now through the extracts from his diaries which were published in 1857 by an inheritor of his love of learning and of Oxford. They are preserved in 145 small volumes, one of which was ever with him, and to them he confided the secrets of his heart and the gleanings of his researches. With Hearne honesty was the peculiar property of the Jacobites, and every follower of the King over the water enjoyed 'every virtue under heaven.' George I. was always styled the 'Duke of Brunswick,' and on his birthday the bells were wont to be 'jambled' by some of the 'whiggish fanatical crew.' With what intensity a political Nonjuror could hate may be judged from Hearne's mention of White Kennett's 'usual inaccuracy, pride, injudiciousness, and knavery.' His credulity may be realised by the statement that the Dissenters having collected a great quantity of bricks to erect a chapel,

'a destroying angel came by night and spoyle^d them all, 'and confounded their Babel.' In criticising books Hearne did not always allow his prejudices to get the better of his judgment. Everyone who knew the weak side of his nature would have suspected that the ponderous folio of John Walker, a fellow of Exeter, on the sufferings of the clergy ejected under the Commonwealth, would have been grateful to the foibles of the old Jacobite; it is, however, dismissed as a 'very injudicious mean performance,' though the compiler is praised as a 'worthy and honest man.'

In the days of Hearne the members of the Oxford colleges busied themselves chiefly in legal quarrels and in politics. Learning was comparatively neglected, and the candidates for ordination could not acquire even the moderate degree of efficiency which was demanded of them. The fellows of Exeter found abundant employment both in politics and law. Their votes were considered the perquisites of the Whig candidates, the members of Merton, Wadham, Exeter, Jesus, and Christ Church being staunch supporters of Whig principles. Still, at the general election of 1721-22, when the notorious Dr. King, the head of the Jacobite faction in the university, persisted in contesting the representation—chiefly against the re-election of Dr. Clerke, who had shown an inclination to Whiggism—every voter at Exeter gave at least one vote for King, while four plumped for him. In 1716 one Nichols, a young commoner at the college, was tried and found guilty of drinking the healths of Ormond and Bolingbroke, and of shouting in the streets 'An Ormond for ever!' At the election to three fellowships in 1719, six of the candidates obtained an equal share in the voting, and it fell to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Shippen, a brother of the Jacobite orator, to select the three fortunate youths. The subsequent career of his nominees did little credit to his choice. Two were rejected, at the end of the year of probation, for disaffection and for drinking the Pretender's health; the third committed suicide to escape from his creditors. The county election for 1755 provoked a fierce outburst of party passion. The polling-booths were erected in Broad Street, and early in the morning the Tory roughs blockaded the approaches and prevented their opponents from voting. The Whig voters were thereupon smuggled through Exeter College, and were polled before a sufficient number of the enemy could be collected to prevent them. After the election the Jacobite vice-chancellor denounced the 'infamous behaviour' of the college, and the divisions in the university were widened by a series of pam-

phlets, now seldom disturbed from their concealment among Gough's additions at Bodley.

Exeter College was singularly unfortunate in its rectors, from Conant to Conybeare; the weakness of Dr. Hole, who held the post from 1715 to 1730, involved the fellows in a legal contest with Dr. Newton, Principal of Hart Hall. Hole's character formed the subject of many jokes from academic wits about 1720, and his peculiarities are pointedly referred to in a Latin squib—printed in that delightful repository of forgotten lore, 'Notes and Queries'—on the reception given by the university to a Norwegian owl, the gift of Sir Hans Sloane. In one of his unguarded moments this hapless rector permitted Dr. Newton, whose ambition to elevate Hart Hall into a separate college caused him to be designated as founder-mad, to consult the college muniments for evidence as to the connexion of Hart Hall with Exeter. The college resisted in the law courts Newton's attempt to obtain a charter of incorporation for his Hall, whereupon the irascible doctor, under the belief that the action of the college was prompted by Conybeare, assailed him furiously in a printed letter addressed to the vice-chancellor; this, in its turn, provoked Conybeare into publishing a true narrative of the differences between the two bodies, and the strife grew loud and long.

Two of the members of Exeter at this epoch rose to eminence. Dr. Rundle, whose reputation for heresy forced him to put up with an Irish instead of an English bishopric,* and Secker, who, from a humble position in dissent, became the Primate of England, were both graduates of Exeter, and both remembered their old friends within its precincts in the distribution of their preferments. During his short tenure of the rectorship of Exeter, Conybeare laboured strenuously to restore discipline to the college, and to establish an efficient staff of resident tutors and lecturers. The success of his efforts secured for him the patronage of 'Codex' Gibson and promotion to the deanery of Christ Church.

The general tone of college life in the last century need not detain us long. The gloomy picture has been painted by several of the most illustrious English writers in history, theology, criticism, and politics. Widely as they differed in their

* One of the Exeter fellows, when deprived of his benefice in his native city, went to Ireland for a living. This gentleman's talents are the subject of warm praise in a poem in Dodsley's collection. The reader is perhaps anxious to know the reason for this eulogy. Know, then, that he was 'the most astonishing mimic of his time.'

principles, they have all with one consent arrived at the same conclusion as to the defective state of learning at both Oxford and Cambridge. There were professorships for nearly every branch of knowledge, but most of the professors neglected to discharge the duties for which they were paid.* Many of the college tutors were inferior in erudition to the undergraduates whom they were supposed to instruct, and the keen-witted lads, after a brief experience of their deficiencies, quietly withdrew from the lectures, or obtained formal permission to prosecute their studies in their own manner. The chronological list of classical authors edited by members of the English universities in the eighteenth century, which is printed by Mr. Christopher Wordsworth in the appendix to his '*Scholæ Academicæ*,' supplies convincing proofs of the threadbare learning and the sloth of the college dons. Very rarely indeed does the number of classical books produced from both Oxford and Cambridge in a single year exceed the insignificant number of twelve. In at least two years (1765 and 1787) the sum total of their lettered ease amounted to precisely a third of that mystic number, and this result is only obtained by including Buckler's '*Stemmata Chicheleiana*,' and Kelhan's '*Heads of Botanical Lectures*.' A few fellows of Exeter rose above the deadening level of the age. They extricated themselves from legal strife and from the turmoil of politics, and found in study a charm which the political discussions of their companions in the common room could not supply. In the first rank of these must be placed the name of the Rev. James Upton. His father, after obtaining a fellowship at King's, had abandoned the sister university for school life at Taunton. In the seclusion of Somerset his energies found congenial occupation in editing a brace of classical authors, and in rescuing the '*Schoolmaster*' of Roger Ascham from the neglect of more than a century. The son followed in the footsteps of the father. His classical knowledge was shown in an edition of Arrian's '*Epictetus*.' The bent of his studies in English literature may be discerned in his edition of the '*Faerie Queen*,' and in his observations on Shakespeare. His acuteness may be realised by the fact that

* The damage inflicted on the universities by such abuses was felt by no one more keenly than by George III. In authorising an appointment to a professorship at Oxford in 1772, he wrote: 'I am thoroughly resolved that these employments . . . shall be faithfully administered, not held as sinecures; therefore the gentleman must be acquainted that he will be required to read such a number of lectures as the Heads of Houses may think necessary.'

his views on Spenser's historical allusions have lived to be quoted in Dean Church's memoir of the great allegorical poet of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

At the end of the last century several of the Exeter fellows were men of eminence in the scientific world. John Stackhouse, the son of an opulent Cornish rector, held his fellowship for three years, until he succeeded to the estates of the Pendarves family in Cornwall. A passionate student of marine botany, he built on the east side of Mount's Bay a castellated house, in which he might with greater ease study the fuci and algæ which were washed to its shores by the tempestuous waves of the English Channel. His days passed pleasantly away in discharging the duties of his position, and in printing his notes on the flowers of the sea. To the advantage of an Exeter fellowship another man of science owed his future fame. Shortly after his election the young student was appointed one of Dr. Radcliffe's travelling physicians. Whilst staying at Rome he had the good fortune to be summoned to the bedside of the Duke of Gloucester. This fortunate circumstance proved the stepping-stone to the highest honours in the profession. The young physician, Francis Milman, was ultimately advanced to the presidency of the College of Physicians, and rewarded with the dignity of a baronetcy. His youngest son will be remembered as the learned and accomplished Dean of St. Paul's; his grandson abandoned a living placed amid the loveliest scenery on the Thames for the harassing anxieties which attend the metropolitan bishopric in India.

Two of the greatest masters of Oriental literature that the country has ever produced will be found on the roll of Exeter fellows in the latter half of the last century. The college may boast with reason that the list of its worthies includes the illustrious names of Kennicott and Weston. Kennicott was the son of the parish clerk at Totnes, and his early life was passed in superintending the charity school of his native town. A poem which he composed on the recovery of a Devonshire lady attracted the attention of her family, and pointed him out as a fit person for a superior education at Oxford. Contributions for that object were obtained from the gentry of Cornwall and Devon, and from other natives of the West—such as Ralph Allen and Dr. Oliver, who had themselves climbed from comparative obscurity into positions of dignity and wealth. With this assistance Kennicott was enabled to matriculate at Wadham in 1744. Dull as was the age, and little as the graduates at the university seemed to interest themselves in promoting research, it should never be forgotten

that the services of the poor student from Devon were warmly appreciated from the first. Almost immediately on his arrival at Oxford he selected the Hebrew Scriptures for his especial study. Corporate bodies are usually indifferent to the necessities of the learned, but the university was foremost in applauding the talents of Kennicott. During his undergraduate days he ventured upon the publication of two theological treatises. They were received with such favour that their author was allowed to anticipate the usual period of residence before taking a degree, and excused from paying the regular fees. His next stroke of good fortune was the election to a Devon fellowship at Exeter. At an early period of his college life he conceived the idea of publishing an edition of the Hebrew Bible which should contain particulars of all the various readings in the existing manuscripts. To enforce the importance of this undertaking he issued two preliminary volumes, containing observations on some of the most important manuscripts. Although some opposition was manifested to the design, it was encouraged by Archbishop Secker, and the handsome subscription of nearly 10,000*l.* was raised for defraying the cost of the publication. Nine years were spent in collating six hundred manuscripts. In 1776 the first of his volumes appeared; the second in 1780. A great number of discrepancies, though most of them were of slight importance, were discovered in the readings of the MSS., and Dr. Johnson expressed the feelings of the laity with the remark that, although the text might not be greatly improved, 'it was no small advantage to know that we had as good a text as the most consummate industry and diligence could procure.' In course of time the worthy scholar acquired a proper degree of his own importance in college life. In the gardens of Exeter is still preserved a fig-tree, called after his name because one summer, when the fruit had arrived at perfection, he carefully fastened labels to the tree, with the words, 'Dr. Kennicott's fig-tree.' One of the undergraduates, with little reverence for the great Doctor, and with an uncontrollable passion for figs, anticipated its owner in eating the fruit, and added insult to injury by altering the words on the labels into 'a fig for Dr. Kennicott.' The widow of the 'learned Hebræan' seems to have been imbued with her husband's admiration of Scripture learning. She was one of the fortunate persons who shared in the bounty of the munificent Bishop Barrington. At her death she bequeathed the savings of her life for the foundation of two scholarships for the study of Hebrew at her husband's university.

Stephen Weston, who rivals Kennicott in the honour of being the most distinguished member of Exeter at this period, was also a native of Devon, though of a very different rank in life. He matriculated in 1764, and, after obtaining his fellowship, accompanied a baronet from his native county as 'bear-leader' on the Continent. It was at this time that he acquired that love of foreign life which he never lost throughout a lengthened career of more than eighty years. He was one of the many Englishmen who took advantage of the breathing-time afforded by the Treaty of Amiens to revisit the scenes of their early wanderings, and the enthusiastic description of the libraries and picture-galleries of Paris contained in his 'Praise of Paris' (1803) attest his partiality for the life of that fair city. After the victory of Waterloo he crossed and recrossed the Channel. The ruling passion for change of scene was strong within him even after he had passed his eightieth year; for in the summer of 1829 he might be seen enjoying himself in the pleasure-haunts of Paris. His first work in 1784 consisted of conjectures on Athenæus, and from that time until 1830 scarcely a year passed without some fresh publication from his busy pen. His name is to be found among the hundred or more scholars who have turned Gray's 'Elegy' into Latin or Greek; and when he published a new edition of Horace, he added to it Greek versions of the odes 'O Fons,' and 'Intermissa Venus.' These, however, were not his greatest feats of scholarship; for there could be found in England in his day many classical scholars more deeply skilled in the intricacies of the languages of Greece and Rome, and more thoroughly acquainted with the works of their chief writers. The fame of Weston rests on his knowledge of the Asiatic tongues. He was a Hebrew scholar, and ventured on an attempt to explain by the aid of Kennicott's collations the difficulties in the story of Deborah. He was a Persian scholar, and edited a collection of 'Distichs' from Persian authors, and a volume of the annals of their kings. He was intimate with Chinese, and astonished his countrymen by presenting them with a specimen of a Chinese dictionary. At one time he was passing through the press a poem in French; at another he was completing a supplement to the German grammar; and at a third he was tracing out the vestiges of the Arabic still existing in the languages of Spain and Portugal. Add to all this that his love of humour found vent in many fugitive poems on the foibles of Cracherode and the other eccentric book-buyers and booksellers of his time; that his varied knowledge of foreign tongues and accurate acquaint-

tance with other countries had supplied him with a profusion of illustration and richness of anecdote, and it will readily be conceded that his attainments were almost without parallel in the history of English scholarship.

Early in this century a very small modicum of classical learning was sufficient to satisfy the demands of the tutors at the English universities, and discipline was but slightly enforced even within the college walls. It was an age when any deviation from the ordinary costume was considered a greater offence than a breach of college rule, when excess of political zeal more than compensated for any deficiency in knowledge. Cambridge vied with Oxford in the strictness with which it enforced a Chinese uniformity of dress. White waistcoats, silk stockings, and low shoes formed the authorised attire for Cambridge undergraduates at the dinner in hall, and any variation in this costume was punished with strict severity. The bold reformer who successfully resisted the mandates of his superiors died but a few years ago. When the nation mourned at the loss of the Princess Charlotte, the fiat went forth that all undergraduates should show their sorrow for her death by adopting trousers as mourning for one term, but for one term only. The command was cheerfully obeyed, but when the time came for the resumption of the old knee-breeches one young collegian insisted on retaining the simpler attire. The dons thundered against him, but his bold mind wavered not. He was deprived of one term and yet another. Then sympathisers began to range themselves on his side. The authorities were borne down by weight of numbers, and knee-breeches were no longer an integral part of college discipline. A few years earlier the same struggle had been waged at Oxford. In 1810 no gownsmen was permitted to appear in hall unless he submitted to wear shorts, silk stockings—which cost about 18s. a pair, and constituted a heavy tax on the resources of undergraduates—and tight pantaloons. Breeches of cord or kerseymere, with white cotton stockings, made up at the same time the morning dress *de rigueur*. An Exeter fellow is entitled to the credit of having brought about the abolition of these ridiculous customs. Rigaud, who held the professorship of astronomy from 1827 to 1839, and published a valuable collection of the correspondence of scientific men of the seventeenth century,* was proctor for the year

* Demainbray, an Exeter fellow, was Astronomer to George III. at Richmond, 1782–1840. Two of its present staff are not the least distinguished fellows of the Royal Society.

1810, and, being 'of an enlarged mind,' connived at the offence of a gownsman wearing trousers. Succeeding proctors consequently found it impossible to enforce the adoption of attire which a predecessor had tacitly condemned. Under the influence of years of neglect the reputation of Exeter College seemed tarnished beyond repair. It swarmed with the gilded youth of the Western districts, who either enjoyed or anticipated the possession of large estates, and had no energies save for the favourite amusements of their class. Its rector had accompanied the future sailor-king in his voyages to the Mediterranean, and imported into the common room of the college some of the manners of the quarter-deck. The chronicler of Oxford life at this epoch has stated that he enforced his sentiments by the use of strong nautical language, 'even 'in a certain solemn place of meeting.' In laxity of discipline and disregard of learning most of the tutors followed in the footsteps of their rector, and the undergraduates were not slow in imitating the vices of their superiors. There were fellows who applied themselves assiduously to the duty of instructing their pupils, and there were undergraduates who repaid such exertions by close application to their studies, but both tutors and pupils of this class were in a hopeless minority. Dyce matriculated at Exeter in 1815, and before he had taken his degree had shown the natural bent of his inclinations by editing Jarvis's 'Dictionary of the Language of Shakespeare.' Surrounded with young men who occupied themselves in hunting or fishing, he found no one to share his tastes or to sympathise with his love of Elizabethan literature. Lord Yarmouth, better known to this generation by the title of Lord Hertford, was the college contemporary of whom he most frequently spoke, and Dyce's stories (says his biographer) of that young nobleman are 'very strange.' In the same year that Dyce entered upon his academical career the late Sir J. T. Coleridge had taken his degree, and three years previously he had been admitted to a Devonshire fellowship at Exeter. Dr. Cole, its rector, was vice-chancellor in June 1814, when the Prince Regent brought his crowned visitors from the Continent to witness the ceremonies of an Oxford Commemoration, and to receive from the university that honorary degree which has since been conferred on so many students of literature and science. Coleridge and another fellow of Exeter were called upon to recite in the Theatre the English verses in honour of the royal guests, and Coleridge's lines were flowing and melodious, well worthy of the auspicious occasion. The college was then awakening from the lethargy which had weighed it

down for generations. The bright future in which it has since basked in the full light of day was just dawning. There was renewed activity both among those who taught and those who listened. The evil influences which had grown up within the college walls and deadened the vitality of its members were soon to be eradicated, and the names of the alumni of Exeter were once more to appear in the list of England's foremost sons. Deepened influences in learning soon developed into deviations in religious feeling. Three at least of its members, all of them connected with the 'Three Towns' of Devon, seceded from communion with the Established Church, and became the devotees of that novelty in religious doctrine which was identified with the name of Plymouth. In the great struggles at Oxford when the partisans of Tractarianism crossed swords in deadly combat with those who sympathised with the opinions of preceding generations, the influence of the more active graduates of the college was exerted in behalf of the innovations in belief and practice. One of the fellows—a gentleman who had succeeded to the post previously filled by one of the most erudite bishops now on the English bench, and was himself followed some years later by the learned and accomplished author of the '*Vestiarium Christianum*'—passed the Rubicon which separates the English from the Roman Church. The injury which the national Church sustained by the withdrawal of many of Oxford's sons from her communion seemed irreparable at the moment. Time has hardly yet obliterated all the traces of the defection. But we can now find some consolation in the thought that these diversities in doctrinal opinion are but the outward evidences of an intenser earnestness, of a keener longing after intellectual life.

Several of the most eminent alumni of Exeter College have been born in positions of extreme poverty, and have owed to the advantages of a college education their advancement in after years. Kennicott, as we have already seen, passed his early life in imparting the rudiments of a scanty education to the children that attended a charity school in a small town of Devon. His father held no higher position than that of parish clerk. A similar post in an obscure church on the border of Dartmoor was the goal of the ambition of Prideaux; and when he failed in the competition for what seemed to him then one of the prizes of life a feeling of dismay pressed heavily on his mind. Samuel Wesley, the eminent father of two more eminent sons, entered himself at Exeter, with the insignificant sum of fifty-six shillings in his pocket, and by giving private tuition to his wealthier companions contrived to complete his course

without the necessity of seeking any further assistance from his family. But the most complete evidence of the poverty which weighed down the energies and hampered the progress of the poorer students at Oxford and Cambridge will be found in Mr. Grosart's reprint of 'The Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell.' It abounds in references to undergraduates who would have been unable to perfect their university training had they not been sustained by the charity of the City merchant. Through his liberality many of the most famous writers in English literature and many of the most learned scholars that flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James were cheered by welcome gifts of money or of cloth for their garments. The name of Launcelot Andrewes is but a few pages removed from that of Richard Hooker; the gifts conferred on Andrew Downes, the most illustrious Greek scholar of the day, are quickly followed by those which gladdened the heart of Hugh Broughton, the Hebraist. Without the aid derived from a merchant's munificence, whose name, but for the preservation of this record of his bounty, would long ere this have perished with his gravestone, the annals of classical and theological learning in this country might have lacked many of their chief ornaments. The most efficient aid in educating the children of the poor and in fitting them for a life of more advanced study at Oxford used to be found in the grammar schools which flourished throughout England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These institutions were planted in almost every corporate town in the country. They were attended by the sons of the squire and the tradesman, sitting side by side on the same bench, and they were presided over by university graduates who had themselves profited by similar advantages. The increased facilities for travelling and the extension of education have for years drawn the children of opulent parents away from the grammar schools of their native districts to the great public schools. The father who kept his son at the school where his parents were educated before him saw his son's prospects sacrificed to his laudable feeling of local attachment. It is impossible for a single master buried in a remote country town to succeed in competition with the masters of the great public schools, who are well versed in all the freshest tricks of teaching, and whose zeal for study is sharpened by social intercourse with congenial minds. The withdrawal of the sons of the wealthier parents lowered the standard of learning in grammar schools. There was a gradual but constant diminution in the number of the pupils seeking instruction in the dead languages of Greece

and Rome, and the master, after a brief struggle of inclination against expediency, recognised the necessity of making what is styled a 'commercial education' the chief aim of his labours. Most of the grammar schools of England have now ceased to fulfil the objects of their foundation. Many of them have been deprived by the University Commission of the scholarships which were formerly reserved for their pupils alone. Even when these institutions succeeded in retaining their endowments it has not unfrequently happened that for years together no student has come forward to claim their valuable privileges. The change in the character of these ancient foundations forms an additional, too often an insurmountable, hindrance to the advancement of the children of the poor. Time will no doubt bring to light a remedy for this evil. Some of the dormant scholarships may possibly be transferred to the board schools of the large country towns, and may supply the most intelligent pupils with the advantages of education at the universities. Their number may even be augmented by the liberality of the wealthier educational reformers of future ages. But many generations will have passed away before this desirable result will have been attained, and meanwhile the loss of such aids to advancement presses with keen severity on the classes which profited most largely by their existence in the past.

ART. III.—*Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, East Indies, China, and Japan, preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office and elsewhere.* Edited by W. NOEL SAINSBURY, Esq. 3 vols., 1513-1616, 1617-1621, 1622-1624. London.

THE volumes before us are an example of the rich fruits of recent research. Much has been written with regard to the rise and growth of our Asiatic power, yet it is no disparagement to past historians of the subject to say that this work of Mr. Sainsbury's will oblige them to admit the incompleteness of their labours and to revise their volumes. Without bricks it is idle to think of building; and until the Record Office, in the exercise of a wise discretion, resolved upon having the papers relating to the establishment of our Indian empire made public, no material existed from which a full and authentic account could be derived of the development of our commercial system with the East. These calendars, and those that are to follow, will fill up a gap in the list of

our authorities which has too long been allowed to remain blank. Thanks to Mr. Sainsbury, we have now a minute and detailed narrative of the voyages of discovery which took place in the reign of Elizabeth; of the establishment of our trade with India, which was one of the results of the spirit of exploration then rife amongst Englishmen; and of the numerous obstacles which had to be surmounted before the enterprise was crowned with success. With these volumes before us we see Frobisher vainly striving, as so many have striven after him, to discover the North-West Passage, and to unite those hyperborean regions in commercial intercourse with the South. We read how our East India Company originated, the prosperity it achieved, and the animosities it excited. We are taken behind the scenes of Eastern courts, and watch the intrigues of rival trading associations for special support and patronage. We are introduced to that mysterious personage of the seventeenth century, the Great Mogul, and are made acquainted with his tastes and habits. We see the bitter jealousy of Spain and Portugal at the success of our factors. We learn how false was the amity of the Dutch, and how terrible was the tragedy which was the end of their treacherous friendship. Indeed, there is little connected with the rise and progress of our commercial relations with the East which will not be found narrated here with a breadth and a fulness that leave nothing to be desired. What the Calendar of Mr. Brewer is to Mr. Froude's history of the Reformation, what the Calendar of Mr. Hamilton is to Mr. Rawson Gardiner's history of the Stuarts, this Calendar of Mr. Sainsbury will be to the future historian of our Asiatic empire.

The volumes open with the suggestions made for the exploration of a route to Eastern Asia. During the early part of the sixteenth century the minds of men engaged in commerce were much occupied in the discovery of a north-west or north-east passage to India or 'Cathay.' The impetus which the discovery of America gave to maritime exploration had stimulated the greed of all English mariners and merchants to obtain a closer and easier connexion with the fabulous treasures of the East. The first to attempt the task was 'the Worshipful Master Thorne, in anno 1527,' who, having conceived 'a vehement desire to attempt the navigation towards the 'north,' endeavoured to persuade Henry VIII. to 'take the 'discovery in hand,' by drawing a brilliant picture of the rich countries to be found, and of the precious silks and jewels that would thus be brought into England. His 'vehement desire' was, however, not gratified. The result of the voyage 'in-

‘tended for the discovery of Cathay,’ organised by Sebastian Cabot, who had obtained from Edward VI. ‘letters to the kings, princes, and other potentates inhabiting the north-east part of the world towards the mighty empire of Cathay,’ is well known. The expedition ‘did set forth the 10th day of May, 1553, under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby,’ but never returned home. Sir Hugh, after being tossed about by the billows of the Atlantic for seven months, perished with all his crew ‘in a river or haven called Arzina, in Lapland, near unto Kegor.’ The fierce religious war then waged at home prevented Queen Mary from occupying herself with the hopes and suggestions of her seafaring subjects; but on the accession of her sister, who was known to be interested in all geographical questions, a host of adventurers came into the field. From the petitions and memorials among the State papers of this time we see how keenly the nation desired to attempt the discovery, and how lightly the dangers attendant upon the effort were regarded. Among the mass of documents upon this subject, the petition of one Anthony Jenkynson occupies a conspicuous place. This man had already made several voyages to Russia and Persia, and he now implored her Majesty that he might venture his life in the attempt ‘to prove a passage by the north-east to Cathay and the East Indies.’ He urged the Queen ‘to set forward this famous discovery of that renowned Cathay,’ and doubted not ‘that by the traffic her Majesty will grow to infinite riches, and be accounted the famous Princess of the world.’ He enumerated the advantages that would accrue to English commerce ‘if this region of Cathay might be discovered and passage found thither by the north.’ In his opinion the ‘speculations of cosmographers’ on the dangers of the navigation of the northerly seas and of the intensity of the cold that had to be endured were much exaggerated. He made no doubt, ‘from his experience in these northerly regions,’ that the seas and lands were as temperate when the sun was in the north tropic as at home; ‘the travels of the Portugals and Spaniards upon unknown coasts should encourage us to travel and search for this passage.’ He did not wholly dissent, he said, from those who held that there was a passage by the north-west, but he had no fear of finding one by the north-east, for ‘he has conferred with divers Cathayens and the inhabitants of other countries very far north, near whereunto he guesses the passage to be.’ From the current of the tide and the remains of animal life to be found in those regions he was perfectly assured of the existence of this passage. Other reasons he

could allege, only he feared to be tedious; and he concluded with the hope that he might be employed in the enterprise, and 'to venture my life as fervent zeal moveth me, which if I 'may live to accomplish, I shall attain to the sum of my 'desire.' No definite answer being returned to this petition, Jenkynson associated himself with Sir Humphrey Gylberte, and determined to undertake an expedition at his own cost and independent of all State aid, provided the Queen would grant him the following privileges: That no one was to go to any part of the world through the passage to be discovered by him, 'upon pain of confiscation of body, goods, and lands,' and that he and his heirs were to trade custom free for ever. These conditions were well received, Secretary Cecil commented favourably upon them, and the request of Jenkynson would undoubtedly have been answered in the affirmative had it not been opposed by the Muscovy Company, which considered its interests affected by the proposed undertaking. This hostility was fatal to the 'sum' of Jenkynson's desire, and the matter dropped until it was again vigorously taken up by one of the most active of that little band of navigators whose exploits have shed an additional lustre upon the brilliant reign of Elizabeth.

Of the details of Martin Frobisher's voyages the volumes before us afford information not to be obtained from the accounts either of Christopher Hall or Captain Best, printed by Hakluyt. It is one of the special charms of State paper evidence to take us behind the scenes of history, and show us, if not a new reading of the play, at least how the actors dress for their respective parts, what are the feuds and jealousies of the company, and how painstaking is the art by which the public is to be deceived. Nor are these disclosures, which add a piquancy to narrative, wanting on the present occasion. Thanks to the friendly guidance of Mr. Sainsbury, we see Frobisher busy amongst the adventurers who crowded the anterooms of Whitehall to obtain State help for their private enterprises; we learn what were the inducements which prompted him to court the perils of Arctic navigation, who were his chief opponents, and the names of all who freely subscribed to his ventures; we listen to the carping criticisms and malicious constructions of those whose designs he had defeated; we read the log-book of the voyage, and we watch with amusement the growth and development of the quarrel that soon sprang up between himself and his former champion, Michael Lok. After months of anxious preparation and frequent delays 'for lack of money,' the little expedition in quest of 'the strait to be discovered

'towards the North-West,' set sail from Gravesend June 12, 1576. It consisted of two barques of twenty-five tons each, the 'Gabriel' and the 'Michael,' a pinnace of ten tons, of which Frobisher was 'captain and pilot,' and a crew of thirty-four persons. The amount of the total stock subscribed for was 875*l.*, and among the names of the different 'adventurers in 'Martin Frobisher's first voyage for discovery of the North-West Passage,' we find Sir Thomas Gresham, who subscribed 100*l.*; the Earls of Sussex, Warwick, and Leicester, who subscribed each 50*l.*; and Secretary Walsingham and Philip Sydney, who each subscribed 25*l.* Shortly after quitting the Channel the expedition encountered 'a great storm, in which they lost sight of their pinnace, with three men, which they 'could never since hear of.' Off the 'great island of Friesland' the two ships parted company. The 'Michael,' commanded by a Welshman, Owen Gryffyn, steered her course for Labrador, 'but found it so compassed with monstrous high 'islands of ice that they durst not approach.' Accordingly she turned back, and arrived in the Thames early in September. The 'Gabriel,' on board of which was Frobisher, whose 'valiant courage' had averted many dangers, displayed greater fortitude and perseverance. Keeping due north, she reached Labrador on July 29, 'the headland whereof Frobisher named 'Elizabeth Foreland.' Passing through the strait which now bears the name of the navigator, the 'Gabriel' cast anchor off one of the neighbouring islands. Frobisher and six of his men landed and attempted to have intercourse with the natives; but, 'perceiving these strange people to be of a nature given 'to fierceness and rapine, and not himself prepared for defence,' he returned to his ship and steered to another island off the mainland, on the north side. Here two headlands at the farthest end of the strait were discovered. 'By reason there 'was no likelihood of land to the northward, the great broad 'open between, and the great flood tides they judged to be the 'West Sea whereby to pass to Cathay and to the East Indies.' Having reached these high latitudes, Frobisher now endeavoured to derive some practical benefit from the voyage. He was anxious to be piloted through the strait into the West Sea, but, unlike his successors in the field of arctic exploration, found the Esquimaux not only 'very beastly in their manner of life 'and food,' but treacherous and hostile. He therefore came to the conclusion that no confidence could be 'given to such a 'pilot nor to any of the people.' Further stay being useless in these parts, Frobisher was on the eve of turning the bows

of his vessel towards England, when he was subjected to many days' delay owing to the rash conduct of certain of his crew. With the reckless curiosity of English seamen, five of the sailors of the 'Gabriel,' contrary to the express orders of their captain, had rowed out of sight of the ship to traffic with the natives on the mainland, and 'after that hour they were never 'seen nor heard of.' Frobisher used every effort to recover his men, but without success, and after a fruitless search orders were given to weigh anchor and return homewards. As the 'Gabriel' was beating down Frobisher's Strait, 'all oppressed 'with sorrow that their captain should return home without 'an evidence or token of any place where he had been,' a fleet of canoes crowded with natives approached the vessel. Signs of friendship were made to the Esquimaux by the English sailors, and one canoe bolder than its fellows touched the ship's side. Presents were handed down, and whilst one of the natives was in the act of receiving a bell he was suddenly seized by Frobisher and lifted over the gunwale on deck amid the howls of his countrymen. He was now told 'by signs' that if he gave information as to the existence of the five Englishmen he would be set at liberty; 'but he would 'not seem to understand, and therefore was still kept in the 'ship with sure guard.' All this, we are informed, was done within arrow-shot of his fellows, who departed in great haste, 'howling like wolves or other beasts.' Two days' grace was given to the Esquimaux to redeem their comrade and restore the missing Englishmen, and on the expiration of that time, without there being any signs of the natives returning with their prisoners, the 'Gabriel' steered her course south with her strange hostage on board. We are favoured with a brief description of this the first arctic inhabitant who had ever sailed under the English flag—'very broad face, and very fat and 'full in body; legs short and small, and out of proportion; 'long hanging coalblack hair tied above his forehead; little 'eyes and a little black beard; skin of a dark sallow, much 'like the tawny Moors, or rather to the Tartar nation, whereof 'I think he was; countenance sullen or churlish, but sharp.' As on her outward-bound cruise, so on her return homeward, the 'Gabriel' had to weather a terrible storm in the Atlantic. She quitted Labrador August 25, sighted the Orkney Islands September 25, reached Harwich October 2, and arrived in the port of London October 9, 1576, where she was 'joyfully 'received with the great admiration of the people, bringing 'with her her strange man and his boat, which was such a wonder unto the whole city and to the rest of the realm that heard

‘ of it, as seemed never to have happened the like great matter to any man’s knowledge.’

The bold captain of the ‘ Gabriel ’ was; however, not to remain long in idleness. A report had been spread throughout the town that in those ice-bound regions from which Frobisher had just returned the soil was deeply impregnated with gold, and that the land had only to be worked to yield untold wealth. The greed of the Court and of the nation was at once aroused. Frobisher had presented to his friend and then staunch ally, Michael Lok, a piece of stone, ‘ the first thing he found in the new land.’ This stone had been handed over to Williams, the assay-master of the Tower, and to other refiners, and the result of their examination had been to extract from the flint a grain of gold. This important fact Lok at once communicated to the Queen, but begged that the matter might be preserved a solemn secret. The discovery was laid before the Council, and that body gave it as its opinion that a second voyage was ‘ a thing worthy to be followed.’ Frobisher was asked to take the command, and readily assented. On this occasion the interests of geography were lost in the race after wealth. Men were utterly indifferent to the discovery of the North-West Passage, and were now only intent upon embarking in a venture which might result in the acquisition of a large fortune. The charges were estimated at 4,500*l.*, and the subscription list was soon filled with eager applicants. The Queen subscribed 1,000*l.*, and many of the leading officials 100*l.* each. On May 26, 1577, Frobisher started on his second voyage. Amongst his crew were ten convicts, who had been released from prison to work the ore which it was hoped would be found. The instructions of the commander were very brief and simple. He was ‘ to defend the mines and possess the country.’ Into the details of this voyage we need not enter. After an absence of four months Frobisher returned home and cast anchor off Bristol. It was at once concluded by those who had taken shares in the enterprise that the quest had been successful, and that the holds of the two barques, the ‘ Ayde ’ and the ‘ Gabriel,’ were heavily ballasted with precious ore. A suggestion was made to the Privy Council that the cargo should be unladen in the port of Bristol, and confined for better security within the walls of the castle under four locks, the keys to be left with the mayor of Bristol, Sir Richard Berkely, Frobisher, and Michael Lok. It was also desired by the eager and credulous adventurers that means should speedily be adopted for the melting of the ore. From the papers before us we do not hear that on this occasion a

single enquiry was raised as to the discovery of the North-West Passage. 'It is somewhat remarkable,' writes Mr. Sainsbury, 'that throughout the correspondence relating to Frobisher's second and third voyages, the original intention of the first voyage, that is, the discovery of the North-West Passage, is almost wholly lost sight of—gold is the pith, heart, and core of most of the correspondence.'

The suggestions offered to the Council were at once acted upon. Frobisher was directed to discharge his cargo at Bristol, and the officers of the Mint were instructed to receive into the Tower 'certain ore brought out of the north-west parts by 'Martin Frobisher.' And now conflicting opinions arose as to the value of the voyage. Lok, who was heavily interested in the venture—'having been,' as he admits, 'at very great charges for two years since Frobisher has been in London, 'who ate the most of his meat at my table freely and gladly'—informs Walsingham that the ore is not yet brought to perfection, but that it is very rich, and will yield forty pounds a ton clear of charges: 'this is assuredly true, which may suffice to 'embrace the enterprise.' The officials at the Mint were, however, not so sanguine. One Jonas Schutz, a German, 'engaged that two tons should yield, in fine gold, twenty ounces;' a Dr. Burcott certifies that 'he has proved it to the uttermost, 'and finds not such great riches as is here spoken and reported 'of;' whilst a third, Geoffrey le Brumen, has the frankness to write to Walsingham that 'he has tried all the minerals 'given to him, and finds the greater part to be only 'marquissette, and no gold or silver, or next to none.' The Privy Council, however, incited by the credulity of the shareholders, declined to pay heed to any adverse opinions. The voyage, it was given out, had been propitious; tons of ore had been brought home, and alchemy had discovered that the precious metal was within; all doubt had been removed as to the existence of mines rich with gold in those northern regions. So eager was the nation to jump to conclusions and build up a faith upon the slenderest of foundations, that, before the truth could be fully ascertained as to the value or worthlessness of the ore, a third expedition was hastily fitted out, and the subscription list at once covered. By command of Queen Elizabeth, Walsingham wrote to the Lord Treasurer and Lord Chamberlain that her Majesty, 'understanding that the 'richness of that earth is like to fall out to a good reckoning, 'is well pleased that a third voyage be taken in hand,' and that 'our loving friend Martin Frobisher' be appointed captain-general of the expedition. Instructions drawn up by Lord

Burghley were placed in the hands of the popular navigator. Frobisher was ordered to make 'for the land now called by her Majesty *Meta Incognita*, to the north-west parts, and 'Cathay;' he was not to receive 'under his charge any disorderly or mutinous person;' he was not to lose any of the ship's company, any such offender to be punished 'sharply, to the example of others;' he was to instruct 'all your people rather too much than anything too little, that they may procure the friendship of the people of those parts by courtesies than move them to any offence or misliking,' and he was at once to repair to the mines in which he wrought last year, and there place his men to work and collect the ore. It was expected that 5,000 tons weight of ore would be brought back, and that many members of the expedition would be absent some eighteen months. The popularity which Frobisher now enjoyed was attendant with the consequences which a sudden success so often inspires; for we are told that he 'grew into such a monstrous mind, that a whole kingdom could not contain it, but already, by discovery of a new world, he was become another Columbus.' Eleven ships were fitted out for this expedition; they sailed from Harwich May 31, 1578, the Queen herself, a large adventurer, watching their departure, and, it is said, wishing them success.

The absence of the little fleet was shorter than had been calculated upon; for, early in the autumn of the same year that had witnessed its departure, it was descried off the western coast, and Frobisher arrived at Cornwall September 25, 1578. He at once repaired to the Court at Richmond, and from thence to London. 'Whereupon was no small joy conceived on all parties for the safety of the men, though many died of sickness, but especially for the treasure he brought, the ships being laden with rich gold ore, worth, he said, sixty pounds and eighty pounds a ton.' The cargo was discharged at Dartford, and workmen were appointed 'to see good proofs made of the ore from both voyages.' But now the bubble burst. Two assays were made, and in two hundredweight of 'Frobisher's ore' two minute particles of silver, not so big as a pin's head, were found, and, as an evidence of the worthlessness of the ore, they remain to this day fastened by sealing-wax to the report. The shareholders were loud in their expressions of rage and disappointment, and more than one adventurer, who had placed all his hopes in 'Frobisher's ore,' to save himself from ruin, became lodged within the cells of the Fleet. Among these latter was now to be confined the person of Michael Lok. Of all those who had supported Frobisher in

his voyages and had covered the subscription list with large sums, Lok was among the most confident and speculative. He had himself been much engaged in maritime explorations; he was a personal friend of Frobisher, whom he had accompanied in his voyages, and it was mainly through his activity and perseverance that the different expeditions had been fitted out. To him Frobisher was under the deepest obligations. 'I opened 'all my private studies and twenty years' labour to him,' writes Lok mournfully, 'and showed him all my books, charts, maps, 'and instruments. I daily instructed him, making my home 'his home, my purse his purse at his need, and my credit his 'credit to my power, when he was utterly destitute both of 'money, credit, and friends.' Of the twenty thousand pounds subscribed by the adventurers to the three voyages, Lok had put down his name for five thousand, and the unfortunate end of the expeditions which he had always so sanguinely upheld, now signified ruin. As is so often the case where hopes have been cruelly disappointed by those in whom we trust, an estrangement between the two friends took place, to be followed by recrimination on both sides and the bitterest animosity. Frobisher railed at his former benefactor, and called him 'a 'false accountant,' 'a cozener,' 'a bankrupt knave;' he spread shameful reports about him in the City, and raged against him 'lyke a made best,' and, to add a still more grievous insult to the injuries he had already inflicted, swore that Lok, who had spent his substance in the shares, was 'no venturer at all in the 'voyages.' In retaliation, Lok declared that Frobisher had hoodwinked the public as to the ore for his own evil purposes, that he victualled his ships so badly that many of his crew died, that he nearly caused all the ships to founder 'through 'his obstinate ignorance,' that he was 'full of lying talk and 'so impudent of tongue as his best friends are most slandered,' and that if his doings in the three voyages were enquired into, he would be found 'the most unprofitable servant of all that 'have served the Queen.' Still in this passage of arms the victory was not with Lok. No fault was found with the conduct of Frobisher; he had not rendered himself liable as a shareholder, and, though the cause of ruin to many, he was neither ruined nor disgraced. Lok was less fortunate. His petition for relief was not entertained; he was looked upon as responsible for the debts of the 'company of the north-west voyage,' and the last we hear of him is as a petitioner from the Fleet. Here he busied himself with drawing up an account of the three voyages of Frobisher, which, due allowance being made for the animus of the writer, cannot but be of the greatest service,

from the numerous novel facts they contain, to all chroniclers of Arctic navigation. In addition to this narrative, which comprises no less than fifteen papers, Lok has left behind him a very full record of 'The Doings of Captain Frobisher amongst the Company's Business,' of which two copies are extant, one in the Public Record Office, and the other in the British Museum.

In spite of past failure, various expeditions, as these volumes of Mr. Sainsbury amply prove, were fitted out for the discovery of the North-West Passage. A fourth voyage under Frobisher was projected, but, owing to certain restrictions which were contained in his instructions, the great navigator threw up his appointment, and the expedition sailed under the command of one Edward Fenton. It was, however, to meet with no better success than its predecessors, and those interested in the question will find much new matter in the letter of its commander (June 29, 1583) to Burghley, announcing the failure of the voyage. A few years later, at the instigation and expense of the East India Company, Captain Waymouth set out with the 'Discovery' and the 'Godspeed,' 'to sail towards the coast of Greenland and pass on into those seas by the north-west towards Cathay or China, without giving over, proceeding on his course so long as he finds any possibility to make a passage through those seas, and not to return for any let or impediment whatever until one year has been bestowed in attempting the passage.' His attempt, though unsuccessful, was not a complete failure; for writers on Arctic voyages, however much they differ as to the importance of his discoveries, agree in this, that 'he lighted Hudson into his strait.' Other expeditions were proposed by the East India Company, and we read, on one occasion, of the interest taken by the Emperor of Japan in the discovery of the passage; yet no practical good seems to have been the result of all this agitation. The ships returned home as the other ships had returned home, or the negotiations for a voyage fell through, and the project was as hastily abandoned as it had been entertained. Of the explorations of Hudson, Button, Bylot, and Baffin, the State Papers add comparatively little to what is already known. Nor, curiously enough, where even unimportant events are related in full, is any mention made of the voyages of John Davis. 'It is true,' says Mr. Sainsbury, 'that his name occurs more than once, and that each mention of it has a peculiar interest; but in reference to his voyages for discovery of the North-West Passage, the papers are wholly

‘ silent, and I am not aware of any particulars having been published beyond those furnished by Hakluyt.’

We now turn to a matter of deeper and closer interest. The rise and development of the East India Company are among the most romantic passages of history. That a small body of English merchants should have settled themselves in a strange and distant land, should have overcome all opposition, and by their courage and firmness should have gradually extended their operations until they had compelled the fiercest princes to do them homage, are events so full of incident and plot that they never fail to excite our interest even when our sympathies are repelled. Thrice told as has been the story, the pages of Mr. Sainsbury yet shed a new light upon the subject, and illuminate the narrative with details not visible in the printed works of the chroniclers and historians of our Indian Empire. The defeat of the Spanish Armada had not only established the maritime supremacy of England, but had aroused the cupidity of our trading classes to take part in the enterprises which had resulted in the realisation of such wealth to the Iberian peninsula. Within a few months of the destruction of the proud fleet which was to have made the Spaniard the master of our shores, a body of English merchants petitioned the Virgin Queen for permission to send ships to India. In their memorial they alluded to the prosperity which had attended upon the establishment of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements, and drew attention to the many ports in the countries bordering on the India and China seas, which might be visited with advantage by English ships, ‘ where sales might be made of English cloths and other staple and manufactured articles, and the produce of those countries purchased; such a trade would by degrees add to the shipping, seamen, and naval force of the kingdom, in the same manner as it has increased the Portuguese fleets.’ Elizabeth, always willing to lend the weight of her authority to the furtherance of any scheme calculated to add to the power of England, provided it did not lead to severe encroachments upon the Royal Treasury, readily granted the desired permission, and accordingly, in 1591, three ships, under the command of Captain Raymond, sailed for the East. An account of this voyage is printed in Hakluyt; the ships were separated from each other by a severe storm, Raymond was wrecked and never heard of again, and the only vessel, after ‘ many grievous misfortunes,’ that accomplished the voyage was the ‘ Rear-Admiral,’ commanded by Master James Lancaster. It has been generally supposed that this was the first English expedition despatched

to the East Indies, but both in the volumes of Purchas and of Hakluyt accounts of two previous voyages will be found, one in 1579 by Stevens, and the other in 1583 by Fitch, 'wherein the strange rites, manners, and customs of those people, and the exceeding rich trade and commodities of those countries, are faithfully set down and diligently described.' Other detached expeditions followed in the wake of that of Raymond, and the reports that were brought home of the treasures obtained by the Portuguese and the Dutch in those regions led certain English merchants, in 1599, to form themselves into a company with the special object of trading with the East Indies. A sum of over thirty thousand pounds was subscribed for; a petition was presented to the Council praying for incorporation as a company, 'for that the trade of the Indies, being so far remote from hence, cannot be traded but in a joint and united stock.' Both the Queen and her Council cordially approved of the enterprise, and no opposition was raised in any quarter. The 'Charter of Incorporation of the East India Company, by the name of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies,' was granted December 31, 1600. It was to remain in force fifteen years; George, Earl of Cumberland, and 215 knights, aldermen, and merchants were the original members of the company; Lancaster was appointed admiral of the fleet, with John Davis, the North-West navigator, as second in command. In order that the expedition should be stamped with the impress of the Royal approval, Queen Elizabeth had herself issued a circular letter to 'the kings of Sumatra and other places in the East Indies,' desiring them to encourage her subjects in their attempt to open up a commerce between the two countries, whereby her amity and friendship would be maintained and greater benefits be derived by the Indies from intercourse with England than from intercourse either with Spain or Portugal. The wishes of her Majesty were obeyed. The voyage was eminently successful. Factories were settled at Acheen and Bantam by Lancaster. The King of Sumatra gave permission to English merchants, under the most favourable terms, to trade within his territories, whilst, in reply to the letter of the Queen, he handed Lancaster a despatch full of the warmest feelings of friendship towards England and her sovereign, accompanied by 'a ring beautified with a ruby, two vestures woven and embroidered with gold, and placed within a purple box of china,' which he requested should be presented to Elizabeth. The customs on the goods brought home from this first voyage amounted, it is said, to nearly one thousand

pounds. So good a beginning was not permitted to come to nought through apathy or negligence. Voyage succeeded voyage, and in spite of the hostility of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and of the treacherous friendship of the Dutch, England, at the end of a few years, had succeeded in firmly establishing a lucrative and increasing trade in the East Indies.

‘To almost every place,’ writes Mr. Sainsbury, ‘where there was the least likelihood of obtaining a communication with the natives, English vessels resorted, in most instances with success; and where this was not so, the cause was rather attributable to the conduct of the Dutch than to the Company’s neglect of the necessary precautions, the English being almost invariably received with courtesy, and even kindness, wherever they went. The Company never lost sight of the danger of attack from Spaniards and Portuguese. Care was always taken, before trading or settling in a new country, to ascertain the feeling of the natives, and in most cases leave or “licence” was granted for the English to do as they liked.’

Shortly after the accession of James the charter of the Company was renewed, but with most important additions; instead of their privileges being limited to fifteen years ‘the whole, entire, and only trade and traffic to the East Indies’ were granted to the Company for ever. The result of this monopoly was the speedy establishment of factories at Surat, Agra, and Masulipatam; at the chief ports of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo; and at many of the towns in the kingdoms of Malacca, Camboja, Pegu, Siam, and Cochin-China. Shares in the voyages were often ‘sold by the candle,’ and commanded exorbitant prices, the object being that the Company ‘may better know the worth of their adventures.’ We read of adventures of 60*l.* being knocked down at 130*l.*, and of those of 100*l.* realising nearly 200*l.* It is not, therefore, surprising that shares in the Company were eagerly sought after, and that as much intrigue and competition were required to obtain the post of director as were necessary for high office at Court.

At the outset of their proceedings the Company were fortunate in securing the support and protection of the Great Mogul. This terrible personage, whom both rumour and fable had succeeded in raising to the position of the one potentate of the East, whose frown was death, but whose friendship was omnipotent, had been appeased by courteous letters from James, and, what had appealed more closely to his Oriental mind, by numerous presents from the English merchants. The papers calendared by Mr. Sainsbury afford us some interesting particulars in connexion with the life and character of this

powerful prince. We are told that 'he takes himself to be 'the greatest monarch in the world,' is 'extremely proud and 'covetous,' a drunkard, 'and so given to vice that the chief 'captains care not for him, and willingly would never come 'near him.' Music, it appears, 'had a great charm for him;' playing upon the virginals, however, was 'not esteemed,' but with the cornet and the harp he was so 'exceedingly delighted' that he offered to make any of his subjects who could learn these instruments 'a great man.' His rapacity for presents was unbounded. 'Something or other, though not worth two 'shillings, must be presented every eight days,' writes the chief factor at Ajmere. 'Nothing is to be expected,' says another, 'from the king without continual gifts.' Like all savages, he was delighted with strange things, no matter how intrinsically valueless they might prove. Rich gloves, embroidered caps, purses, looking-glasses, drinking-cups, pictures, knives, striking clocks, coloured beaver hats or silk stockings for his women, were recommended by the factors abroad to the officers of the Company as presents to be brought out. 'Indeed,' writes one, 'if you have a jack to roast meat on, I think he would like it, 'or any toy of new invention.' The importance which the Great Mogul attached to gifts was not overlooked by the authorities at home. One Edwardes was sent over as 'lieger,' with 'great presents.' Among his stock-in-trade, which was to propitiate the barbarous monarch, were suits of armour; swords, mastiffs, greyhounds, little dogs, pictures of King James and his queen, and a coach and horse, together with 'a 'coachman who had been in the service of the Bishop of Lichfield, to drive the coach.' The portraits of the King and Queen of England struck the Great Mogul with admiration. 'He 'esteemed it so well for the workmanship,' writes Edwardes, 'that the day after he sent for all his painters in public to see 'the same, who did admire it, and confessed that none of them 'could anything near imitate the same, which makes him prize 'it above all the rest, and esteem it for a jewel.' He was almost as much delighted with one of the English mastiffs that had been brought out. With the instinct of the savage, he at once wished to witness the prowess of the animal in an unequal battle. The mastiff was first pitted against a tiger and then with a bear, both of which it killed, 'whereby the king was 'exceedingly pleased.' Pictures, mastiffs, Irish greyhounds, and well-fed water spaniels, seem to have been the gifts most approved of by his Majesty. But, though the Great Mogul was a glutton touching the things he expected to be given him, we are informed that he was no mean purchaser of the Com-

pany's goods. 'Pearls, rubies, and emeralds will be bought by the king in infinite quantities,' writes a factor from Agra, as also rich velvets, cloth of gold, rich tapestry, satins, 'damasks,' &c.; and he significantly adds, 'the king is the best paymaster in the country.'

The authority of the Great Mogul was soon to be of service to English interests. At none of the settlements had the Company's servants been more subject to opposition and annoyance than at Surat. At this port the influence of the Portuguese was dominant, and as Portugal, at the very outset of the Company's proceedings, had warmly objected to the establishment of English factories within the dominions to which she was trading, she exercised her power to crush the ascendancy of her rivals. The Governor of Surat, Mocrab Khan, 'whose disposition savoured more of child than man,' pursued a policy very disadvantageous to the English. Though he feared the enmity of the Portuguese, he mistrusted the friendship of the Company, and argued, with characteristic indecision, that if he 'broke' with the former he should be sure of the friendship of neither. Influenced by the suggestions of the Jesuits, who were rapidly becoming a power in the country, under the ardent generalship of Xavier, the governor, 'this malicious wretch' allowed himself to become a complete tool in the hands of the Portuguese. In all disputes between the two nations he at once decided in favour of the Lisbon adventurers. He seized the goods of the English factors, and did what he pleased with them. To prevent all opposition he compelled the English to yield up to him their arms of defence. He used his authority to delay the unlading of English goods, and hampered the merchants on all sides in their purchase of commodities. 'Numerous are the injuries he inflicts upon us,' writes one of the factors, 'discovering the secret rancour of his poisoned stomach and the hidden malice which he beareth unto our nation.' So baneful was the conduct of Mocrab Khan to the establishment of English commerce in 'the Oriental Indies,' that the authorities at home gave orders for a fleet to sail for the redress of the Company's complaints, and despatched Sir Thomas Roe, 'he being a gentleman of pregnant understanding, well-spoken, learned, industrious, of a comely personage, and one of whom there are great hopes that he may work much good for the Company,' as special envoy to the governor of Surat. At this juncture of affairs, and fortunately for the interests of our merchants in the East, a quarrel broke out between the Great Mogul and the Portuguese, who had made themselves odious by capturing 'a great

'ship, of eleven hundred or twelve hundred tons, in Swally
'road, worth from one hundred to one hundred and thirty
'thousand pounds,' in which the mother of the Great Mogul
was a considerable adventurer. The indignation of the son
was aroused, and he fiercely resolved to avenge the insult that
had been passed upon himself and the losses his parent had
sustained. Uniting his forces with the troops of the King of
Deccan, he fell upon the Portuguese at Surat, drove them out
of the city, and laid siege to the fort that they had raised be-
tween that place and Goa. In vain the Portuguese offered
amends and sued for peace. The Great Mogul declined to
listen, 'forewarning all men any more to solicit their cause,' and
sternly vowing that 'he would not leave the Portugals until
'he had expelled them their countries.' Orders were given to
arrest all Portuguese and to seize their goods; the doors of the
Portuguese churches were sealed up, the exercise of the Roman
Catholic religion forbidden, and Xavier, whom before the
Mogul had much liked, was imprisoned. The Portuguese city
of Damaun was also closely environed by the troops of the
King of Deccan, and its surrender imminent. A third enemy
now appeared upon the scene. Captain Downton had an-
chored his fleet in the roads of Surat, and it struck him that a
fitting opportunity had arrived to avenge the humiliations the
English had suffered at the hands of the Portuguese. Accord-
ingly he bore down upon the Portuguese fleet, which consisted
of nine ships, two galleys, and fifty-eight frigates, and after a
brief engagement utterly defeated the enemy; 'many of the
'gallants of Portugal were killed, besides above 300 men
'carried in the frigates to Damaun to be buried.' With this
victory the Mogul was highly pleased. 'The king,' writes the
factor at Ajmere, 'much applauded our people's resolution,
'saying his country was before them to do therein whatsoever
'ourselves desired, and spoke very despitely and reproach-
'fully of the Portugals.'

Upon this arrived Sir Thomas Roe. The English ambas-
sador was evidently a man of bold and vigorous conduct, who
brooked no opposition to his demands, and who was not to be
defeated by the delays and empty promises of a shuffling policy.
In spite of the victories of the English and the disgrace into
which 'the Portugals' had fallen, the governor of Surat still
continued his irritating course of wounding and humiliating
the Company's servants within his jurisdiction. On his arrival
at Surat, Roe at once made his 'demands and complaints' to
the governor. 'I come hither,' he said proudly, 'not to beg,
'nor do nor suffer injury, for I serve a king who is able to

‘revenge whatsoever is dared to be done against his subjects.’ He then detailed the injuries complained of, how chests had been ransacked, presents sent to the king taken by violence, servants of merchants cruelly whipped, and every obstacle placed in the way of the development of English commerce. He demanded instant redress, under threat of appealing to the Great Mogul, and concluded by saying that ‘I am better resolved to die upon an enemy than to flatter him, and for such I give you notice to take me.’ His remonstrance proving ineffectual, the envoy now demanded an interview with the Mogul, when his vigorous disapproval of the conduct of Mucrob Khan carried the day, and the objectionable governor was removed. The next step of Roe was to pen a severe despatch to the Viceroy of Goa, complaining of the course pursued by the Portuguese towards the English in the East Indies, and informing him, in the plainest terms, of what would be the result unless such a policy was at once abandoned.

‘I am commanded,’ he wrote, ‘to admonish you to desist from doing what can only bring forth war, revenge, and bloodshed, and to inform you that the English intend nothing but free trade open by the law of nations to all men. It is not the purpose of the English to root out or to hinder your trade, or to impeach the receipt of your revenues, and it is strange you should dare to infringe upon the free commerce between their masters and subjects. Let me advise your barbarous miscellaneous people to use more reverent terms of the majesty of a Christian king. I give you further notice that his Majesty is resolved to maintain his subjects in their honest endeavours in spite of any enemy, and to that purpose has sent me to conclude a league with the Great Mogul for ever, in which I am commanded to offer you compriure, and will wait your answer at Ajmere forty days. In case of your refusal or silence, letters of reprisal will be granted to make war upon you in all parts of the Indies.’

He concludes, ‘Your friend or enemy at your own choice.’ No reply was received to this ultimatum, and Roe pronounced ‘open war against the Portugals in the East Indies with fire and sword, in the name of the King of England.’ The English ambassador soon proved himself the most fitting agent that could have been sent out to uphold the interests of the Company. He became the confidential friend of the Great Mogul, and was the means of cementing a cordial alliance between England and ‘the Mogores country.’ He had all the proclamations forbidding the factories at Surat and Ahmedabad to trade rescinded. He procured firmans encouraging English commerce throughout the country. He recovered all the extortions which had been exacted from the Company’s servants by sundry unjust governors, and in order to leave ‘all

‘ matters in a good, settled, and peaceful course,’ he drew up twenty-one articles, regulating the conduct of English trade in the East, most of which he succeeded in having confirmed by the Mogul. In the following letter, now for the first time brought to the light through the labours of Mr. Sainsbury, we have a plain proof of the feelings entertained by the monarch of the Mogores towards England, and of his appreciation of the conduct of Sir Thomas Roe. We have modernised the spelling of the ambassador’s translation from the Arabic.

‘ The Great Mogul to King James I.

‘ When your Majesty shall open your letter, let your royal heart be as fresh as a sweet garden. Let all people make reverence at your gate; let your throne be advanced high and amongst the greatest of the kings of the prophet Jesus; let your Majesty be the greatest, and all monarchs derive their counsel and wisdom from thy breast as from a fountain, that the love of the majesty of Jesus may revive and flourish under thy protection.

‘ The letter of love and friendship which you sent me, and the presents, token of your good affection toward me, I have received by the hand of your ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe (who well deserves to be your trusty servant), delivered to me in an acceptable and happy hour, upon which my eyes were so fixed that I could not easily remove them to any other object, and have accepted them with great joy and delight, upon which assurance of your royal love I have given my general command to all the kingdoms and posts of my dominions to receive all the merchants of the English nation as the subjects of my friend, that in what place soever they choose to live in they may have reception and residence to their own contents and safety; and what goods soever they desire to sell or buy they may have full liberty without restraint; and at what port soever they shall arrive, that neither Spaniard, Portugal, nor any other shall dare to molest their quiet; and in what city soever they shall have residence I have commanded my governors and captains to give them freedoms answerable to their own desires to sell, buy, or to transport into their country at their pleasures. For confirmation of our love and friendship, I desire your Majesty to command your merchants to bring in their ships of all sorts of rarities and rich goods fit for my palaces; and that you be pleased to send your royal letters by every opportunity, that I may rejoice in your health and prosperous affairs, and that our friendship may be interchangeable and eternal. Your Majesty is learned and quick-sighted as a prophet, and can conceive much by few words that I need not to write more. The great God of heaven give us increase of honour!’

It was natural that the success which had attended upon the operations of the English Company in opening commercial relations with every country of importance in the East should have excited the hostile jealousy of those European nations which now found themselves confronted within their

own special province by a most formidable rival. With the enmity of Spain and Portugal England was perfectly prepared to cope; on the numerous occasions when English interests in the East were affected by Spanish or Portuguese intrigues, the despatches of the Company were powerfully seconded by the guns of our fleet, stationed in Indian waters, and the machinations of the enemy were speedily brought to nought. The treacherous amity of Holland was, however, an obstacle of a far more serious character in the path of the Company's progress. In the second volume of Mr. Sainsbury's interesting work, the majority of the letters that he has calendared refer to the inimical conduct of the Dutch and to their persistent efforts to displace the English from all their most profitable settlements in the East Indies. Much of the wealth of Holland was derived from her prosperous factories on the coast of India and in the islands around the peninsula, and though peace reigned between the two countries the Dutch had no idea of seeing themselves ousted from a lucrative trade by the energy and diplomacy of England. Accordingly Holland used all her arts to poison the minds of the natives against the English settlers, to interfere with the dealings of English trade, and, where she safely dared, to oppose the Company's servants by actual force. Indeed, so grave became her animosity, that at last, in the autumn of 1618, the East India Company drew up two formal declarations of complaints, one of which was presented to the King, the other to the Privy Council. In these documents the Company complained of 'the efforts of the Hollanders to dispossess them by force' of many places in the East Indies; 'of their most outrageous behaviour, as any mortal enemies could do,' in seizing certain of the Company's vessels, imprisoning the crews, 'and showing our chained men to the people of the isle of Neira, the mother of the isles of Banda, saying, "Lo! these are the men whom ye made your gods, in whom ye put your trust, but we have made them our slaves;"' of 'their threatening mortal war against any English who dare trade to the Moluccas;' of their robbing the Chinese under English colours 'to bring us into hatred and contempt;' and of their endeavours to disgrace the English nation by openly going about boasting that 'one Holland ship would take ten English, that they care not for our king, for St. George was now turned child.' These declarations were, by the King's command, sent to the English ambassador at the Hague, who was required to present them to the States-General, and 'to demand their answers how far they will allow these insolencies of their subjects, or how they will punish

‘them and make reparation; and to insist particularly that they send commissioners articulately instructed to give satisfaction at the treaty to be instantly held between us and them.’ Into the negotiations that ensued, which lasted more than seven months, it is impossible for us to enter within the limits of a review; a clear and succinct account of all the proceedings that took place will be found fully calendared in the second volume of this work. From the numerous despatches of the English ambassador at the Hague, and from the constant instructions that were sent out to him from Whitehall, we see the exact working of the King’s mind at this contentious period; whilst the valuable court minutes of the East India Company admit us into the very confidence of the governing body of the English Company, and lay before us every detail connected with these proceedings. After numerous delays a ‘treaty between the English and the Dutch concerning trade in the East Indies’ was concluded June 2, 1619.

The Company had now been established some eighteen years, and, in looking back upon their past efforts, the directors had every reason to congratulate themselves upon their good fortune. Thanks to the protection of the Great Mogul, the factors of the East India Company were the most active in the peninsula of India. In Siam and the islands of the Celebes Sea the prosperity of the English had aroused the fiercest animosity of the Dutch, who until then had enjoyed a monopoly of the trade in those regions. From Japan, in spite of the hatred of its emperor towards Christians, silver, copper, and iron were being freely obtained. Permission had been given by exclusive China to the English to send annually two ships to Foochow for the purpose of trading with the Celestials. With Persia the Company transacted a large business by exchanging cloth, tin, brass, and sword-blades for silks, damasks, spices, velvets, satins, and fruits. Not a State of importance east of the Red Sea excluded the English from her ports, or, when native prejudice had been removed, objected to the development of commercial relations with the ‘white infidels.’ The foes of the Company were among the civilised powers of the West, not among the barbarians of the East. An alliance was, however, now to be effected with one former opponent. Negotiations had for some time been on foot between Russia and England with regard to the opening of the Volga to English merchandise destined for Persia. The ‘Duke of Russia,’ though he had always opposed the proceedings of our Company, was anxious to stand well with England, for he was burdened with debts, and he knew that in no capital could

he so easily be furnished with a loan as in London. He despatched an ambassador with an imposing retinue to James, and the papers before us offer an interesting account of the reception of the northern envoy. Sunday afternoon was appointed for the interview. The King and Queen accompanied by a large suite were seated in the banqueting house at Whitehall. The ambassador was driven from Crosby House, Bishopsgate Street, where he lodged, in one of the state-coaches, but his retinue refused to enter the carriages appointed for them, 'alleging servants ought to be known from their lords, and that it was fit they should go afoot.' On entering the hall the ambassador, with four of his chief followers, bowed low to the ground, kissing it, and then approached the royal circle and kissed hands. We are informed that, whilst in the performance of this act of homage, the envoy and his retinue 'looked up no higher than the hand they were to kiss, which, so soon as kissed, presently ran back with all the speed they could. In going forwards they put their left hand on their breech behind, and used gesture and fashion very strange and unusual in these parts.' The envoy was treated with every distinction. Banquets were given in his honour, crowds cheered his coach as it passed through the City to Whitehall, and everything connected with himself and his retinue was listened to with avidity. The presents he brought from the North were much admired, 'the very furs being estimated by those that are skilful at better than 6,000 pounds.' They were received very graciously by the King, who expressed himself as much pleased with them, 'and the more when he understood Queen Elizabeth never had such a present thence.' Yet the mission ended in a diplomatic triumph for Russia. A treaty of amity and peace was entered into between the two countries; a sum of 60,000 marks was advanced to the Duke of Russia, 'towards the maintenance of his wars against the Poles;' but the one great request of the East India Company was refused. Russia, from the facilities offered her by her geographical situation, carried on a large trade with Persia, and she had always watched with jealousy the progress of the Company's dealings with Abbas Mirza. Accordingly she now refused to grant to the English 'the free passage for the silks of Persia up the Volga.' Still, not wishing to appear ungrateful, she agreed, short of permitting Persian goods to pass through her territories for the benefit of English commerce and to the detriment of her own merchants, not to interfere with the proceedings of the Company, and to remove the obstacles as to 'the trade in cordage

‘and other real commodities,’ which she had formerly been active in preventing. Disappointed in their object, the Company now ‘contracted with the King of Persia to bring ‘their silks by the Persian Gulf, paying one-third in money ‘and two-thirds in commodities.’ From these volumes we see how profitable was the trade with the East. Commodities from the East Indies were brought to England at a quarter of the price hitherto paid in Turkey and Lisbon. Pepper alone to the value of 200,000*l.* was imported into England in 1623, nine-tenths of which was exported within twelve months. It was estimated that the commerce of the Company with the East would maintain 10,000 tons of shipping, and employ 2,500 mariners and as many artisans. In 1622 the trade to the East Indies brought in a revenue to the King of 40,000*l.*, which in 1624 increased to 50,000*l.* When we read that the goods which had been bought in India for 356,288*l.* produced in England no less a sum than 1,914,600*l.*, we are not surprised at the large dividends paid by the Company, and the eagerness of the proudest peers of the realm to be enrolled—like Lord Bacon—as shareholders.

This dazzling prosperity was soon to be overshadowed by one of the foulest massacres which a high-spirited nation has ever permitted to remain unavenged. The treaty between England and Holland with regard to the trade in the East Indies turned out, as had been foreseen, practically useless. Within a couple of years of its ratification, the old jealousies were again at work, the old disputes again broke out, and it again became necessary to attempt to settle the differences by fresh negotiations. Both sides complained of ‘the ‘insufferable wrongs’ they had to endure, and each was loud in the protestations of its own innocence. According to the East India Company, the Dutch had flagrantly broken the treaty of 1619; they had not restored the goods they had taken from the English, but had imported them instead to the Netherlands; they had ‘imprisoned, imposed fines, inflicted ‘corporal punishment in the market-place, and kept in irons ‘the English;’ they would not suffer the English to buy merchandise until the Dutch had been first served; they imposed ‘great taxes and tolls upon English goods, and levied ‘great fines for non-payment;’ they prevented the English from trading in the Moluccas, Banda, and Amboyna; they pressed the English ‘to pay their proportion in money towards ‘maintaining the forts and garrisons in those islands, notwithstanding they have no trade there;’ and they required the English to furnish a ship to remain in the Moluccas for a

whole year; contrary to the articles of the treaty. In reply the Dutch complained that the English Company had neglected to maintain the ships of defence as had been agreed upon, that the English interfered unlawfully with the trade of the Dutch in the Spice Islands, and that, as for the specific charges brought forward by the Company, they were 'so obscure, 'confused, and ill-prepared,' that it was impossible to return a satisfactory answer. England, however, determined at first to tolerate no shuffling in the matter. Our ambassador at the Hague was informed that, unless commissioners were sent from the States to London, to redress the grievances complained of, and enter into a new treaty, the English would have 'letters of reprisal against Dutch ships, for that his Majesty had 'sworn his subjects would not let him rest until he had 'granted them.' The prospect of this alternative roused Holland from her apathy, and on November 28, 1621, ambassadors from the States arrived in London, and negotiations were at once opened with certain Lords of the Privy Council, who were appointed by the king lords commissioners for the treaty. The proceedings were most tedious and protracted. Conferences were held and then suddenly broken up, owing to the 'wayward proceedings' of the Dutch commissioners. Committees sat, but so futile and barren of result were the proposals to be discussed that the chairman, the Lord Treasurer, tore up the minutes in a passion, and 'cut off all further 'negotiations, saying that he knew how to spend his time 'better.' 'Scandalous words,' too, we are informed, passed between the merchants on both sides, and on one occasion the papers laid before the Lords Commissioners were so very personal in their nature, that they were ordered to be destroyed. At length, after numerous delays and hot disputes, a treaty was signed January 30, 1623. It consisted of fourteen articles, the chief of which were that neither of the rival companies was to grant letters of marque against each other, that there was to be perfect freedom of traffic between the two, that the natives were not to be supplied by either company with arms or other munition of war, that the expenses of the Council of Defence were to be borne equally by both companies, and that all the articles of the treaty of 1619 were to be observed. 'Such,' writes John Chamberlain with a sneer at the conditions to be observed, 'is the hard knot which it has taken from thirteen to fourteen months to tie. Our East India Company 'will never be the better for it.'

Whilst these matters were being settled, 'bloudy newes from 'the East Indies' reached our shores. It was said that the

English at Amboyna had been cruelly put to death by the Dutch on the pretence of being guilty of treasonable proceedings. The story in circulation throughout London was as follows. A Japanese soldier in the service of the Dutch was observed in conversation with a sentinel then on guard on the castle walls at Amboyna, as to the strength of the castle and the character of the people who garrisoned it. He was arrested upon suspicion of treason and put to the torture, when he confessed that he and others of his countrymen were to have contrived the taking of the castle. The Japanese in Amboyna were seized and at once tortured; these, unable to bear their sufferings, and at the instigation of their tormentors, now asserted that in their attempt to capture the castle they were to have been assisted by the English residing there. Upon this suggested confession, Captain Towerson and all the English in Amboyna were sent for by the governor, and, after being accused of a conspiracy to surprise the castle, were informed that they would be kept prisoners for further examination. The next day the English factors in the neighbourhood were arrested and brought in irons to Amboyna. It appears that there was confined in the castle a dissolute Englishman, one Abel Price, a surgeon, who had been imprisoned for attempting, in a drunken fit, to set fire to the house of a Dutchman. This man was now threatened by the authorities with the same tortures as had been applied to the Japanese, unless he swore to corroborate all the statements that had been made against the English. For a short time Price manfully held out against the terrors of the torture-chamber, but, on pain overcoming his scruples, he confessed what was desired of him. The English factors were then separately confronted with Price and accused of treachery. They one and all indignantly denied the charges brought against them, and loudly protested their innocence. Upon their persistent refusal to convict themselves they were led to the cells below and put to the torture. From the State Papers before us we are made acquainted with the sufferings they had on these occasions to endure. On entering the torture-chamber each prisoner was first 'hoisted by the hands, with a cord attached to his wrists, 'upon a large door, where he was made fast to two staples of 'iron fixed on both sides at the top of the doorposts, his hands 'being hauled, the one from the other, as wide as they could 'stretch.' Thus secured, his feet, which were suspended some two feet from the ground, were 'stretched asunder as far as 'they could reach, and so made fast beneath on each side of 'the doorposts.' A cloth was then bound round the lower

part of the face of the victim, tight at the throat and loose at the nose. Water was now poured gently upon the head, until the cloth was full to the mouth and nostrils, so that the prisoner could not draw breath without sucking in the water, 'which, 'being continually poured in, came out of his nose, ears, and 'eyes, causing the greatest agony, till he became insensible.' This result attained, the tortured man was taken down quickly and made to vomit the water. Occasionally these torments were varied by incisions being made in the breasts of the unhappy captives, which were filled with powder and then ignited. In this fiendish manner, we read, some of the factors were tortured 'three or four times, until their bodies were 'frightfully swollen, their cheeks like great bladders, and their 'eyes starting out of their heads.' One, John Clarke, a factor at Hitto, we are told, bore all his sufferings without confessing anything, upon which the Dutch fiscal said he must be a devil or a witch, and have some charm about him that he could bear so much. 'So they cut his hair very short, and, hoisting him 'up again as before, they burnt the bottoms of his feet with 'lighted candles until the fat dropped from them; they also 'burnt the palms of his hands and under his armpits, until his 'inwards might evidently be seen.' At last, wearied and overcome by these tortures, Clarke confessed all that was suggested to him, 'to wit, that Captain Towerson had sworn all the English, with the help of the Japanese, to surprise the castle of 'Amboyna and put the governor and all the Dutchmen to 'death.' His statement was corroborated by most of the other factors, who were prepared to admit anything in order to terminate the horrible torments they had to suffer.

Against this cumulative evidence the assertions of Captain Towerson that he was perfectly innocent of the charges brought against him were in vain. 'He was led up into the place of 'examination, and two great jars of water carried after him. 'What he there did or suffered was unknown to the rest of the 'English, but he was made to underwrite his confession there.' These examinations, tortures, and confessions were the work of eight days—from February 15 to February 23—and on February 26, 1623, all the prisoners were brought into the great hall of the castle, and solemnly condemned to death. Their last moments were worthy of the nation to which they belonged, and of the religion which they professed. Each man 'went one 'to another, begging forgiveness for their false accusation, 'being wrung from them by the pains of torture. And 'they all freely forgave one another, for none had been so 'falsely accused, but he himself had accused another as falsely.'

The night before execution was passed in prayer, the prisoners turning a deaf ear to the offers of their Dutch guards, who bade them 'drink lustily and drive away their sorrow.' Early in the morning they were led out into the castle yard, and the sentence of death read to them. Before 'suffering the fatal 'stroke' the condemned 'prayed and charged those that were 'saved to bear witness to their friends in England of their 'innocency, and that they died not traitors, but so many innocents, merely murdered by the Hollanders, whom they prayed 'God to forgive their bloodthirstiness, and to have mercy upon 'their souls.' Ten Englishmen, one Portuguese, and nine Japanese were then executed with the sword, and all the English save Captain Towerson were buried in one pit. The day following the execution was spent by the Dutch in public rejoicing for their deliverance from this pretended plot.

When the news of the Amboyna massacre reached England, the greatest excitement prevailed. The nation cried out loudly for revenge, and our ambassador at the Hague was instructed to demand reparation from the Dutch. At a court meeting of the Company three points were resolved on—justice against the murderers, reparation for injuries, and a separation of the two companies. And now ensued one of the most ignominious chapters to be found in the history of English diplomacy. The States General declined to be convinced that our version of the story was the correct one; they upheld the conduct of their agents. It was the English who had attempted to seize the castle of Amboyna; their designs had been frustrated, and the ringleaders of the plot had been deservedly executed. It was true that the English prisoners had been tortured, but the accounts that had been circulated of their sufferings had been much exaggerated. Nor was it for England, sneered the States General, where men were pressed to death for political crimes, to cry out against the punishment of torture. The Dutch proceedings in Amboyna, argued the Hollanders, were neither against justice nor without formality, and certainly not with extremity against the conspirators. In reply England stated that the factors condemned to death were not conspirators; the men were innocent of any designs against the governor of Amboyna, and only accused each other of imaginary crimes to escape the torments of torture. It was evident upon the very face of it, she said, that this pretended attack was impossible for the English to execute. The castle of Amboyna was of great strength, it was garrisoned by some 200 men, whilst living in the town were as many more of their free burghers. 'Durst ten English, whereof not one a soldier,

‘attempt anything upon such strength and vigilancy?’ Whilst as for the assistance of the Japanese, ‘they were but ten ‘neither, and all unarmed as well as the English!’ And suppose, it was argued, that these twenty persons had been so desperate as to venture the exploit, how could they be able either to master the Dutch in the castle or to keep possession when they had gotten it? What seconds had they at hand? There was neither ship nor pinnacle of the English in the harbour, and not an Englishman to be found within forty leagues of Amboyna to render assistance. The idea was as mad in its conception as it was impossible in its execution. Whilst, on the other hand, in addition to the strength of the castle and town of Amboyna, the Dutch had three other strong castles well furnished with soldiers in the same island and at Cambello adjoining. They had vast stores of arms and ammunition, whilst lying at anchor in the roads of Amboyna were eight men-of-war. Was it probable, said the English Commissioners, that a few unarmed men would contend to overthrow such a power? Still, the States General maintained that the conduct of their East India Company, if not perfectly blameless in the matter, was not very guilty. They would institute an enquiry into the affair, and punish the offenders if found to be deserving of punishment, but they declined to make the humiliating reparation required of them. Those who wish to study despatches full of bluster and evasion have only to read the third volume of Mr. Sainsbury’s Calendar, where the history of the negotiations that took place on this occasion is for the first time made public. The King vowed vengeance, but his ire spent itself in idle threats. He declared that by August 12, 1624, he would have satisfaction ‘both for the slaughter of our people ‘and the spoil of our goods.’ Yet said Governor Abbott, in full court of the Company, ‘the day is come and past, and we ‘have heard nothing.’ He swore that unless reparation was made he would attack the Dutch ships in the narrow seas, but no orders were issued for the English fleet to stand out to sea to attack the enemy. The truth was that the treaties between England and the United Provinces, who were then fighting against Spanish dominion in the Netherlands, rendered it most undesirable that a rupture should take place between the Courts of St. James’s and the Hague. England fancied that she was avenging the insult done to her flag by a bluster which deceived no one, and threats which caused no apprehension.

‘And thus the matter rested,’ writes Mr. Sainsbury, ‘three months after King James had ceased to reign; and though efforts were made from time to time by his successor to see justice done, which were

renewed again and again during the interregnum, and even in Charles the Second's reign, whenever any treaty between England and the United Provinces was in question, so the matter rested.'

With the massacre of Amboyna Mr. Sainsbury concludes the present portion of his labours. His volumes contain a mine of wealth hitherto unwrought, and offer for the first time a full and authentic history of the rise and development of our colonial power in the East. He has performed his task with the care and ability which are expected from the publications of the Record Office. Mr. Sainsbury possesses all the gifts so necessary in an editor—an independent knowledge of the subject on which he treats, a happy knack in seizing the salient points of the papers before him, great care in the collating of manuscripts, and an evident interest in the duties entrusted to him, which renders him jealous of error and confusion. We have taken upon ourselves in several instances to compare Mr. Sainsbury's *précis* of the documents with the documents themselves, and we have invariably found that, whilst all irrelevant matter is dismissed, nothing of importance is omitted. The history of our colonies in the East has yet to be given to the world, but when it comes to be written it will be found that most of its materials will have been derived from the Colonial State Papers now wisely being calendared for the benefit of the historians and commercial writers of the future.

- ART. IV.—1. *Spectrum Analysis*. Six Lectures delivered in 1868. By HENRY E. ROSCOE, F.R.S. 8vo. London: 1869.
2. *Le Stelle: Saggio di Astronomia Siderale*. Del P. A. SECCHI. Milano: 1878.
3. *Researches in Spectrum Analysis in connexion with the Spectrum of the Sun*. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S. 'Proceedings of the Royal Society,' vol. xxviii.: 1879.
4. *On the Spectra of some of the Fixed Stars*. By WILLIAM HUGGINS, F.R.A.S., and W. A. MILLER, M.D., LL.D. 'Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society,' vol. cliv.: 1864.
5. *Further Investigations on the Spectra of some of the Stars and Nebulæ, with an Attempt to determine therefrom whether these Bodies are moving towards or from the Earth*. By WILLIAM HUGGINS, F.R.S. 'Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society,' vol. clviii.: 1868.
6. *The Universe of Stars*. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Second Edition. London: 1878.

WHEN Kirchhoff demonstrated, twenty-one years ago, the existence of sodium in the atmosphere of the sun, he made an advance of which we are even yet hardly in a position to estimate the full importance. The discovery supplied one more proof of the harmony of nature and the fundamental unity of science. The 'corruptible' materials of our mother-earth were shown by conclusive evidence to form part of the 'incorruptible' substance of the radiant orbs of heaven. Astronomy, which had hitherto taken cognisance of matter only in its most general form, was now compelled to descend into the laboratory in order to study its various kinds and qualities, together with their mutual actions and relations. The science of celestial mechanics became, all at once, the science of celestial chemistry. From the new point of departure thus unexpectedly provided, untried fields of research were gradually perceived to stretch farther and farther away into the illimitable distance. The invention of the telescope does not, indeed, form a more noteworthy epoch in the history of astronomy than does the application of the prism to the physical investigation of the heavenly bodies. Yet, marvellous as are the results already achieved by spectrum analysis, they are as nothing compared with the crowd of unsolved problems which continually stimulate the curiosity, and baffle the skill,

of the spectroscopist. Nor should this occasion surprise. Since creation is modelled on a scale utterly incommensurable with human faculties, the progress of science necessarily proposes more questions than it answers, and opens up, one after the other, vistas of the unknown, each forming, as it were, a separate pathway towards the one infinity.

Thus each new discovery, by revealing previously unsuspected ignorance, suggests fresh efforts, and promotes fresh advances. Already the more hopeful among men of science look forward with confidence to the recognition of a law, higher and wider than that of Newton, embracing all the operations upon matter of the so-called 'physical forces,' and reducing under a common denomination the actions of gravity and cohesion, the phenomena of light, heat, and electricity. We venture indeed to assert that no one who earnestly and intelligently looks nature in the face can escape the conviction that such a principle regulates the apparent anomalies, and harmonises the apparent contradictions, visible in the world around us. The generalisation of knowledge, however, becomes increasingly difficult with its extension; by the accumulation of particulars induction is rendered more sure, but is also rendered more arduous; and science is impeded in its progress in proportion as it is amplified in its details. We may then have to wait long for the realisation of the hopes held out to us, and must for the present content ourselves with noting effects where we would willingly penetrate into causes. Nevertheless, the close relationship more and more clearly perceived to unite the physical sciences forms in itself a species of generalisation, and will doubtless contribute in the future to maintain and increase the high intellectual importance of natural investigations.

The discovery of spectrum analysis has most markedly emphasised this relationship. The sciences of astronomy and chemistry can no longer be said to exist independently one of the other. The astronomer demands from the chemist an interpretation of what he observes; the chemist turns to the astronomer for confirmation of what he divines. The working of this new alliance is strikingly exemplified in Mr. Norman Lockyer's recent investigations into the nature of the chemical elements. The sixty-five to seventy* different substances at

* The exact number cannot at present be determined. Since 1877, claims have been put forward to the discovery of no less than fourteen new metals, in many cases, probably, on very insufficient grounds. See a paper in 'Nature,' July 8, 1880.

present known to enter into the composition of the earth have long been regarded by chemists as only provisionally elementary in their character. The term 'element' was simply meant to convey that hitherto they had not been decomposed; but it was clearly foreseen that with improved laboratory appliances many such bodies would be reduced to a simpler condition—a prevision already verified in the case of the allied substances, chlorine, bromine, and iodine.

But theory has, in this direction, far outstripped experiment. Between the atomic weights of the various elements, numerical relations, as remarkable as those connecting the different members of the solar system, have been perceived to exist. Empirical laws, of similar character to 'Bode's law' of planetary distances, regulate the combining proportions of certain groups of substances analogous in their qualities, indicating, it is argued, varying degrees of complexity in their composition.* These ingenious speculations have even been made the basis of successful prediction. A gap in the series indicated by his 'periodic law' enabled Professor Mendelejeff, in 1869, to announce the existence and describe the qualities of a new metal, discovered, six years later, by M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran in a blende from the mines of Pierrefitte, and named by him 'gallium.'† Moreover, the striking fact that nearly all atomic weights are simple multiples of the weight of the hydrogen-atom gave rise to Prout's celebrated hypothesis of a primordial substance no other than hydrogen. But even this is not enough. Still bolder speculators derive from luminiferous ether—the refuge and the reproach of science—every form of ponderable matter; and the remarkable theory of 'vortex-atoms,' elaborated from profound mathematical considerations by Sir William Thomson and the late Professor Clerk Maxwell, has lent plausibility (it would be going too far to say probability) to what seemed at first sight an extravagant conjecture.

We learn then, without surprise, from a paper communicated to the Royal Society, December 12, 1878, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, that Mr. Lockyer has been led by his spectroscopic studies to doubt the elementary character of some, if not all, of those bodies which have hitherto successfully maintained that reputation. We are not prepared to deny his conclusions; but we venture to dissent from some at least of the arguments by which he seeks to support them.

* *Chemical News*, vol. xxxviii. p. 66.

† *Comptes Rendus*, t. lxxxi. pp. 493, 969.

His observations are of the highest interest and importance; but they seem to us hardly to warrant the interpretation which he puts upon them.

We need not here dwell upon the first principles of spectrum analysis; they were ably expounded in the pages of this *Journal* * shortly after their discovery, and are dwelt-upon with still fuller detail in the valuable work by Professor Roscoe which stands at the head of this article. It may, however, be well to remind our readers that while further enquiry has amply confirmed the fundamental theorem upon which the science rests—namely, that vapours absorb rays of the same refrangibilities that they radiate—a multitude of secondary facts have been recognised, which, although they at present tend somewhat to embarrass our conclusions, will no doubt eventually contribute to define them. Thus, while it may be looked upon as established that an incandescent solid or liquid body gives a continuous spectrum—in other words, emits light of every shade of colour—the converse no longer holds good. A continuous spectrum is *not* necessarily due to a solid or liquid, but may be derived from a vapour at considerable pressure. Many physicists, indeed, believe that the vast mass of the sun consists of glowing and enormously compressed gases, the fine black lines which rule the rainbow-tinted ribbon unrolled out of its light by the prism, owing their origin to the selective absorption of the same vapours at a higher level and reduced temperature and density. They in fact stop on their passage the identical rays that they more feebly emit, thus producing those innumerable minute gaps of comparative darkness in the sun's light known as 'Fraunhofer lines.' Now each of these vapours or gases gives forth, when heated to incandescence, a more or less numerous set of light-waves, strictly definite in their respective colours and consequent positions in the spectrum; and it is by the identification of these beams, or bright lines, with corresponding dark lines in the solar spectrum, that inferences, surprising but entirely trustworthy, have been drawn regarding the physical constitution of our great luminary.

The spectroscopic evidence adduced by Mr. Lockyer in proof of the compound character of the 'elements' may be conveniently divided into three classes—terrestrial, solar, and stellar. His position would, indeed, be much more clearly intelligible if founded on some settled theory of luminous radiation by matter in its various conditions. But on this

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxvi., art. 'Solar Chemistry.'

point modern science has nothing to offer beyond some vague and unsatisfactory conjectures. We find ourselves, at the very threshold of enquiry, confronted by the (at present) inscrutable relations subsisting between that enigmatical substance whose vibrations are light, and the gross matter originating those vibrations by its movements. This much, however, we may safely say. A vibrating molecule is, speaking generally, not a simple body, but a system, probably of extremely complex constitution. Now any disturbance affecting that system will be faithfully reflected in the rays of light, which are the visible translation of its intimate thrillings. Such disturbances may be almost infinitely various in kind and degree, the actual severance of the atoms, or parts constituting a molecule, being only one extreme case amongst a multitude of possible modifications. But, while it is certain that each infinitesimal variation of molecular relations must produce a corresponding effect in the spectrum, this severance of atoms, or 'dissociation,' is adopted by Mr. Lockyer as a general rationale of all spectroscopic changes.

His main argument under this head is founded on analogy. He observes that the spectra of bodies supposed to be simple undergo, in like circumstances, changes precisely similar to those of bodies known to be compound. In the latter case the explanation is obvious and undeniable. The spectrum characteristic of the compound gives place, as the temperature rises and dissociation proceeds, to the spectrum characteristic of its principal constituent. The easy and natural course seems to be to transfer this explanation to the other case. And it is this which Mr. Lockyer has taken. Now we are far from denying that chemical separations play a certain part in producing the appearances revealed by the prism; what we contend is that the cause in question, far from being universally active, is most likely only exceptionally so. In the first place, marked changes occur in cases where there can be no question of dissociation. By the mere condensation or rarefaction of an incandescent vapour, the bright lines of which its spectrum is composed can be increased or diminished at pleasure. If we suppose, according to the received theory, the light-producing vibrations of minute particles of matter to be maintained by the mutual impacts of those particles, then the fewer the impacts, the more feeble the vibrations. And, just as the harmonics * of a musical note can

* For an account of Mr. Johnstone Stoney's ingenious harmonic theory of line spectra, see Schellen's 'Spectrum Analysis,' Appendix A (English translation).

no longer be detected by the ear when the note is sounded faintly, so the secondary oscillations of a vibrating particle cease, as their amplitude is diminished, to produce a visible effect in the spectrum, long before the fundamental vibration is extinguished. Moreover, the spectroscope affords as yet absolutely no criterion for distinguishing between the division of dissimilar and the separation of similar atoms—two essentially different operations, although both included under the somewhat unsatisfactory term ‘dissociation.’ Other instances might be alleged, suggestive at once of the obscurity which still involves this subject, and of the subtle complication of causes which we have to unravel in dealing with it; but we believe we have said enough to show that, as a universal explanation of spectroscopic phenomena, the ‘dissociation theory’ is untenable.

This is not the place to discuss Mr. Lockyer’s striking and suggestive remarks on the behaviour in solar eruptions of lines called by him ‘basic,’ because due, in his opinion, to the presence of an identical base in two or more metals to whose spectra they are common. He notes that these lines appear predominantly when metallic vapours are injected from beneath the surface of the sun into the glowing atmosphere of hydrogen constituting the ‘chromosphere,’ and infers dissociation at the elevated temperature of the interior, followed by re-association in the cooler regions above. It is a subject well worthy of further investigation; but in the meantime we may be permitted to observe that, even apart from the probability that many such coincidences are only apparent,* they possibly indicate molecular affinities other than identity of substance.

We have now, to some extent, cleared the ground for the consideration of Mr. Lockyer’s ‘appeal to the stars.’ His view is, that, heat being the great dissociating agent, our observation of chemical separations may be indefinitely extended, with the range of temperature at our command, by studying the comparative effects produced by the variously graduated, but inconceivably potent, furnaces of the celestial spaces. In other words, bodies which maintain their union at the highest temperature available in the laboratory, may be discovered, with the aid of the spectroscope, to exist in a divorced condition

* As the dispersive power of the spectroscope is increased, lines, previously supposed coincident, are in many cases found to be divided by a minute interval. We may mention, as an example, the coronal ray, numbered 1,474 on Kirchhoff’s scale, believed, until Professor Young succeeded, in 1876, in separating them, to agree in position with a line in the spectrum of iron.

in the atmospheres of the stars. The idea is doubtless a just one, and will perhaps some day fructify; but of its actual realisation we cannot find that any valid evidence has yet been offered.

The first to analyse stellar light with the prism was Fraunhofer. As early as 1823 he observed that the dark solar line, named by him F, and long afterwards shown to proceed from the absorptive action of hydrogen in the sun's atmosphere, was repeated in the spectrum of Sirius; while D (the characteristic orange-yellow line of sodium) was visible in the spectra of Betelgeux, Castor, Pollux, and Capella. Shortly after the publication of Kirchhoff's great discovery, the subject was resumed, although with little result, by Donati of Florence; and it was not until 1862, when it was almost simultaneously taken in hand by Father Secchi in Rome, and by Dr. Huggins in this country, that any notable advance was made towards founding a science of stellar spectroscopy. Exceptional difficulties of observation attended and impeded their labours. In the largest telescopes hitherto constructed, the most brilliant stars appear only as points of light; their spectra have consequently no sensible breadth, and present no surface for study. This inconvenience can, it is true, be remedied by the use of a cylindrical lens, which lengthens the luminous point into a line, again extended into a band by the action of the prism; but this involves dispersion in two directions, and entails a considerable loss of light, the very subject-matter of enquiry. Moreover, the continual fluctuations of our atmosphere incredibly embarrass exact measurements; while the necessary restrictions of position in the object to be examined, together with the chances and changes of weather, render the thorough investigation of a single star spectrum the work of many years.*

The main results of Father Secchi's work among the stars are contained in the volume with the title of which we have headed this article. The death of the author, which took place at the Collegio Romano, February 26, 1878, followed closely upon its publication, so that we have in it the final utterance of the eminent Jesuit astronomer. Owing to the relatively imperfect instrumental means at his command, he aimed at extent rather than accuracy of observation. Accordingly, the first systematic attempt at the classification of star spectra is due

* For a description of the apparatus employed in the observation of stellar spectra, see Roscoe, 'Spectrum Analysis,' pp. 232-4; Huggins and Miller, 'On the Spectra of some of the Fixed Stars,' 'Phil. Trans.,' ii. 1864.

to him. A sweeping survey of the heavens, embracing over 4,000 stars, enabled him to define four spectral orders or types, which serve usefully as at least a provisional framework within which to fit and shape our knowledge as it grows.

The first order is the most numerous and brilliantly represented. It is composed exclusively of stars shining with a white or bluish light, and includes many of the most conspicuous jewels of our midnight skies—Sirius, Vega (the principal star in the Lyre), Castor, Regulus, Altair in the Eagle, Rigel in the knee of Orion, &c. The spectra of these stars are characterised by the exceptional breadth and blackness of the four hydrogen lines, and by the faintness of the metallic lines of absorption. Those, however, belonging to sodium, calcium, magnesium, and iron, have been recognised, and innumerable others await future determination. More than half the visible stars belong to this class.

The second order comprises yellow stars, such as Capella, Arcturus, Aldebaran in the eye of the Bull, Pollux, Dubhe * (the brightest star in the Great Bear), and our own sun. They exhibit spectra closely and finely ruled in black, precisely analogous to the solar spectrum, many of the lines in which have been identified in the light of these sister-suns. Hydrogen lines are present, but less marked than in the preceding class. About a third of the classified stars are of this type.

The spectrum characteristic of the third order is of a composite nature, the usual dark metallic lines being, as it were, superposed upon a fluted background, presenting the appearance of a strongly illuminated row of columns seen in perspective, the bright sides turned towards the red or less refrangible end of the spectrum. The hydrogen lines are faint, and in some cases absent. About thirty stars, most of them of a reddish tint, and some of them noted variables, have been recognised as belonging to this class, which includes Mira in the Whale, called 'Wonderful' because of its strange waxings and wanings; Betelgeux in the shoulder of Orion, α Herculis, and Antares in the Scorpion.

The fourth order is composed of small blood-red stars, none above the fifth magnitude. Their spectra, consisting of

* *Dubhe* is *Dub*, the Arabic name for 'bear,' pronounced soft. In this instance, as in many others, the title of the entire constellation was transferred to the brightest of the stars composing it. The name was handed down to modern times through the medium of the Alphonsine Tables. Ideler, 'Ueber den Ursprung und die Bedeutung der Sternnamen,' p. 23.

three broad columnar bands, *reversed*, i.e. illuminated from the violet side, show a striking general resemblance to those given by the nuclei of comets, which again have been almost certainly identified with the banded spectrum of carbon, or one of its compounds.

Mr. Lockyer considers these four orders as representing, broadly, four stages on the road from formation to extinction. He argues that the whitest and brightest, and he presumes the hottest and *youngest*, stars exhibit the simplest spectra, and therefore contain the fewest elements, and those of the lowest atomic weights; that, with decreasing temperature and advancing years, heavier and more complex bodies are formed, free hydrogen disappears, and metallic lines are replaced by the bands and flutings characteristic of oxides and metalloids. He sees the substances with which we are familiar progressively developed, as the first fierce heat of stellar existence declines, out of their primordial elements or element, and traces, in the continual advance of matter towards more complex forms, the consequence of stellar refrigeration and decay.

This view presents a seductive, but in a theory of nature suspicious appearance of completeness. It is too plausible to be altogether sound. We believe it can be shown that evidence is wholly wanting either of the activity in the heavenly bodies of what we may call 'elemental evolution,' or of such a succession of stellar ages as that assumed by Mr. Lockyer's hypothesis.

The spectra of stars of the first order are, to begin with, only at first sight less complex than those of stars of the second. Their apparent simplicity vanishes on closer inspection. Dr. Huggins, from whose testimony on this point there is no appeal, describes the spectrum of Sirius as throughout 'crossed by a 'very great multitude of faint and fine lines.'* That of Vega, he adds, 'is as full of fine lines as the solar spectrum.' There is, then, no reason to suppose that the number of 'elements' contained in this class of stars is less than in our sun, although, from the feebleness of their absorptive action, they are far more difficult of detection. What is truly characteristic of the type is the immense predominance of the hydrogen lines, indicating the presence of that substance in large mass, and under considerable pressure. Indeed, the varying conditions under which hydrogen is found in different stars form probably the most reliable index to their respective physical constitu-

* Phil. Trans., vol. cliv. p. 428.

tions.* Mr. Lockyer attributes the progressive weakening or even effacement of the well-known hydrogen lines, in passing from the first to the fourth order of star spectra, to the gradual cooling and consequent withdrawal of the gas from a free condition to a state of combination with other substances. We hold, on the contrary, that this enfeeblement is occasioned, not by the disappearance of free hydrogen, but by its presence in a more exalted condition of incandescence, causing it to replace, partially or wholly, the light that it absorbs. This opinion is strengthened by the remarkable fact that in certain stars these lines actually appear *bright* as compared with the rest of the spectrum. We have only to consider what takes place in the central star of our planetary world to understand the significance of this phenomenon.

The sun is encompassed with an atmosphere of flaming hydrogen. This, when seen isolated, as in eclipses, exhibits the peculiar bright rays so familiar to spectroscopists; but because its temperature is lower than that of the glowing mass it surrounds, it absorbs more light than it radiates, and its lines, consequently, show dark when projected on the dazzling surface of the photosphere. But if the incandescence of this fiery 'sierra' be gradually increased, until its light equals and then surpasses that of the central mass, the obscure gaps in the spectrum caused by its absorption will first disappear, as in Betelgeux,† and finally be replaced by bright rays, as in the second star of the Lyre.‡ This is actually observed to occur in sun-spots. The nucleus or darkest portion, owing doubtless to the downrush of cooler vapours, shows increased absorption; the faculæ, brilliant eruptive hydrogen jets, closely associated with spots, display bright lines; while in the intermediate or penumbral region the hydrogen rays, as might have been expected, usually fade out and vanish. Thus, so far as the evidence afforded by this particular substance is concerned, progression would seem to be in the opposite direction from that contemplated in Mr. Lockyer's theory. We, however, by no means desire to convey that red stars are, as a rule, hotter

* Huggins, 'Proceedings R. Society,' vol. xv. p. 149.

† With the best instruments traces of hydrogen absorption can be discovered in this star.

‡ β Lyre is a variable star, showing bright lines at its maximum. γ Cassiopeie, by a singular exception, displays an unvarying spectrum of vivid rays. Both shine with a white light, but evidently belong to a totally different order of stellar existence from Sirius and Vega. All other stars showing bright lines are variable, giving, as a rule, banded spectra.

than white. We undertake to prove nothing of the kind. Our contention is merely that the *difference* of temperature between the body of a star and its surrounding atmosphere diminishes in passing from the first to the second, and from the second to the third and fourth orders. Heat is, in fact, in red stars more diffused, in white stars more concentrated. The full import of this distinction will become apparent further on.

The complete worthlessness of *negative* evidence as regards stellar constitution is forcibly illustrated by Professor H. Draper's recent discovery of the bright lines of oxygen in the solar spectrum. The conclusions to be drawn from the prismatic analysis of the heavenly bodies receive thereby an important qualification. From the appearance of certain lines we can still confidently argue the presence of the substance which they characterise; but we can no longer infer the absence of any particular body from the non-appearance of its representative rays. This objection applies equally to Mr. Lockyer's argument on the effacement of hydrogen lines, and to his reasoning on the emergence of metalloidal bands in the spectra of the stars. The 'metalloids,' or non-metallic elements, of which oxygen, carbon, and sulphur may be taken as specimens, are fourteen in number (exclusive of hydrogen, which possesses most of the qualities of a true metal). Many of these bodies are believed, and a few are now ascertained, to be reducible to a simpler state; and it is on this ground that Mr. Lockyer alleges their presence in the atmospheres of some stars as a proof of lowered temperature. He supposes that, at the white heat of Sirius, and even in the less vehement solar furnace, their constituent particles are incapable of uniting, and come together only in the relaxing fires of such waning luminaries as Betelgeux and Antares. Now the existence of oxygen in the sun is already proved, that of nitrogen is strongly suspected, and Mr. Lockyer has himself found traces of carbon in the coronal atmosphere.* It is hardly possible to doubt that in Sirius and its sister-orbs the same substances are found under similar conditions. Dr. Draper's discovery has at least made it evident that their presence can hardly be established, and can never be disproved.

The facility with which this class of bodies may escape detection is due to their pre-eminent, though not exclusive, possession of an attribute which we may call—to borrow a phrase of Mr. Lockyer's coining—'molecular plasticity.' The vagueness of the expression (although as good a one as could

* Proceedings R. Society, vol. xxvii. pp. 808-9.

be chosen) accurately represents the indefiniteness of our present knowledge; we may, however, describe the quality meant to be conveyed by it as a certain adaptability of structure in the vibrating particles, causing them to change their manner of oscillation, and consequently their mode of radiation, with varying conditions. Indeed, we believe (as already hinted) that most of the hitherto unexplained anomalies in metallic spectra can be accounted for on the same principle. In the case of oxygen, Dr. Schuster's researches* have enabled him to distinguish four entirely different spectra, corresponding to four grades of temperature, of which the first (that due to the greatest heat) is found bright in the sun, while the next in order appears as dark rays. The peculiar value of this observation consists in the prospect it offers of determining with some approach to accuracy the temperature of the solar atmosphere; since it is obvious that the diminution of heat necessary to effect the change of spectrum occurs somewhere between the solar surface and the 'reversing layer,' or envelope of heterogeneous vapours extending to about one thousand miles from the sun's surface, and producing by its absorption the significant Fraunhofer lines.

It is indeed true that a marked increase of metalloidal absorption at a comparatively low temperature is probably indicated by the columnar or fluted structure of stellar spectra of the third and fourth orders. But this circumstance tells us nothing as to the thermal condition of the central parts of such stars. We have only to suppose the absorption to take place at a considerable elevation above their photospheres, in order to arrive at any degree of coolness that may be needed to produce it. This view is, in fact, alleged by Mr. Lockyer to explain the presence of certain remnants or survivals of carbon bands in the solar spectrum. He adds the suggestive remark that the outer atmosphere of the sun, and perhaps also the exterior planets, are 'more metalloidal than metallic 'in their composition.'† Now, if, owing to increased eruptive activity or any other cause, the density of these coronal vapours were largely augmented, we should have the precise state of things indicated by the spectra under consideration. It may be added that metallic lines are found by Dr. Huggins to abound in the spectra of Betelgeux and β Pegasi—both typical stars of the banded class—so that we may dismiss as

* 'On the Spectra of Metalloids,' Phil. Trans. vol. clxx. part i.; Nature, vol. xvii. p. 148.

† Proceedings R. Society, vol. xxvii. p. 309.

unwarranted by observation the presumption of a progressive disappearance of these bodies *pari passu* with the more conspicuous development of metalloids.

An argument much relied on by Mr. Lockyer in support of his theory of elemental evolution is founded on the (apparently) abnormal behaviour of calcium in the spectra of some of the brightest stars. Two closely associated lines in the extreme violet, characteristic of this metal at high temperatures (named respectively H and K), have been perceived to vary markedly in their mutual relations as observed in analysed stellar light. From the spectrum of Sirius K is absent, and in that of Vega is barely discoverable, while in both H is conspicuous, as a wide and deeply-grooved furrow; in that of α Aquilæ (Altair), on the other hand, K is indeed plainly visible, but its width is only half that of its companion. From these facts it has been plausibly argued that, in the hottest stars, calcium is dissolved into two constituents, radiating respectively these two violet rays, the relative intensities of which, it was hoped, might prove a valuable index to stellar temperature and condition. Unfortunately, no such convenient finger-post has been provided for us. Dr. H. W. Vogel's recent investigations * overturn, in our judgment, the whole fabric of this reasoning. The photographs † obtained by him of the hydrogen spectrum not only prove the entire series of twelve lines photographed by Dr. Huggins in the spectra of the white stars to be derived from that substance, but show an unmistakeable coincidence between one of these remarkable lines and the dark band hitherto ascribed to the absorption of the vapour of calcium. Indeed, a simple inspection of Dr. Huggins's admirable photographs is sufficient to convince the most casual observer that the H line, falling in, as it does, with the rhythmical progression of its associates, forms one of the same group, and is attributable to the same molecular vibration with them. The true calcium line is thus overlapped and concealed by the wider and stronger hydrogen line with which it has been confounded.

One unimpeachable instance, and one only, is on record of a permanent and marked change in a star's colour within the historical period. Sirius—the 'sparkler,' or 'star,' *par excellence*, of the Greeks, the 'canicula' of the Romans, at present

* For an account of these researches, see 'Nature,' vol. xxi. p. 410; 'Chemical News,' March 12, 1880.

† Published at Berlin, in 'Monatsberichte der Akad. der Wiss.,' July 1879, p. 550.

the most conspicuously white star in the sky—is expressly described by Seneca * as ruddier than Mars, and is qualified by Ptolemy † as ‘reddish’ (ὀρόκιππος). We might add that Homer could not fitly have compared the brazen refulgence of the divinely forged armour of Achilles to the steely glitter of our dog-star, although ‘the brightest of all that shine in the ‘silence of the night.’ ‡ But the old bard’s eye for colour was notoriously faulty, so that we need not bring him into court. His testimony is indeed superfluous, since the witnesses already cited prove beyond the possibility of cavil that the complexion of Sirius has changed from rubicund to pallid within the last eighteen hundred years. This fact alone appears to dispose of the view that a rosy tint is symptomatic of a declining stage in stellar existence.

Yet more striking examples of instability in the aspects of the heavenly bodies are, however, afforded by actual observation. Although it is improbable that the light emitted by any of the suns in space (our own not excepted) is absolutely constant, the number of stars recognised as ‘variable’ hardly exceeds 150. Of these the great majority are of an orange or crimson colour, and it may be stated broadly that all the more deeply tinted stars are subject to marked fluctuations in brilliancy. To the converse proposition—namely, that white stars display a sensibly steady lustre—there is (besides β Lyræ, which is set apart by the peculiarity of its spectrum) one notable exception, but one which, by the singularity of its nature, seems to confirm the rule. Algol in the head of Medusa, a bright star of the Sirian type, shines equably during two days and thirteen hours, then suddenly begins to decline, and at the end of three and a half hours has sunk from the second to the fourth magnitude, after which it recovers, in an equal time, its original splendour. The entire cycle of these changes is completed in 2 days, 20 hours, 48½ minutes, but the period is subject to slight perturbations. Now these appearances—of uniform radiance, interrupted by a relatively short phase of eclipse—contrast strongly with the gradual fading and flushing of other variables, and instantly suggest the intervention of an opaque body cutting off, at each revolution, a portion of the light of its primary. This view, although not entirely free from difficulties, is favoured

* Natur. Quæst. i. 1.

† Catalogue (Baily’s edition), Memoirs R. Astronomical Society, vol. xiii. p. 62; Secchi, ‘Le Stelle,’ p. 64.

‡ Iliad, xxii. 27.

by the evidence of the prism, showing the radiations emitted by Algol unaltered in quality even at its minimum.

Information of a more positive kind is, however, afforded by the spectroscope regarding periodical stars of normal character. Variables, such as Aldebaran and Arcturus, whose spectra, in their brighter phases, resemble that of our sun, display, as their lustre wanes and their hue deepens, manifest symptoms of approach to the fluted type; while others definitely pass from one class to the other. In stars of the third and fourth orders, the bands of absorption are perceived, as their light diminishes, to darken and extend, their maxima, on the contrary, being frequently marked by the appearance of bright lines due to the presence of various incandescent substances. We have then in periodical stars those 'migratory instances,' the importance of which in natural enquiries Francis Bacon was the first to point out; and it is accordingly to them principally that our attention should be directed if we would penetrate the secrets of stellar constitution. But, before adverting to the various explanatory conjectures which have been hazarded on this subject, we must dedicate a few words to those strange cosmical apparitions now generally regarded as extreme cases of variability. We allude to new or temporary stars.

Twenty-three such instances are authentically recorded, from the memorable object which suggested the star-census of Hipparchus to the brief blaze seen four years ago in the constellation Cygnus; and no doubt many more have escaped notice. The suddenness of these celestial conflagrations is one of their most surprising features. On the evening of November 11, 1572, Tycho Brahe, lifting his eyes to the heavens, beheld near the zenith a star brighter than Jupiter, which he felt certain had not been visible half an hour previously. Such was its brilliancy that keen-sighted persons were able to detect it at noon when the air was clear, and at night when the sky was so thickly overcast as to hide all other stars. After a few weeks, however, it began to wane, and at the end of seventeen months entirely disappeared. It is now supposed to be represented by a minute red star discovered by M. d'Arrest close to the spot in Cassiopeia indicated by the Danish astronomer. The recorded appearance of a similar phenomenon in the same region of the sky in the years 945 and 1264 suggested the very probable surmise that all three were luminous outbursts, at intervals of somewhat over three hundred years, of the same body. If this be so, its re-appearance might be looked for about the present time. It is worth noting that an overwhelming majority of such apparitions have occurred within or

near the limits of the Milky Way. This circumstance was, indeed, alleged by Tycho in support of a theory (closely resembling that of Sir William Herschel) of stellar genesis by the condensation of nebulous matter; and it was even maintained by some that the *hiatus* in the Galaxy could be discerned, whence the aerial substance of the phantom star of 1572 had been drawn! Without going to similar lengths, we may safely assert that such coincidences in position are not fortuitous, but indicate physical relations, the nature of which we can at present but imperfectly conceive.

Two 'star-guests' (to borrow a Chinese phrase)* have, since the invention of the spectroscope, presented themselves for examination by the new method. On May 12, 1866, a star of the second magnitude, first seen by Mr. Birmingham of Tuam, suddenly flamed out in Corona Borealis. In twelve days it had declined to the sixth magnitude, and is now just discoverable as a faint telescopic object. Ten years later, November 24, 1876, M. Schmidt, Director of the Athens Observatory, discovered, in the constellation of the Swan, a new star of the third magnitude, which continued for two or three months, although with constantly diminishing lustre, to be visible to the naked eye. The spectra of both these sidereal strangers were studied—that of the first by Dr. Huggins, that of the second by M. Cornu of the Paris Observatory—and with very significant results.† Superposed upon a continuous spectrum crossed by dark bands and lines, analogous to that of Betelgeux, shone a series of brilliant rays, in which the greater part of the star's light was concentrated. Several of these coincided with lines of hydrogen and magnesium; one appeared identical with the green coronal line, another with the yellow line of the chromosphere derived from an unknown substance named 'helium.'‡ Thus it may be regarded as certain that the incandescent vapours which shone with such extraordinary splendour in these two singular objects were precisely the main constituents of the gaseous envelopes of the sun. So far, both gave concordant testimony; but a divergence subsequently showed itself. In T Coronæ (the new star in the Northern Crown) the continuous spectrum of an ordinary small star survived the extinction of the bright lines; but in 'Nova' Cygni exactly the

* Cosmos, iii. p. 210.

† Proceedings R. Society, vol. xv. p. 146; Comptes Rendus, t. lxxxiii. p. 1172.

‡ Both 'helium' and the substance radiating the coronal line are believed by Mr. Lockyer to be different modifications of hydrogen.

reverse occurred. On September 2, 1877, the spectrum of this star (which, having sunk nearly to the twelfth magnitude, had ceased to attract special notice) was examined in Lord Lindsay's Observatory at Dunecht. A singular and unexpected piece of information resulted. The light when analysed was perceived to be almost entirely homogeneous—that is to say, it emerged from the prism as a single green ray, coinciding in position with one of the three bright lines emitted by gaseous nebulae.* We are then, by this discovery, forced to admit the possibility of a stellar body radiating, under certain conditions, distinctively nebular light.

We may now briefly consider the different interpretations which have been put upon these appearances. It should, however, be steadily borne in mind, that since no line of demarcation can be drawn between periodic and temporary stars, we cannot accept as satisfactory any hypothesis which excludes from consideration either class of facts. What accounts for one should be capable of accounting for the other, since uniformity of cause ordinarily underlies an uninterrupted succession of phenomena. Variable stars are of all degrees of irregularity, from the steady phases of Algol to the fitful outbursts of η Argûs,† which may indeed be regarded as a link between stars showing a maximum and minimum of brightness, and those emerging from long obscurity into brief splendour. We must then instantly reject, on the one side, theories seeking to explain periodic, while neglecting temporary stars; and, on the other, theories postulating sudden and extraordinary conflagrations to the exclusion of gradual and orderly ebbings and flowings of lustre. To the first category belong the ideas that variability may be caused by the rotation of the star itself, showing alternately a bright and a darker side, or by the revolution of an eclipsing satellite (admissible, possibly, in the exceptional case of Algol); to the other, the suppositions that new stars may owe their temporary splendour either to a fortuitous collision with another stellar body, or to a sudden plunge into a nebulous ocean. Such catastrophes are indeed possible, but they stand apart from our present enquiry.

There remain the 'meteoric' theory, the 'dissociation' theory, and the 'sun-spot' theory. The first of these is open to many

* *Astronomische Nachrichten* (No. 2158), vol. xc. p. 351.

† The variations of this southern luminary may be approximately represented by fluctuations from the first to the sixth or seventh magnitude in a period of seventy years, including a threefold maximum. Chambers' *'Descriptive Astronomy,'* p. 501, 3rd ed.

objections; we need mention but one. The undisputed fact that red stars are pre-eminently inconstant sufficiently shows that variability is not due to the action of an extrinsic cause, such as the in-pouring of meteoric matter, whose motion is instantaneously converted into heat, but is a quality inherent in a certain form of stellar existence. The view that the phases of sidereal brilliancy are the result of a 'delicate balance of temperature,' compelling, as the equilibrium is shifted in the direction either of heat or cold, extensive dissociations, or equally extensive combinations of chemically related substances, with the variations of absorption and brightness thence ensuing, was originated independently by the late M. Angström of Upsala, and by Mr. Lockyer. The theory gives a tolerably plausible account of some of the facts, but can hardly be said to include them all. In many variables, for example, the increase of light is accompanied by the appearance of brilliant rays in the ordinary spectrum of absorption. Now we do not clearly see how to account for their presence on the hypothesis of dissociation. It may be suggested that they arise not from simple incandescence, but from actual burning, or combination, with development of light and heat. Even if we set aside the objection that the theory would be inverted and distorted beyond recognition by making the maxima of stellar brilliancy to coincide with the occurrence, not of dissociation, but of energetic association, we are confronted by the fact that hydrogen and many other gases emit, during combustion, rays of all refrangibilities. In other words, they give a continuous, not a line spectrum. Of such an emission there has never been perceived any trace in variable stars. No hypothesis, then, involving literal conflagration, can be regarded as admissible.

We are driven, in the last resort, to what we have termed the 'sun-spot theory.' This was suggested to Father Secchi by his observation of the strong resemblance exhibited by the spectra of solar spots to those of some periodical stars in their obscure phases. According to this view, variability would be the result of increased or diminished eruptive energy, causing increased or diminished absorption. The analogy between such cycles of change and the solar 'eleven-year period' is drawn closer by the circumstance that variable stars are commonly subject to a secondary period of longer duration, corresponding to the 'sixty-year period' of sun-spots, by which their maxima and minima are alternately accelerated and retarded. It must not be supposed, however, that the fluctuations of stellar light can be explained as mere differences in the amount of superficial 'maculation.' Sun-spots are but one of the least symptoms—

perhaps a surviving relic—of the condition which we contemplate, not only in such capricious luminaries as ‘Mira’ Ceti and η Argûs, but even in the comparatively steady orbs of Aldebaran and Arcturus. The absorption producing marked obscuration no doubt occurs in the coronal atmospheres, or at least at some considerable height above the photospheres of such stars. Vast masses of incandescent vapour are, we may conceive, ejected from the central body during epochs of disturbance—precisely as hydrogen, helium, and other substances are flung forth from the interior of the sun in the fantastic forms known as ‘prominences’—and produce, as they cool in the higher regions to which they are projected, the bands observed in the darkening spectra of variables. The bright lines frequently visible would meet with a similar explanation. We see in fact in the solar chromosphere a repetition, on a much diminished scale, of their immediate cause. The effect of a sudden augmentation in extent and incandescence of the glowing envelope of the sun, such as tends to take place with every access of eruptive energy, would be the manifestation in its spectrum of the identical vivid rays emitted by temporary as well as by periodical stars. It will not, indeed, have escaped the notice of our readers that this rationale of variability implies an inversion of maxima and minima similar to that involved in the ‘dissociation’ theory. Under normal circumstances, the minimum of light coincides with the maximum of disturbance and consequent absorption; but when the phase attains the stage of intensity at which bright rays begin to appear, the greatest splendour is reached simultaneously with the highest point of internal activity. There seems, however, no reason why this apparent incongruity should prove fatal to the hypothesis at present under consideration, which we are at any rate indisposed to reject until something more satisfactory can be substituted for it.

In what aspect, we may now enquire, does the general problem of stellar constitution present itself to our minds? In the first place, it cannot be too emphatically stated that whatever theory of variability we may adopt must necessarily include an explanation of distinctions in optical characteristics, since variable stars, by their migrations from one spectroscopic class to another, afford convincing proof that the condition of change is no other than the condition of difference. In accordance with the hypothesis just enunciated, we should then reply that the various degrees of absorption revealed by the spectroscope in the atmospheres of different stars, correspond to as many stages of eruptive activity in their central masses—those

of white and equable splendour standing at the bottom of the scale, those of deep tint and irregular lustre at the top. Far from finding any evidence to support the view that the latter class represent, so to speak, the expiring embers of the former, we believe it might be plausibly argued that development, if traceable at all, takes the contrary direction. Stars of the fourth order, for example, wear the aspect of luminaries whose photospheres are in course of formation, rather than of orbs slowly cooling into invisibility. They might, in fact, be more reasonably regarded as juvenile than as decrepit suns. Their apparent minuteness is most probably occasioned by the enormous loss sustained by their light in traversing a dense and profound vaporous envelope, while the bright rays with which their lustre is frequently enhanced bear witness to their exalted condition of volcanic activity. As the process of condensation advanced, the heavier substances would—with the relaxation of the unexplained repulsive force conspicuously at work in so many solar phenomena—withdraw more and more into the interior of the star, whose gradually clearing atmosphere would permit a freer escape of light and consequent increase of brilliancy.

As regards the relative temperatures of the stars, we are still, to a great extent, in the region of speculation. It is true that Dr. Huggins and Mr. Stone * have, by some extremely delicate observations, placed us in possession of the facts that Sirius, the brightest of white stars, sends us only two-thirds of the heat which reaches us from Arcturus, while Vega's thermal powers are surpassed, in the same proportion, by those of the golden star that holds watch and ward over the Great Bear. We need hardly observe, however, that radiation is no reliable test of temperature; and its evidence, in this case, seems to be contradicted by the richness in photographic emanations of the stars deficient in heat-rays. On the whole, we incline to the belief that, while the deep-hued orbs possess a greater store of energy, their paler brethren realise that energy in a more tangible form, and collect it into a more limited space. In other words, their photospheres are hotter, and their atmospheres clearer and cooler, than those of more volcanic luminaries. But on this and many similar points the *data* are wanting to enable us to form more than a probable opinion. These we may hope that the future will to some extent supply. The true field of stellar discovery is solar observation; and here Mr. Lockyer is one of the foremost among a band of labourers

* Proceedings R. Society, vol. xvii. p. 309; vol. xviii. p. 165.

whose zeal, industry, and skill need no encomium from us. With the aid of the prism, many of the doubts and difficulties which still beset enquiry into the physical condition of the sun will perhaps ere long be dispelled; and we may then with renewed courage attack the strictly analogous problems offered to our consideration by the stars.

In 1612, a German astronomer named Simon Marius, detected in the constellation of Andromeda an elliptical patch of hazy light, 'like a candle,' as he described it, 'shining through horn.' Forty-four years later, the celebrated Dutch philosopher, Huygens, discovered the great nebula in the sword-handle of Orion. Although both these singular appearances are distinctly visible to the naked eye, they attracted no intelligent observation from uncounted generations of star-gazers, but were reserved to figure among the numerous trophies of the Galilean 'cylinder.' The number of nebulae now known to astronomers considerably exceeds 5,000,* and fresh discoveries are of frequent occurrence. We must regard as one of the most noteworthy achievements of modern science the revelations made by the spectroscope concerning the nature of these enigmatical bodies. They not only gratify that noble curiosity which irresistibly impels our often baffled yet ever renewed search into the secrets of nature, but afford a significant warning against the undue extension of apparently legitimate inference. Between a comparatively loose aggregation of stars, such as the Pleiades, and a dim blur of nebulous light just discernible in the most powerful telescope, no dividing line can be drawn. Star-groups merge, by insensible gradations, into star-clusters, star-clusters into star-dust, star-dust into star-mist, while, with every addition to the space-penetrating power of the instruments employed in observation, a certain proportion of objects hitherto deemed 'irresolvable' belie that character, and show symptoms of stellar constitution. The conclusion seems inevitable, and is nevertheless fallacious, that difference of distance forms the only distinguishing circumstance, and that nebulae are, in fact, sidereal systems plunged, at various depths, in the tremendous abysses of space, and sending us, by a few feeble rays, faint tidings of an existence manifold and glorious as that of our own sparkling galaxy. This view was accordingly adopted by many astronomers, notwithstanding the obvious association of nebular and stellar matter both in 'nebulous stars' and in such cosmical aggregations as

* 5,079 nebulae and star-clusters are included in Sir J. Herschel's catalogue, published in 'Phil. Trans.' 1864.

the Magellanic Clouds. New and irrefragable evidence is now, however, available.

On August 29, 1864, Dr. Huggins turned, for the first time, his spectroscope upon a nebula—one of the ‘planetary’ kind, situated in the constellation Draco, and presenting the appearance of a blue-green shield embossed with a shining nucleus.* The result took the observer somewhat by surprise. At the first glance, its light seemed to be absolutely monochromatic, a single ray of a sea-green tint being alone visible. By degrees, however, two other lines, both slightly more refrangible than the first, were made out; and these three lines may be regarded as forming the typical spectrum of a certain class of nebulae. It follows obviously and incontestably that such bodies are, in great part, if not wholly, composed of glowing gas. But inference does not stop here. By careful measurements and comparisons Dr. Huggins was able to assign the principal nebular ray—that which is never found absent,† though often alone—to incandescent nitrogen; while the third and most refrangible was perceived to coincide with the F line of hydrogen. These conclusions are fortified by the observation, that when the spectra of hydrogen and nitrogen are, by suitable manipulation of temperature and pressure, respectively reduced to one ray, that ray is, in each case, found to be identical with the nebular line.‡ It is then beyond doubt that gaseous nebulae are composed of nitrogen, hydrogen, and a third vapour, as yet unidentified, giving the middle line of their spectra; and it may moreover be confidently asserted that their temperature is comparatively low, and their density extremely small—not much greater, probably, than that of the residual gas in ‘vacuum tubes.’

The excessive simplicity of nebular spectra is not then due to the dissociative energy of heat; and if we are to adopt Sir William Herschel’s hypothesis, and regard nebulae as ‘star-protoplasm,’ the question arises, in what condition do the multifarious substances found in a full-grown star exist in these sidereal nurseries? If it be said that they have as yet no being save in the affinities of their elements, we would ask what force holds those affinities in check, and suspends the production of the various forms of matter known to us in sun and stars? On the other hand, if they exist neither *in esse* nor *in*

* D’Arrest, ‘Astronomische Nachrichten,’ vol. lxxix. p. 195.

† Phil. Trans. vol. clviii. p. 540.

‡ Frankland and Lockyer on Gaseous Spectra, ‘Proceedings R. Society,’ vol. xvii. p. 453.

posse, we must look elsewhere for the secret of stellar formation. Indeed, progressive chemical combination would inevitably betray itself in the increasing complexity of nebular spectra.* New lines would become visible as new substances were evolved, and we should naturally expect to find specimens of every stage of development, from the monochromatic radiations of the 'Dumb-bell' to the continuous spectrum of the Andromeda nebula. No trace, however, of such an advance is perceptible. One invariable type is common to all the gaseous nebulae whose light has been analysed. In a very few cases, it is true (notably in the Orion nebula), a fourth ray—the dark blue of hydrogen—is visible; in several, all except the nitrogen line are too faint to be discernible; but the chemical composition of all is evidently the same. We may then reasonably doubt whether the intimate connexion obviously existing between stars and nebulae is of the precise nature contemplated by the advocates of the 'nebular hypothesis.' It is at least premature to affirm that it is that of simple development.† Take the case of the solar system. If any vestige of the primitive nebula out of which it is supposed to have been formed be discoverable, it must be in that vast lenticular envelope, extending far beyond the earth's orbit, known as the 'Zodiacal Light.' But the physical constitution of this perplexing appendage, as disclosed by its spectrum,‡ shows no analogy whatever with any known nebula. In fact, of 'nebulous fluid,' properly so called, no trace can be found within the precincts of the sun's dominion.

Out of about 140 nebulae hitherto submitted to the scrutiny of the prism, thirty-one or thirty-two show bright lines,§ the remainder emitting continuous light of too feeble a character to endure searching exploration of its minor peculiarities. Some of these spectra are singularly truncated at the red end, as if by the interposition of a veil of absorbent material, and present a mottled and unequal appearance, suggesting an aggregation of lucid beams rather than an uninterrupted sequence of radiations. The stellar nature of the bodies from which they are derived is thus seen to be extremely problematical.¶

It is a significant fact that the whole of that class of nebulae named by Sir William Herschel 'planetary,' because exhibiting

* Huggins, 'Proceedings R. Institution,' vol. iv. p. 448.

† Monthly Notices, vol. xxxvi. p. 48.

‡ Astr. Nach. (No. 1908), vol. lxxx. p. 189.

§ Huggins, 'Phil. Trans.' vol. clvi. (1866), p. 382, *note*.

a tolerably defined and almost uniformly illuminated disc, give, without exception, a spectrum of bright lines. These bodies, according to one view of their constitution, are globular masses of feebly luminous gas, of such vast extent that the least of them, if placed centrally with the sun, would in all probability embrace many times over the remote orbit of Neptune. The total absence or slight amount of central condensation is accounted for by the internal absorption of their light, causing them to offer to our vision only, as it were, a shell of ignited vapour. Another view, which has of late received considerable support, regards them as enormously remote nebulous stars or star-clusters. It is a well-established optical principle that the brightness of a luminous surface is not lessened by distance, for the simple reason that the superficial area included in the visual angle increases in exact proportion as the light from each unit of that area diminishes. A light-giving surface (so long as it subtends any appreciable angle) will thus gain rapidly upon a light-giving point with the equal withdrawal of both from the eye of the observer, and will eventually outshine and survive it, whatever the original disparity in their respective splendours. It follows from this reasoning that a stellar nucleus, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere of great extent, which, at a certain remoteness, wears the aspect of a nebulous star, will, if the distance be sufficiently increased, cease to show any appreciable stellar light, and will finally shine with the dim radiance of a planetary nebula.*

The theory is neat and plausible; but it must be owned that it encounters a serious difficulty in the tendency to annular and spiral formation detected in this class of objects by the great Parsonstown reflector. We have seen, however, by the example of the new star in Cygnus, that a stellar body may undergo an apparent metamorphosis into a nebula—in other words, that nebular light may occasionally serve as a garment to be put off and on; and another instance of this species of celestial masquerade is afforded by Mr. Pogson's surprising observation of the sudden transformation of a nebula into a star, and its return after a few days to its original condition.† Indeed, the phenomena of variability presented by some of these bodies are among the most curious in nature. On October 11, 1852, Mr. Hind discovered a small nebula in the constella-

* Arago, 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes,' 1842, pp. 410–12 and 441; Stone, 'Proceedings R. Society,' vol. xxvi. p. 156.

† Chambers, 'Descriptive Astronomy,' p. 545. Pogson's observations were fully confirmed by those of E. Luther and Auwers.

tion Tauris. On October 3, 1861, M. d'Arrest found that it had totally vanished. Two months later it was again observed. It is now invisible in the most powerful instruments.* Again, the nebula surrounding Merope in the Pleiades, detected in 1859 by that admirable observer M. Tempel, is certainly subject to fluctuations in brightness. A strong case of (probably periodical) change has been made out for the vast nebular regions in Orion and Argo, while the incessant contraction and dilatation of a minor object of the same kind have been remarked by M. Schultz. Conjecture itself is silent in the presence of these strange stirrings of mysterious cosmical activities.

Looking upwards at the vast expanse of a moonless sky on a clear night, we are at once dazzled and delighted with the multitudinous blazing of the celestial watch-fires. Like Jessica, we sit and see

‘How the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;’

but to submit that exquisite and elaborate workmanship to the prosaic analysis of number seems, at first sight, not only unpoetical, but impracticable. Yet the stars visible to the unaided eye form but a minute fraction of those whose remote rays fail to stir a responsive thrill of consciousness. It has been ascertained that the most piercing vision can discern in both hemispheres barely 6,000; while the number of those perceptible at one time to an observer of average sight scarcely exceeds 2,000. On the other hand, the sum-total of the heavenly host visible with the great telescopes now in use is estimated at the enormous figure of 75,000,000; and in certain parts of the Milky Way the background of the sky is still dim with the commingled radiance of innumerable and indistinguishable orbs. The effect of number in the starry multitude is enhanced by the restlessness of their light, which seems to allow us no leisure to attend to the individuals of which that multitude is composed. It has long been known that the twinkling of the stars results in some way from causes within our own atmosphere; but the recent enquiries of M. Montigny, of the Brussels Observatory, have led to a clearer understanding of the subject than was previously attainable.† Our air, it appears, performs the office of a prism whose refractive power is, in its various strata, subject to continual fluctuations. Thus the image of a star which we perceive is formed by the recombination of a number of diversely coloured rays previously

* Flammarion, ‘*L’Univers Sidéral*,’ 1880, p. 808.

† Secchi, ‘*Le Stelle*,’ p. 132.]

separated by the varying amount of refraction undergone by them severally. Each of these rays reaches the eye by a different route, and encounters, so to speak, different adventures by the way—now of increased, now of diminished refraction, sometimes of total interruption or diversion. The result is an incessant change of tint, corresponding to the momentary reinforcement or subtraction of each component beam, the colour visible being invariably complementary to that withdrawn. This chromatic flickering, or ‘twinkling,’ is excessively rapid, occurring in white stars as often as seventy times in a second, but with considerably less frequency in those whose light the spectroscope sifts into parti-coloured zones. The fact that an increase of scintillation constitutes a reliable indication of the approach of rain,* is easily understood when we consider that the amount of aqueous vapour present in the air is a main factor in its production. On the tops of high mountains and in equatorial regions the effect is imperceptible, except at very low altitudes, owing to the stillness and homogeneity of the atmosphere.

The opinion that the stars are in any real sense ‘fixed’ was discarded with the superannuated cosmography of Alexandria. The audacious fancy of Giordano Bruno,† spurning the limits of exact enquiry, was kindled by the glorious harmonics of motion hypothetically performed by these far-off suns; Robert Hooke,‡ less daring and more scientific, tentatively advanced the same view; and Edmund Halley§ confirmed their conjecture by pointing out, in 1717, the notable discrepancy between the positions of Aldebaran, Sirius, and Arcturus, as given by Ptolemy, and those ascertained by actual observation. The determination of the amount and direction of stellar proper motions forms at present an important branch of sidereal astronomy, and already indicates conclusions of sublime interest. It is evident, however, that a large element of uncertainty enters into the estimation of movements executed at every imaginable angle to the line of sight, and projected consequently with every possible amount of foreshortening on the surface of the celestial sphere. This apparently insuperable difficulty has been to a great extent removed by an ingenious application of spectrum analysis. No more striking example of the penetrating and versatile character of this

* *Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*, t. xlii. p. 998.

† *Cena de le Ceneri*, Dial. 4. ‡ *Posthumous Works*, p. 506.

§ *Phil. Trans.* vol. xxx. p. 737.

method of research could be adduced than the discovery we are now about to describe.

The principle upon which it is founded occurred to Doppler in 1841, but was invalidated by a misapprehension. He remarked that the colours of stars must be affected by their motion to or from the earth, precisely in the same manner that the pitch of a vibrating tuning-fork is alternately raised and lowered when it is caused to approach and recede rapidly from the ear. The same fact is familiar in the shrilling and sinking of the steam-whistle when a train happens to pass at full speed. Now it is undoubtedly true that, since the perception of colour depends upon the number of luminous vibrations striking the retina in a given time, if the source of those vibrations be in motion towards or from the eye, that number will be increased or diminished, and the resulting tint proportionately elevated or degraded in the chromatic scale. An important circumstance was, however, neglected in these speculations. The visible part of the spectrum alone was taken into account, while it was forgotten that at either extremity lay an invisible set of waves, which would, equally with the luminous beams, be altered by the motion in question. Hence the only effect of translation in the line of sight would be a shifting of the entire spectrum, some rays previously visible sinking into obscurity, and as many previously invisible being exalted into luminosity, but the net result remaining to the eye absolutely unchanged. Now it is precisely this shifting of the spectrum which prismatic analysis, by observation of the corresponding displacement of the well-known Fraunhofer lines, affords the means of detecting and measuring, thus lending, after a quarter of a century of unfruitfulness, unexpected validity to Doppler's abortive proposal.

It is to Dr. Huggins that science is indebted for the successful employment of this new mode of investigation. Father Secchi, it is true, turned his attention about the same time in the same direction, but failed, owing to the deficiencies of his instruments, to achieve any trustworthy results, and indeed ended his life unconvinced of their attainability. The delicacy of the observations required may be estimated from the fact that to produce a displacement equal to the interval separating the components of the double line of sodium (which can be divided only by a spectroscope of considerable dispersive power), would demand a rate of approach or recession of 196 miles per second. But this velocity is more than ten times that of the earth in its orbit, and the average real motions of the stars are almost certainly inferior even to this compara-

tively slow pace. The assertion that a quantity so minute as the ensuing displacement of the spectral lines is susceptible of exact measurement, might well provoke a smile of incredulity in those unfamiliar with the extraordinary refinement of modern instrumental means; yet it is impossible to doubt that the conclusions arrived at are, within certain limits of possible error, entirely reliable.

The results of Dr. Huggins's first experiments in this branch were communicated to the Royal Society in April, 1868, and were confirmed, although in some cases slightly modified, by subsequent investigations. The method pursued was as follows. A line was selected in the spectrum of the star to be examined, which, from its character and companions, was unmistakably derived from some particular substance. Any deviation from its normal position which could then be detected was attributed—and, beyond question, rightly attributed—to motion in the line of sight. In the case of Sirius, the first star experimented upon, the chosen test was the F line of hydrogen, which, by a series of careful measurements, was shown to be slightly displaced towards the red end of the spectrum. In other words, its refrangibility was lowered by an increase in the corresponding wave-length, caused by a movement of recession estimated at more than twenty-six and less than thirty-five miles per second. Deduction having been made of the earth's orbital velocity—then directed *from* the star—there remained about twenty miles per second to be divided, in undetermined proportions, between Sirius and the sun. It is no novelty to our readers to be informed that the entire solar system is advancing through space towards a point situated in the constellation Hercules. Of the rate of this motion we are, however, ignorant, since the calculation of Otto Struve, making it little more than four miles a second, was undoubtedly based upon unsound assumptions. There remains, then, this source of uncertainty in estimating stellar movements. Among the stars which, like Sirius, are increasing their distance from us at rates varying from twelve to twenty-eight miles each second, are Betelgeux, Rigel, Castor, and Regulus; Vega, Arcturus, Pollux, and Deneb in the tail of the Swan, are, on the other hand, diminishing it even more rapidly. Of the seven conspicuous stars in the Great Bear forming the figure recognised from the earliest times as the Wain or Plough, the most brilliant (being the 'pointer' nearest the pole) is found to be approaching the earth; the next five are swiftly receding from it; while the movement of the seventh has the same direction, but a greatly

inferior velocity. And this brings us to a very remarkable subject of enquiry.

It has been long remarked that the distribution of stars in the heavens betrays the existence of relations, the precise nature of which it is difficult to imagine, and impossible to define. More than a hundred years ago, the Rev. John Michell, a thinker of considerable originality, was able to show that the chances against the occurrence of such a group as that formed by the six bright Pleiades, on the supposition of a random sprinkling of stars through space, were about half a million to one;* and the same reasoning applies with equal or greater force to innumerable other stellar aggregations. Indeed, the more closely the face of the sky is studied, the more clear becomes the evidence of law and order inscribed upon it. This species of probable persuasion, however, needs the support of more positive proof, now forthcoming, and likely to accumulate. The orbital motions of double stars, announced by Sir William Herschel in 1803, offered the first examples of the connexion, by a physical tie, of separate members of the sidereal universe. The number of such systems—some of them containing as many as five members—now known to astronomers is no less than 10,300.† Association on a larger scale, however, had long been suspected, and may now be said to be ascertained. This result is largely due to the industry of Mr. Proctor, who, with the express purpose of demonstrating the reality of what he has termed ‘star-drift,’ undertook the labour of charting the proper motions of over 1,500 stars. Extensive community of movement was thus rendered, it might be said, evident to the eye. Whole battalions of stars were perceived to be marching across the sky in an identical direction, and doubtless under the compulsion of an identical force. Thus, seventy or eighty stars, forming the constellations Gemini and Cancer, are sweeping together towards the zone of the Milky Way; while in Taurus is visible that singular unanimity of motion which led Mädler to fix upon Alcyone in the Pleiades as the central sun of the entire sidereal system.‡ But the instance of ‘drift’ most striking to the imagination is that presented by the stars of the Plough. The observation that five of these seven lucid

* Phil. Trans. vol. lvii. p. 246 (1767). Also Proctor, ‘Universe of Stars,’ p. 21.

† A Catalogue of 10,300 Multiple and Double Stars, vol. xi. of ‘Memoirs of R. Astr. Society.’

‡ Proctor, ‘Universe of Stars,’ p. 120.

orbs (excluding the first 'pointer' and the third 'horse') possessed a seemingly identical proper motion, led Mr. Proctor, in a paper read before the Royal Society, January 20, 1870, to signalise them as in all probability forming a physically connected system, and he accordingly invited the application of Dr. Huggins's new method as a sure criterion of the correctness of his surmise. The response of the spectroscope was conclusive. All five were (as already mentioned) discovered to be receding at the same rate from the earth, while the independence of their two companions, presumed from the difference of their apparent motions, was, by the non-concordance of their real motions, conclusively demonstrated.

We see then here five mighty suns (besides two smaller attendants) associated into a system the vastness of which staggers thought. At the lowest estimate of their distance (for none of them possess any sensible parallax), a single second of arc would represent an actual linear extension of a thousand millions of miles, and may represent an amount indefinitely greater. But the extreme members of the group are separated by an apparent interval of no less than nineteen degrees of the celestial sphere, or 68,400 seconds! Again, the revolution round one of these stars (Mizar, the middle 'horse' of the Wain) of a satellite-sun named Alcor, barely distinguishable from it with the naked eye, occupies, according to the calculation of Mädler, a period of 7,659 years. How vast, then, must be the cycle in which these majestic luminaries (all of them probably far exceeding our sun in size and brilliancy) execute their harmonious orbits round some inconceivably remote centre! Our earth itself, with its long ages of geological transformation, is but as an ephemeris in the tract of time thus stretched out before the baffled imagination.

It is a circumstance to be carefully noted that all the five stars thus singularly united belong to the same optical category, exhibiting spectra of the purest Sirian type. We are not indeed thereby justified in assuming that a similar agreement prevails amongst the members of all analogous systems; but it is undeniable that, in certain regions of the sky, certain spectroscopic classes predominantly obtain. Thus, white stars are most numerous in the great constellations of Taurus and Ursa Major; in Hydra and Eridanus the solar type dominates; while the majority of the stars grouped together in Orion partake of the characters of both orders, displaying a peculiar greenish tinge as if from a suffusion of faint nebulous light.*

It is besides common to find red stars surrounded by a *cortège* of smaller ones of the same colour. From these evidences of natural grouping we should rather infer that spectroscopic distinctions correspond to inherent differences in stellar constitution, than that they represent successive stages of development. But on this subject it is premature to speculate.

We have already seen that the colours of stars depend mainly, if not entirely, on the nature of their atmospheres—or, to put it otherwise, that the light emitted by all is (approximately) the same, while the absorption suffered by that light, in its transmission to outer space, is different. Thus the beautiful complementary tints—the purple and gold, orange and azure, rose-pink and apple-green—visible in many double stars, find an explanation in what we may call complementary bands of darkness in their several spectra. As to the nature of the physical influence producing these singular correspondences, we are indeed in ignorance; but some dim indications of its mode of action may be discovered in the recent observation of M. Niesten, that the colours of double stars are conditioned by the form of their orbits, and vary with their mutual positions.* The fact is also full of significance that blue or green stars of a decided hue are never known to be solitary in their habits, but are either dependent or gregarious; so that Milton's firmament of 'living sapphires' collapses at the touch of literal truth, none but telescopic stars supporting a comparison with that brilliant gem.

A vast and imposing subject still confronts us; but here we can do little more than indicate the conclusions towards which modern researches tend. The elder Herschel set before his mind at an early stage of his career the sublime object of attaining to a knowledge of the structure of the heavens. But his long life, joined to unwearied industry and rare genius, sufficed only to demonstrate the extraordinary complexity of the problem. Most of, if not all, his original assumptions have been overthrown by the progress of enquiry; but many truths, grasped by his vigorous intelligence in its successive approximations to the realities of the cosmical scheme, have been confirmed, and will, without doubt, yet bear abundant fruit. What has been called the 'grindstone theory' of the universe, originated by Thomas Wright of Durham,† extended by Kant,‡ adopted and elaborated by

* *Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*, 1879. See 'Nature,' vol. xx. p. 331.

† *An Original Theory or New Hypothesis of the Universe*, 1750.

‡ *Allgemeine Naturgeschichte*, 1755.

Lambert and Michell, statistically investigated by both Herschels, is now discredited, if not definitively abandoned. The irresistible logic of facts no longer permits us to regard the Milky Way as a cloven disc of evenly distributed suns, apparently minute because indefinitely distant. Nor is it now possible to see in the nebular host an array of 'island-universes' studding the great ocean of space, similar to our galaxy in structure, and perhaps superior to it in splendour and extent. But it is easier to perceive the fallaciousness of the reasoning on which these views are founded, than to substitute for them a theory which shall at once accord with ascertained facts and appease our symmetrical instinct. It must, however, be remembered that the very completeness of a scheme argues its insufficiency, since the true creative plan can never be wholly divested of the difficulties and obscurities which beset a finite mind labouring in the track of an infinite idea. We shall then content ourselves with laying down a few broad lines on which, it may confidently be asserted, our conception of the universe will henceforth be based, leaving details to the practical, and conjectures to the speculative in astronomy.

The first point clearly discernible is that the heavenly host are not constituted on a democratic principle of equality, but form a hierarchy, exhibiting infinite gradations of power, beauty, and splendour. This is demonstrably true of double and multiple stars, and is hardly less conspicuously evident in the case of groups united in a concurrence of motion. Such systems usually comprise individuals of every variety of apparent magnitude; but since their distances from each other almost certainly bear but a small proportion to their distance from us, we inevitably conclude (unless where the spectroscope shows unequal absorption) that their disparity in lustre is due to difference in size. Evidence of other kinds tends in the same direction. The movements of the stars must, on an average, appear greater for those that are nearer to the earth than for those that are more remote, both in so far as such seeming displacement is a perspective effect of the sun's progress through space, and in so far as it is caused by an actual translation of the stars themselves. But it is not found, on the whole, that the most brilliant orbs are the most mobile. On the contrary, many imposing luminaries, such as Canopus, Rigel, and Antares, are observed to be extremely sluggish in shifting their positions, while some insignificant stars dart through space with a velocity not only exceptional, but un-

accountable.* The inference that brilliancy forms not even an approximate criterion of distance is confirmed by parallaxic observations. As a general rule, the stars have no appreciable parallax—a statement implying the astounding fact that, seen from their remote stations, the enormous expanse of the terrestrial orbit shrinks to a point and vanishes from sight. In a few cases, however, a small annual displacement has been detected, and more or less reliably measured. It is true that a star of the first magnitude, *α Centauri*, heads the list by a large interval, and is hence regarded as our nearest neighbour in sidereal space, but the correspondence between vicinity and splendour goes no farther. Of the twenty-one stars believed to show some trace of parallaxic displacement, eight only exceed the fourth, while thirteen range between the fourth and the eighth magnitudes.† Thus, 61 Cygni, a small star of the fifth magnitude, is considerably nearer the earth than Sirius, Vega, or Arcturus, and indefinitely nearer than Aldebaran, Regulus, or Spica. According to approved calculations, Sirius must (if his intrinsic splendour be the same) surpass our sun in volume from two to three thousand times; while 61 Cygni is unquestionably of far less size than the central orb of our system. Nor is there any reason to suppose Sirius one of the largest, or 61 Cygni one of the smallest, of the suns in space.

Until recently it was confidently held, in accordance with the view first proposed by Kant, that the galaxy with its myriads of suns formed but a subordinate member of the nebular system. We are now compelled to believe that nebulae, in all their varieties, have their place and play their part within, not without, the galactic scheme. Of some of the arguments used on this subject by Mr. Proctor (whose collected essays on this and kindred subjects we have quoted at the head of this article) we now avail ourselves. These are concerned principally with the peculiarities of nebular distribution. If these bodies form an independent system or series of systems, their position in space must evidently be wholly irrespective of the internal architecture of the sidereal habitations. If, on the other hand, we perceive evident signs of such a connexion, we are justified in assuming a fundamental unity of plan. Now it is impossible to avoid observing the existence

* The small star known as 1830 Groombridge has a velocity (estimated at not less than 200 miles a second) considerably greater than could be impressed upon it under the known conditions of the sidereal universe. Newcomb, *Popular Astronomy*, p. 505, *note*.

† Flammarion, *Comptes Rendus*, t. lxxxv. p. 783.

of a marked relation, both of association and avoidance, between nebular and stellar aggregations. The great mass of the unresolved nebulae (being four-fifths of the entire) congregate about the poles of the galactic zone, while a corresponding tract of almost total destitution runs parallel with that vast star-girdle both on its northern and on its southern sides. Two classes, however, of closely allied cosmical bodies obey a law of a totally opposite character. Gaseous nebulae, or those giving a spectrum of bright lines, are found almost exclusively in the Milky Way and its immediate neighbourhood, the same region concentrating in itself the immense majority of those swarms of lucid points usually described as 'star-clusters.' Between these and unresolved nebulae showing a stellar spectrum, it is not easy to draw an intelligible distinction. We can hardly escape the conclusion that differences, either of distance or of aggregation, alone distinguish them. Whether or not the external attraction exercised upon those found within the span of the Milky Way, constitutes in itself the physical cause of their more open formation and consequent resolvability (as Mr. Proctor inclines to think),* the fact is patent that the influence of that zone largely affects the distribution of all classes of nebulae.

Still more convincing proof of the systemic unity of the stellar and nebular orders is, however, offered by a closer examination of the nebulae themselves. We have not only the argument of continuity (which indeed may and often does prove delusive), urging the impossibility of separating by any clear line of demarcation groups obviously stellar from patches of unresolved luminosity, and the inconsistency of admitting one class of objects within the bounds of our firmament, while excluding the other; but also a visible intimate association of undoubted members of the sidereal system with the structure and position of nebulae. Thus, the sinuosities and convolutions of several of the 'irregular' kind are followed with such unmistakable fidelity by knots and trains of minute stellar bodies projected on them as a background, that, in some cases, it seems as if the pattern, so to speak, of the nebula were pricked out with stars. We see, moreover, in the Magellanic Clouds—the wonder and the ornament of southern skies—a 'glaring instance' of the truth we desire to enforce. The greater 'Nubecula,' or 'White Ox,' of Abdurrahman Sufi,† seems expressly designed to exhibit the union into a single

* Monthly Notices, vol. xxix. p. 343.

† Cosmos, vol. iii. p. 122.

confederation of all orders of the visible universe. This cosmical 'happy family' (if we may be allowed the expression) contains within its capacious bosom (extending over forty-two square degrees) 291 nebulae, gaseous and stellar, forty-six star-clusters of every degree of condensation, besides nearly 600 individual stars of the seventh and eighth magnitudes.* It is entirely impossible to believe that this amazing assemblage is the result of accidental projection on the surface of the sky, and we have no alternative but to accept the conclusion that stars and nebulae coexist in the same region of space, and form inseparable components of one vast system.

What then should be our general conception of that portion of the created world which we are permitted to contemplate? We find it stamped with the two great characters of unity and complexity—unity of design, bewildering and unfathomable complexity of detail. From the scattered 'star-dust' just stippling with light the dark telescopic field, and the 'star-seed,' or 'star-food' (in whichever aspect we choose to regard it), revealing in the spectroscope its surprising bright lines, to the royal procession of the Ursine orbs, and the solitary state of Arcturus and Vega, all that we see from pole to pole is bound together by mutual dependence, and unites to execute a single majestic scheme. Of the inner intricacies of that scheme we can form but a distant and inadequate idea. The galaxy, in its larger outlines, may be described as a congeries of stellar groups of every imaginable variety, arranged in an annular form. Our sun, with about 400 stars, from the first to the seventh magnitudes, is believed to form an outlying cluster situated not in the circumference of the ring, but considerably removed from it towards the centre. Seen from some planet circling round a sun belonging to another similar firmament, the whole of these radiant orbs, separated from each other by distances entirely inconceivable to our minds, would appear but as one of the more prominent of the luminous nodosities that roughen the surface of the Milky Way.

All these separate systems—these starry commonwealths—are doubtless united in one grand federation, whose all but infinitely remote boundaries our imagination may indeed transcend, but our knowledge can most probably never pass. And as each terrestrial body politic is separated, by nature or by choice, into numberless associations, distinct in their aims and in their courses, so the nations of the sky are divided and organised into tribes, families, and households, various in their polity, harmonious in their action, united in their end. What

* Flammarion, 'L'Univers Sidéral,' p. 818.

may be the nature of the laws governing the relations, internal and external, of such systems, it would, in the present state of our knowledge, be the height of presumptuous folly to attempt even to surmise. We know, indeed, from the observed revolutions of binary stars, that gravitation acts in the same manner in sidereal regions as at the surface of the earth; but we do not know but that, at enormously increased intervals of space, it may be superseded by some higher and wider law, ruling higher and wider relations, just as gravity itself is replaced, at minute distances, by the action of molecular forces.

We must now pause. What we have said is indeed little and inadequate, but it is enough to show that the natural awe and delight with which we regard the stately pageant of the spheres are amply justified in the sublime realities represented by it. A scene is disclosed to our enquiries instinct with life, motion, and variety. Law, the evidence and the instrument of design, sits enthroned there, but presides over no dull or monotonous succession of events. Unexpected activities from time to time manifest themselves, and tremendous catastrophes disturb the serenity of the heavens. Some one of the obscure bodies which, for aught we know, may be as numerous as the lucid ones, suddenly assumes a vesture of light, and sends us, across an interval which costs its swift messenger perhaps a thousand years of travel, the first tidings of its existence. Luminous bodies, on the other hand, sink into obscurity and apparent annihilation. Nebular worlds, far surpassing in extent the entire ambit of the solar system, grow dim and vanish, like a pencil-mark rubbed with a touch from a sheet of paper, again as capriciously to reappear. Suns fade, century by century, like a field-flower held in a child's hand, while other suns grow and brighten, like rose-buds unfolding on their stems. Terrific conflagrations, involving perhaps in destruction whole dependent schemes with their myriad possible inhabitants, desolate fore-doomed orbs; while a large class of luminaries seem, by their periodical outbursts of volcanic fury, to be rendered unfit to act as the beneficent centres of planetary households. On all sides we see traces of activity and change; everywhere we find evidence of development and decay—decay, possibly a prelude to renovation, which again leads round to decay. For many and strange are the vicissitudes comprised within that stupendous cycle which bounds the existence of the heavens themselves, destined on the expiration of their appointed term, like the 'frail and fading sphere' of the dew-drop to which Shelley compares them,

'To tremble, gleam, and disappear.'

ART. V.—*Ecrits Inédits de Saint-Simon publiés sur les manuscrits conservés au Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères.*
Par M. P. FAUGÈRE. Tome Premier: Parallèle des trois premiers Rois Bourbons. Paris: 1880.

NOT often does it happen that the vast ocean of literature casts upon our shores a pearl of great price amongst the weeds and rubbish of the times. But this volume claims a conspicuous place in the classical literature of France and of Europe. It is a work of the eighteenth—we might almost say, from its style, of the seventeenth—century, the most splendid period in the history of French letters; but its existence was till lately unknown to the world, for it lay buried in the accumulated masses of the Saint-Simon manuscripts, still jealously guarded and preserved in the Foreign Archives of Paris. So little was the real character and value of this ‘Parallel’ understood that it is referred to by M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, in the excellent essay which was crowned by the French Academy in 1855, as the production of Duke Claude de Saint-Simon, the father of the illustrious author of the Memoirs, and not of his son, which was impossible, because it refers to events long subsequent to the death of the first duke. M. Faugère has been engaged for the last eight years in a careful examination of the Saint-Simon manuscripts, consisting, no doubt, in great part, of the journals, notes, and materials from which the Memoirs were transcribed. He proposes to publish in six volumes a selection of the most valuable portion of these documents, and in the forefront of his work he has placed the biographical essay now before us, which has been hailed by the most competent judges as a masterpiece of this great author, bearing on almost every page the stamp of the full maturity of his genius.

Saint-Simon was seventy-two years of age when he resolved in 1746 to write this parallel of the three great Bourbon kings, Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. Although he began to keep a journal of the events of his time in 1694, when he was only nineteen years old, and continued the practice with undiminished assiduity throughout his active life, the Memoirs, as we now possess them in a voluminous manuscript completely transcribed by his own hand, were the production of his later years.* He had withdrawn in 1723

* The mode in which Saint-Simon composed his Memoirs, and the date at which they were written, are discussed at considerable length in an article published by ourselves in No. 243 of this Journal in

from the Court, being then only forty-eight years of age. The sudden death of the Duke of Orleans by a stroke of apoplexy in that year severed the last tie which bound him to his contemporaries. Thenceforth he lived altogether in the past—he lived over again those years from 1691 to 1723, to which his pen was destined to give an immortal shape and colouring. And he survived his retirement thirty-two years. These years were spent in his country seat at La Ferté, and during the whole of this period, down to his death at the age of eighty in 1755, the habit of writing continued to be the chief occupation and amusement of his existence. There is not another example in literary history of so voluminous an author, writing with no prospect of gain or of fame—*nec lucri nec famæ spe adlectatus*—uncertain whether he would ever be read at all, certain that, if read by posterity, a century at least must pass before the results of his prodigious and indefatigable labours could be known to the world. But literature is no ungrateful mistress. The treasures of the past which are placed in her keeping are repaid with interest. The modesty or the indifference of this silent writer who cast his bread upon the waters has been recompensed after many days by a higher rank than that of his ducal honours, and he will live for ever amongst the greatest annalists of his own country, amongst the keenest observers of human nature. A recent critic, commenting on some observations of our own, has remarked that Saint-Simon is one of the authors who are more talked about than read. We cannot verify the truth of this assertion, but in our judgment the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon* are one of the few modern works which possess, like the ancient classics or like Shakespeare, an inexhaustible interest. If one has nothing else to read or to do, they are always attractive and interesting. Life itself would be duller without their company. Every page is alive. Every personage comes before one in his proper habit. A man well read in Saint-Simon knows the Court of Louis XIV. better than he knows the Court of Victoria. We guess at the characters and motives of our contemporaries; we judge, and think we know, the characters and motives which are stamped on the page of history. No doubt the passionate style in which Saint-Simon wrote is the main secret of his attractive power. M. de Sainte-Beuve called him the Rubens of the Court of Louis XIV.,

January 1861, to which we may refer our readers. It is therefore needless to revert to this subject. The 'Parallel' was undoubtedly written *after* the *Memoirs* were completed.

from the strength and colour he threw upon the canvas. We have heard an equally great authority describe him as the Rembrandt of history, because out of his vast irregular sentences, rising as they proceed in force and passion—a turbid cloud of words, wholly unlike the order and purity of French composition—flashes forth at last an expression or an epithet which illuminates the whole passage and brands it on the memory. It took more than a century for the French to comprehend such a style, which is to the established traditions of French prose what Gothic architecture is to Greek. When Madame du Deffand was first allowed to have these manuscripts read to her, she told Horace Walpole that they were vastly amusing, but *mal écrits*: just as Swift said of Bishop Burnet (who is the nearest approach we possess to Saint-Simon) that he had ‘an ill style.’ But now the victory is complete. In a form essentially different from his own, Bossuet himself has found a rival where he never suspected it. Saint-Simon ranks with the finest French writers, and this volume may be ranked amongst the *chefs d’œuvre* of his pen.

We have said that he was seventy-two when he wrote it. It is now ascertained with tolerable certainty that after the death of Dangeau in 1720 Saint-Simon obtained a copy of the journal of that sedulous courtier, which he covered with notes in the earlier years of his retirement. These notes and other materials were transferred into the Memoirs, which were completed between the years 1740 and 1746. This fact is proved by the insertion of numerous references to occurrences of that late period—for instance, the death of Philip V. of Spain, which took place in 1746. The introduction to the Memoirs is dated 1743, and the whole manuscript was written off clean by Saint-Simon himself, without additions, insertions, or corrections. Having then completed this extraordinary labour, he appears to have thought that the time was come to execute a long-cherished design of writing an exact historical comparison of the characters and reigns of Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., dictated mainly by a romantic desire to vindicate the fame of Louis XIII., which had, and has, doubtless been eclipsed by that of his father and his son.

‘I will not deny that impatience of the injustice commonly done to Louis XIII., between his father and his son, has ever inspired me with the desire to set it right, both by conviction and by feeling. That feeling is gratitude. My father owed to that Prince all his fortune, I therefore all I am. All I have reminds me of his benefits. I wait in vain that some one else, who lived by his favours, and more capable than myself, should be sufficiently mindful of them to rescue his bene-

factor from this intolerable oppression. No one in all these years has attempted it. At last indignation at so much ingratitude and ignorance drives me to take up the pen, but with the most scrupulous observance of truth, which alone gives a value and inspires belief.'

Louis XIII. had been dead one hundred and three years when these lines were written. But a century had not extinguished the ardent feelings of gratitude and affection cherished in the house of Saint-Simon, and, we must add, revived even in our time in the house of Luynes, for the late Duke de Luynes erected a statue in solid silver, in the hall at Dampierre, to the memory of the benefactor of his race. For fifty years Saint-Simon never failed to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of the king at St. Denis on May 14, the anniversary of his death; and an ever-burning lamp hung for more than a century before the king's bust in the chapel of La Ferté. He was the patron of the family; and it is not wonderful that Saint-Simon, in whom all the traditions of his race were sacred and unchangeable, should have held his own literary life to be incomplete until he had endeavoured to vindicate the character and the reign of his father's royal friend, even at the risk of exaggeration, since he was prompted by these feelings to draw a picture of Louis XIII. which might pass for that of a hero and a saint. The parallel is in fact a panegyric even more than an apology. It must be read as such. But, without sharing the enthusiasm of the writer, we think that he raises considerably the character of Louis XIII., whose fate it has been to be overshadowed by his predecessor and by his successor, and above all by his own minister, Richelieu.*

We are not insensible to the defects of this work. It is full of repetitions, which are sometimes tedious; it is full

* The character of Louis XIII. by Nicolas Goulas, who was not in his service but in that of his brother, is perhaps more just, though less highly coloured than that of Saint-Simon. 'I must show you,' he says, 'the King Louis XIII. as a very different man from the ordinary descriptions of him, and from what he was supposed to be, for he had fine qualities, a great heart, a great mind, a perfect intelligence of war; he was capable of counsel, jealous of his authority, a good judge of the strong and the weak in mankind, fearing God, loving justice, ardent for the glory of his country and his reign, but harsh to his kinsfolk and severe to all. He lived in dread of his brother and the queen his mother; but his chief defect was a distrust of himself, for, imagining that he would make mistakes if he stood alone at the helm, he made the most deplorable mistake of all in surrendering it entirely to those whom he called to office under him.' (*Mémoires de Goulas*, vol. i. p. 16.)

of those prejudices which were rooted and ingrained in the mind of Saint-Simon. If he delights to raise Louis XIII. to the light, it is partly because by the effect of contrast he throws the latter years of Louis XIV. into darker shades of gloom and horror. The plan of the work is not happy. In speaking of Henry IV. he writes from tradition; in speaking of Louis XIII. he writes from anecdotes related to him by his own father, but this must have been before he was eighteen, scarcely more than a boy; in speaking of Louis XIV., each scene rises before his eyes, for he had witnessed it. He had often described those scenes before. Every incident was familiar to him; yet the story gained by repetition. Nowhere is the close of the great tragedy, the death of the king, related with such power as in these pages. St. Simon had a natural gift of eloquence and an unequalled original faculty of description—a touch did it, and every touch told. But he was not a finished artist. With all his gifts and all his industry, he was too much a *grand seigneur* to correct what he wrote. He knew that his sketches were loose and sometimes incoherent—but what of that? He was not an author. He wrote under an irrepressible impulse to write—more for himself than for other people. We question whether he had any clear idea of the future fate of his manuscripts—a perilous inheritance: was it worth while to polish and revise them? Perhaps they would have lost something of their rugged grandeur if he had attempted the task. We like them more with the fierce irregularity of an earlier age, than if the varnish of the eighteenth century had been smeared over them.

The chronology of the Bourbon Kings of France is in itself curious, and may suggest reflections to our readers. There were but five of them, from the extinction of the House of Valois in 1589 to the French Revolution, which began exactly two centuries later. From the birth of Henry of Navarre in 1553 to the death of Louis XVI. in 1794, a period of no less than 241 years elapsed. These sovereigns succeeded each other by direct lineal descent, but Louis XV. was the great grandson, and Louis XVI. the grandson, of their respective predecessors. During the same period, no less than ten sovereigns reigned in England, besides the Commonwealth. Within this era, and within the lives of these five men, the entire history of the old Bourbon monarchy is comprised. The parallel written by Saint-Simon, and contained in this volume, relates only to the first three of these princes, but from the birth of the grandsire Henry IV., in 1553, to the

death of the grandson Louis XIV. in 1715, it covers a space of 162 years. Henry IV. fought his way to the crown, which was his

‘Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance,’

when he was in the plenitude of manhood at thirty-six; but his three successors ascended the throne as young children, and in each case the government fell into the hands of a regency—a regency of Marie de’ Medici, Anne of Austria, and the Duke of Orleans, turbulent, profligate, corrupt. Dates are commonly dry and uninteresting, but these dates are pregnant with meaning, and contain in them the fate of the House of Bourbon and of France.

We shall confine ourselves in the following remarks to those portions of the volume before us which relate to Louis-Treize, since he is the real, if not the ostensible, subject of this essay, and the author has mainly applied his art to vindicate from original sources the character of a sovereign who has perhaps been too severely handled by history. The heroism, the polity, and the gallantry of Henry IV. are well-known from other sources; and the Court of Louis XIV. survives in the Memoirs of Saint-Simon himself—an ample record. The birth of Henry of Navarre, at some distance from the throne, the hard youth of that son of Béarn, the struggles of arms and of faith through which he fought his way, his Protestant education, the lessons of a virtuous mother, and the example of Condé and Coligny, all contributed to form the manly character of a soldier and a statesman.

‘Le ciel qui de mes ans protégeait la faiblesse,
Toujours à des héros confia ma jeunesse.’

When Louis XIII. succeeded to the throne on the assassination of his illustrious father, the situation was exactly reversed. The young prince was not yet ten years old. France was at peace. The passions of the Ligue were extinct. The treasury was full. The country was in the highest state of strength and prosperity. But of what account, exclaims Saint-Simon, are so many advantages, when they are but external? What harm is there in poor and difficult circumstances, if they are nobly used? The young king was cursed from his birth by an unprincipled mother and a pestilent education.

‘Mary of Medici, on the full tide of prosperity, imperious, jealous, narrow to excess, always governed by the dregs of the Court and by what she had brought with her from Italy, was a continual source of misery to Henry IV., to her son, and to herself, though she might

have been the happiest woman in Europe at no greater cost than by controlling her temper and her varlets. Henry IV., absorbed by the cares of government and by his pleasures, was oppressed by a hateful interior. He yielded everything to the Queen and to her masters, partly from the fear of poison or the dagger, partly for the sake of peace and patience. The Queen was mistress of her children and of her own Court without living on better terms with the King. M. de Sully has let drop a few words which disclose the amazing surrender on the one side, the amazing tyranny on the other, which was exercised by the terrible temper of the Queen and the audacity of the vile and mercenary creatures who governed her. Their interest was followed in all things by a princess who trusted them, who lived in them, and who saw with their eyes. Their most ardent desire was to see her a widow and a regent, to enable them to reign in her name, and with an authority which should conceal their practices. To attain their object and enjoy their fortune, this Regent must have a son who should be king only in name. He was therefore brought up with all the precautions most conducive to their ends and most injurious to himself. He was suffered to rot in idleness, in vacancy, and in such a perfect state of ignorance that he has often told my father that they did not even teach him to read. The Court was carefully kept apart from him. It was a crime of the first magnitude to approach his apartments. He saw no one but a few servants, who were changed as soon as they were suspected. M. de Luynes* was the only courtier who was suffered to be near the Dauphin, and to amuse him with a few birds in his aviary.

‘Such was the melancholy position of Louis XIII. when he lost his father. Everyone knows with what composure, what levity, what indecency, the Queen and those about her received that fatal intelligence which ought to have surprised and overwhelmed them, as it did the rest of the Court; nor are the suspicions forgotten which attached to them for this crime, nor the measures by which Ravallac was interrogated, guarded, and executed. The Queen at the height of her ambition, and those who ruled her at the height of fortune, thought only to profit by it by narrowing the prison of the young king and rendering it more and more inaccessible. The disturbances excited by their miserable government were followed by a deplorable meeting of the *Etats Généraux*, and by the march to Guienne against the party opposed to the Spanish marriage, which was celebrated in November 1615.

* Luynes is commonly described, and is mentioned even by M. Guizot, as a young page and companion of the King. But Luynes was twenty-three years older than Louis XIII.—he was a man when Louis was an ignorant child, and old enough to be his father. Luynes died of a fever before Montauban in 1621, being then forty-three. It does not clearly appear how this access to the King was granted to Luynes by the Queen Mother and the Concinis, when it was denied to everyone else. He used it very effectually to destroy those Florentine adventurers, and to raise himself in their place.

'But the King, though crowned, declared of age, and married,* was not on that account more free or better educated. He was often refused leave to go out. The Maréchale d'Ancre sent him word not to make a noise overhead, and he had to obey or be ill-used by the Queen, who one day boxed his ears. Such things were constantly happening, without the least alleviation or liberty. Luynes himself could only see him alone in the evening when he went to bed, under pretence of sending him to sleep. This at last roused him to the determination to break these bonds and to reign by arresting the Maréchal d'Ancre and by removing for a time the Queen Mother. Luynes had taken secret measures to avail himself of the insupportable condition to which the King was reduced, and of the hatred caused by the bad government of the Queen and the insolence and tyranny of these foreigners. He waited till the plan was complete to propose it to the King. It was to take him from a prison and place him on the throne.'

This event happened on April 24, 1617, when Louis XIII. was fifteen years and a half old: the first five years of his reign had been spent in this horrible bondage. The wonder is that he emerged from it at all, and that the spell was broken so soon. The Concinis, husband and wife, better known under the name of the Maréchal and Maréchale d'Ancre, were the creatures of Marie de' Medici, and certainly they deserved their fate. No court, no nation, was ever disgraced by more execrable and contemptible tyrants. Luynes no doubt intended that Concini should be murdered, as he was murdered by Vitry at the gate of the Louvre; but Saint-Simon affirms that the King had given express orders that the life of the Marshal should not be taken, and that, when he looked out of the window at the palace to witness the arrest, he repeated the same order to Vitry, who nevertheless shot Concini. But those who conducted the plot had more experience of the fate of favourites than

* The King's marriage with Anne of Austria, the daughter of Philip III. of Spain, an alliance memorable for its results in many ways, had been arranged by the Concinis and the Queen Mother, who were doubtless in the service of Spain. The Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XIII., was betrothed at the same time to the heir of the Spanish throne, afterwards Philip IV. These marriages with the House of Austria were extremely unpopular in France, where Spain was justly regarded as a formidable enemy. To allay this discontent the États Généraux were convoked in 1614; Louis XIII. was declared of age on October 2, 1614, when he entered on his fourteenth year, and he opened the session in person. Richelieu sat in this assembly as one of the proctors of the clergy of Loudun. He was then twenty-eight years of age; but he did not enter the King's Council until 1624, and his power dates from August in that year.

the young King. Vitry maintained, falsely enough, that he and his men had fired in self-defence. 'Mais ce coup,' says our author, 'qui étourdit tout le monde, qui esteignit une tyrannie universellement abhorrée, et qui portait en même temps les exécuteurs au pinnacle, ne pût estre qu'applaudi par terreur, par espérance, par bassesse, et il ne se trouva pas une seule voix qui osast ne pas confirmer tout ce que Vitry voulut alléguer.'* The Queen Mother instantly left the court and retired to Blois, where she remained in a sort of confinement for two years; her creatures were killed or dispersed, her toils broken for the moment, but only to be continually renewed in every form of treason and intrigue, until they led to her final expulsion from the country and her miserable death in poverty and exile at Cologne several years later. Such was the early youth of the King.†

By this stroke of policy or of crime Louis XIII. was liberated from bondage in April 1617; but he was not yet sixteen years old. His only adviser, who rose by royal favour to an excessive rank and fortune, for he was made a duke, a peer, and Constable of France, was neither a soldier nor a statesman. The attitude of the Protestants and the Protestant nobility amounted to republican independence. But the first enemy against whom the young King had to march his armies was his own mother, who, having escaped from Blois with the assistance of the Duc d'Epéron, levied war against him. The campaign was a short one, for the towns of the South opened their gates to their sovereign. Richelieu, who was already acting for the Queen, effected a reconciliation. 'How

* Though Saint-Simon exculpates the King and denies his knowledge of the intended murder, it is certain that he said with cool complacency in presence of the Court, 'Le Maréchal d'Ancre est mort.' and that Vitry was immediately made a Marshal of France in the place of his victim.

† The first part of the Memoirs attributed to Cardinal Richelieu and published in 1730 under the title '*Histoire de la Mère et du Fils*,' as a posthumous work of Mézeray, embraced this period from 1610 to 1620; but it contains no trace of the particulars related by Saint-Simon as to the youth and education of Louis XIII. The Cardinal was at that time entirely in the interests of the Queen Mother, from whom he expected and obtained his advancement. But we entertain considerable doubt of the authenticity of these memoirs. They have no literary merit, and not much historical value. They extend to twenty-nine books, and end in 1638, a time at which the Cardinal had other work on hand than to write memoirs, and, as is well known, he died in office in 1642.

'much you have grown!' said Marie de' Medici to her son when they met. 'I have grown for your service,' was the courteous answer of His Majesty.

It seems impossible to deny that this lad, still in his teens, and in most difficult circumstances, acted with spirit, judgment, and forbearance. He was not without the military spirit of his father and his race, he showed himself courageous and resolute, and at this time he was certainly not acting under the influence or direction of an all-powerful adviser, for we do not conceive Luynes to have had either political sagacity or military skill, though he had proved himself a daring conspirator and a rapacious favourite.

It was not unusual for princes of the blood royal of France to assume the command of armies at an early age. Condé was not two-and-twenty when he won the battle of Rocroy. Louis XIII., in his earlier years, was not deficient in military energy. The struggle with the Queen Mother was speedily terminated by the combat of Pont de Cé. The young King immediately marched on the province of Béarn, where he restored the toleration of the Catholic faith, which the Huguenots had suppressed. He then entered Languedoc and Guienne, and soon afterwards besieged Montauban and took Montpellier, where he concluded with his Protestant subjects a temporary peace, which was again broken in 1625. To this period belong the two most important military achievements of his reign; and although Richelieu was now in power, and the merit of the siege of Rochelle and the passage of the Alps is ascribed by most of the historians of the time to that minister, Saint-Simon gives another account of these transactions. It is sufficiently curious to be quoted at some length.

'The soul and strength of the party was La Rochelle. The King felt that this place must be taken, and the infinite difficulties of the enterprise only excited his courage and his resolution. It was necessary, before attempting so great and thorny a siege, to seize all the islands about the place, where the English landed with ease, and which were in communication with La Rochelle. These islands were the retreat, and a sort of arsenal and dépôt, of the party, the more convenient as they were well fortified and provisioned, and as they were alternately left dry or surrounded by the ebb and flow of the sea no vessels could enter the narrow passage between these positions and the mainland. Troops therefore had to cross at low tide to attack them, with the risk of being cut off by the flow of the sea. Such was the imminence of the danger, which meant victory or death, and this at each of these islands and for several days. Everything being duly arranged, choice bodies of troops advanced at low water with all that was required for the assault. Louis XIII. watched

these preparations at the head of the camp, without disclosing his intention to cross over to the islands and attack them in person. He rode in silence beside the advancing columns. At a certain distance from the camp he was warned that it was time for him to fall back in safety. Without an answer he marched coolly on, talking of other things. His attendants remonstrated and urged him to return; but on he went. At length he was told that the assault of these islands, garrisoned as they were, was a forlorn hope, and that the troops would be butchered. Then first replied the King, "I am well aware of it, and it is because I am aware of it that I mean to go myself. I cannot send troops to be butchered, but, if it is absolutely necessary, I can only lead them myself. So, gentlemen, I am obliged to you for your remonstrance, but we will say no more about it." He said this with the same coolness, and continued to march. My father, who heard the words, related them to me, and the inconceivable amazement of those who were present. Louis XIII. passed over to the islands at the head of his troops, conducted the attack in part himself, and gave orders for the rest. He fought in person, giving his orders with the coolness, foresight, and self-possession of a man writing in his own chamber; the isles were taken one after another under a heavy fire and with great loss. Soubise, who defended them valiantly and who had every means of defence, and to rely on his defences, was compelled at last to take refuge in his boats on the side next the sea, whence he escaped to England. But this was only the prelude to the famous siege of La Rochelle.'

The received version of that enterprise is that the Cardinal took the King down to La Rochelle to complete the destruction of the Protestant party and their English allies, and that Richelieu himself displayed on that occasion consummate military ability. The incident is the more interesting to us, as it was the scene of Buckingham's discomfiture, and exercised a considerable influence on the fortunes of Charles I. Saint-Simon entirely rejects this tradition of a *roi fainéant*, and claims for the King the most important share in the action.

'If the attack on the isles had shown both the military capacity and the courage of the King, these qualities were still more conspicuously displayed in the protracted and difficult siege of La Rochelle. Louis, not relying overmuch on himself, listened to the various and often conflicting opinions of his generals, but he always decided on them himself, and even resolved on things suggested to his own mind by the discussions held before him. He gave his orders with the utmost foresight and vigilance, and watched the execution of them. He it was who first thought of shutting out the besieged from all assistance from the sea by means of that famous *digue* or mole, who made the plan of it, and by his indefatigable presence and perseverance caused it to be executed. I assert nothing here which my father did not see with his eyes and hear with his ears. No sooner was it completed than Louis XIII. redoubled his energy in pressing the siege. If he was

well supported, it is not the less true that the jealousy of those about him, and other causes yet more criminal, were held in check by his penetration, and that his vigilance, his activity of body and mind, his matchless valour, his example, his presence in all places, and the impossibility of escaping his eye, which achieved a conquest that for the first time sapped the Huguenot power to its foundations. The King had the satisfaction of seeing the English twice fail, with a formidable fleet, against the fruit of his reflections and his exertions—I mean, against that famous mole which closed the port of La Rochelle—an eternal monument of the sovereign by whom it was conceived, willed, and executed.'

This is the language of panegyric, transmitted to Saint-Simon by the enthusiastic devotion of his father to the memory of his master. Giving them credit for veracity as to the facts witnessed by the one and related by him to the other, this narrative certainly raises a strong presumption that the Cardinal and his followers plumed themselves with honours in which the King himself deserved a larger part, and that Louis XIII. was not a listless spectator of this memorable exploit in war.

But this version of the siege is entirely opposed to the story accredited by other writers. The siege itself lasted from August 10, 1627, to October 28, 1628: from February to April, 1628, the King was not present at it, having returned to Paris on account of his health; during his absence Richelieu was appointed lieutenant-general of his armies, and was to be obeyed by all officers, civil and military, as the King. The Cardinal is said to have directed the military operations and even the assaults. It was during this very time that the mole was completed. However, to this Saint-Simon opposes the direct testimony of an eye-witness who undoubtedly accompanied the King in his campaigns down to the year 1637, when he withdrew from the Court. The Cardinal, or whoever wrote in his name, may have claimed more than he deserved in this matter.

No sooner was the siege of La Rochelle terminated than the King resolved to cross the Alps to the relief of his ally the Duke of Mantua, who was threatened by the Duke of Savoy and by the Spaniards. The plague was raging in the valleys, and the passes of the mountains were blocked with snow, for it was in the month of February. The entrance to Piedmont was guarded by the lines of Susa, a fortified pass of remarkable strength, which was held by the chiefs of the army to be unassailable. The King resisted their remonstrances. Cardinal Richelieu supported them, but with no

better effect. The Cardinal hoped to exhaust the royal patience by sheer ennui, but this was relieved by the introduction of a singer, named Hyert, who gratified the King's passion for music, and who made his fortune by that chance, for his descendants for three generations remained attached to the households of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. But there still lay the barricades of Susa.

'By no other road could Piedmont be entered. This pass must be forced, or else the army must retreat, leaving the Duke of Mantua to be crushed by Philip (it should be *Charles*) Emmanuel and by Philip of Spain. The King would do neither. Day by day, and at early dawn, he explored and reconnoitred himself the passes in the mountain, which his generals declared to be absolutely impracticable. At last, as he conversed with the people of the country, he fell in with a shepherd keeping his flock. From him he learned that there were paths through the mountains which might enable him to attack the barricades, and he caused them to be examined by some of his generals, who still dissuaded him from so hazardous an enterprise. This detail, as well as all the rest, I had from my father, who never left the person of the King, being first lord-in-waiting and equerry, and singularly attached to his person.

'All being prepared for the attack, the King behaved as he had done at the islands of Rochelle. Not only was he present giving orders with the utmost coolness and sagacity, but he supported in person the first detachments of the Grenadiers (to use a phrase of the present time), and he climbed up on their heels, sword in hand, pulled and pushed along till he gained the summit, fighting amongst his men with amazing valour against all that art and nature could oppose to their progress. The pass once carried, the army had to form on the other side. The Spaniards stood aloof, and Charles Emmanuel surrendered at discretion. That haughty prince came to meet the King, who was at the head of his army. On arriving, he knelt down and kissed his boot. This submission, which Louis XIII. received without the slightest indication of alighting from his horse, or preventing the Duke of Savoy from so abject a surrender, produced its effect. The King stopped his army, and signed a treaty, five days after the passage of the barricades (March 11, 1629). Charles Emmanuel, a great and illustrious prince and soldier, could not long survive so great a humiliation. He shut himself up in his palace at Turin, fell into a profound melancholy, and died on July 26, 1630, at the age of seventy-eight, about fifteen months after he had implored in person and on his knees the clemency of Louis XIII.'

It must be acknowledged that these exploits, which belong for the most part to the earlier years of the reign of Louis XIII., present him in a very different aspect from that of the feeble, sickly, and *fainéant* sovereign recorded in the conventional language of history. The solution of the problem would seem to be that in the course of a reign of two-and-twenty years the

King's character underwent great changes. We have seen that from 1611 to 1617 he was a child and a prisoner under the absolute control of his mother. He assumed the government of France at a critical moment, for 1618 witnessed the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, when the defeat of the King of Bohemia rendered the House of Austria all-powerful in Germany and preponderant in Northern Italy, whilst the Duc de Rohan was declared General of the Protestant Churches of France, and his brother Soubise armed the coasts of Guienne and Poitou. It was at this time, likewise, that Louis distinguished himself by a vigorous, though ineffectual, attempt to save the life of the virtuous Barneveldt from his Dutch persecutors. The fact is not mentioned by Saint-Simon, but it does the King honour. Louis was able, unassisted, to deal, as we have shown, with these emergencies. If in his later years he was far from displaying the same energetic qualities, the change may be attributed to three causes: first, bad health and a melancholy disposition; secondly, the growing ascendancy of the genius of Richelieu; lastly, the incessant intrigues and conspiracies of his brother Gaston, in which his own favourites, and even the Queen, his wife, were implicated. Richelieu was declared prime minister in 1624, chiefly on the recommendation of the Queen Mother herself, to whose party he had formerly allied himself, and by whose influence he rose. Saint-Simon counts it among the signal proofs of the King's judgment and resolution that in the prime of life and vigour of his age he consented to accept such a minister and invest him with all but supreme authority to the end of his days. He had, in fact, found out that what has been termed the true secret of kingcraft is to select the ablest minister he could find, and make him responsible for his actions. The Queen Mother soon discovered that in raising Richelieu to office she had created a power superior to her own; indeed, from that moment the Cardinal became the chief protector of the sovereign against a factious Court. Saint-Simon had no predilections in favour of Richelieu, for one of the results of his promotion was the retirement of the elder Saint-Simon from the Court to his government of Blaye; but although the father received no favours at the hands of the great minister, the son treats him with impartiality.* Thus, then, he discusses the question whether Richelieu governed his master:—

* There are some curious passages in the writings of Saint-Simon on the relations of the King with his great minister. Louis XIII. had fits of royal jealousy, and the Wolsey of France was not inaccessible

'The great events which have shed such lustre on this reign—the razing of the forts in the Valteline and the restoration of the Grisons to the sovereign control over their passes in the Alps; the entire subjection of the Huguenots and of the last traces of the Ligue; the diminution of the power of the House of Austria by the entry of the King of Sweden into Germany and his exploits there, and the admirable support given to his party after the death of that King; the affairs of Italy happily terminated; the acquisition of the three *évêchés* (Toul, Verdun, and Metz), which had been more than precarious since Henry II.; the revolution in Portugal, and a multitude of other affairs, slighter indeed, but all difficult and important, together with the maintenance of the Catholic faith and its exercise wherever it had existed before the Swedish occupation; the avoidance of a quarrel with Rome or of extreme measures against the Catholic League in Germany—are generally attributed to the powerful genius of Cardinal Richelieu. I do not affect to deny that he was the greatest man of his kind whom recent ages have produced; but it is not the less true that none of these great things were accomplished in his time without being previously discussed in profound secrecy between Richelieu and the King. Who then can say, since no third person was present, what was the share of each of them in first conceiving and digesting these measures, or in deciding on the manner in which they were to be executed—which of the two added, diminished, corrected? If it may readily be thought that Richelieu bore the larger part in them, and sometimes the whole, can it reasonably be contended that Louis had not his part also? And as they were not executed without his approbation, his will, his assent as king and master, he must have understood them, and felt their merit, their feasibility, their operation, their conduct. I repeat, it has never been denied that he had intelligence, valour, military capacity, and the love of what is great; add then the modesty, the humility, the contempt and renunciation of self, an aversion to flattery so sincere that, abjuring it for himself, he saw with tranquil serenity that it was lavished on his minister, and it may be said that Louis cannot be stripped of a large share in all that was planned and executed during his reign, although it was not possible that the whole meed of glory should not thus have fallen to Richelieu and remain ever since attached to him. The glory of Louis XIII. was to know that he deserved it and to despise it: what glory is more heroical or more rare?'

to fear. Both seem to have had confidence in the elder Saint-Simon. Thus it is related in the *Memoirs*: 'It has often happened to my father 'to be roused in the dead of the night by a servant, who drew aside 'his curtain with a light, having behind him the Cardinal de Richelieu, 'who sat on the bed and held the candle, exclaiming sometimes that he 'was lost, and coming to consult my father on information he had 'received, or on scenes he had had with the King.' On another occasion it was the King who came to visit Claude de Saint-Simon at night to complain of the Cardinal.

On his return from Italy in the spring of 1630, Louis XIII. fell ill and lay in danger of his life at Lyons. The possibility of his death agitated the Court with continual intrigues. Gaston, his brother, was heir to the crown; Richelieu was in power; the Queen Mother was the rival of both in her own interest and in that of Spain, and her open hostility to the Cardinal broke forth at last in the catastrophe of the *Journée des dupes* (November 11, 1630), which has never been so graphically described as in these pages. We must somewhat abridge Saint-Simon's narrative.

The Queen turned short on arriving in Paris. She declared to the King that, much as she had to complain of the ingratitude of the Cardinal, she had at last resolved to be reconciled to him. The King desired nothing better, since this relieved him from the odious necessity of choosing between his mother and his minister. An early day was fixed on which the Cardinal and his niece, Madame de Combalet, lady-in-waiting of the Queen, who had been dismissed by her Majesty, were to attend her toilette and be taken again into favour. The royal toilette was then attended by very few persons of high distinction. The Queen was living at the Luxembourg, which she had just completed; the King came backwards and forwards from Versailles to the hotel of the ambassadors in the Rue de Tournon to be near his mother. On the day of the great reconciliation the King went on foot to his mother's apartment. She was alone at her toilette, nobody being present but three women of the bedchamber, a servant or two, the King and my father, whom he brought with him and kept there. Madame de Combalet, afterwards Duchesse d'Aiguillon, arrived, but her appearance seemed at once to freeze the Queen. The lady threw herself at her feet, with the most respectful and becoming language. She was clever, and I have heard my father say that on this occasion she showed it. But the icy coldness of the Queen was succeeded by a fit of temper, then by anger, then by rage, bitter reproaches, a torrent of insults, and at last of such abuse as only fishwives use. The King tried at first to interpose, reminding the Queen of what she had promised and of what was due to himself and to her own station. Nothing could stop the torrent. The King from time to time gave my father a look. My father stood motionless, hardly daring to look at the King. When he related this prodigious scene, he always added that never in his life did he feel so ill at ease. At last the King exasperated stepped forward, for he was standing all the time, took Madame de Combalet, who was still kneeling, by the shoulders, and said to her angrily that she had heard enough and should withdraw. Bursting into tears, she met the Cardinal, who was just entering the apartment; he was so alarmed by what he saw, that he hesitated to proceed. He did, however, enter the Queen's chamber, knelt before her, and was at first tolerably received. But very soon the tide began to rise, the storm broke out again; she called him ungrateful, treacherous, and a thousand pretty names, and ended by driving the

Cardinal from her presence for ever. My father, still glancing at the King, has often told me that Richelieu looked like a convict, and as for himself he thought he should sink through the floor. At last the Cardinal went away. The King shortly rebuked his mother for her behaviour, and then withdrew on foot, angry. As they walked away he asked my father what he thought of all he had seen and heard. My father shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. The Court was thronged with people anxious to know what had happened. The King broke through them all, and withdrew with my father to his closet, where he threw himself on a sofa, and the buttons of his pourpoint burst, so swelled was he with rage.

The moment was come when a choice between the mother and the minister must be made, and the elder Saint-Simon proceeded, being ordered by his master, to explain at length why it was not the minister who could be sacrificed. This interview lasted two hours, and ended in the resolution of the King to maintain the Cardinal in power. Upon this decision the King desired the Duke de Saint-Simon to send word to the Cardinal, as from himself, that he should wait upon His Majesty that evening at Versailles. In the anteroom was a gentleman of his own service—the father of Marshal Trouville. Taking him aside, he whispered in his ear to go at once to the Cardinal, and tell him that he was to proceed on the Duke's assurance that evening to Versailles. This done, he re-entered the cabinet, and remained another hour with the King.

No sooner did this messenger arrive than the Cardinal, hearing from whom he came, unlocked his doors, and embraced him on both cheeks. They were packing His Eminence's carriages in the courtyard. The tables were turned. The conspiracy was dissolved. The Cardinal was restored to favour, and so ended the Day of Dupes. Some efforts were made to allay the fury of Mary of Medicis, but in vain, and in July, 1631, she fled from France for ever.

This story differs also in many particulars from the version which bears the name of the Cardinal himself, who asserts that he in a manner forced his way into the Queen's apartment. He also avers that the message of recall was sent to him by the Cardinal de la Valette and by the King himself. The fact seems to be that La Valette was sitting with Richelieu when the messenger from Saint-Simon arrived. We give the preference to Saint-Simon's account. His father was the only disinterested person actually present. It is admitted that the King asked and took his advice, and we have no reason to doubt that the scene is faithfully related by his son.

Nicolas Goulas in his memoirs omits the presence of Saint-Simon at this scene; he intimates that the Cardinal found his way into the closet by a side door through the chapel, which the Queen had forgot to bar, and that he entered the presence with a 'visage riant et ouvert,' saying, 'I will lay a wager your Majesties were talking of me.' This detail seems doubtful. But Goulas admits that it was the influence of Saint-Simon (the father) which mainly decided the fate of the day in favour of the Cardinal and against the Queen; for this service he was rewarded by being made a duke and peer of France, with the government of Blaye, and he played his part so well that he 'raffermit le colosse ébranlé qui tomboit en ruine.' Richelieu was more jealous of Saint-Simon than grateful to him, and, having failed in his efforts to save the life of the Duc de Montmorency, Saint-Simon withdrew to Blaye; but the King remained in close correspondence with his friend, who returned to court on the death of the Cardinal, and remained there for the few remaining months of the King's own life. Perhaps his retreat was dictated by a prudent observation of the fate of the King's favourites whilst Richelieu was alive.

Henry IV. had no relations, therefore no 'infidos agitans' 'discordia fratres.' His domestic troubles were due chiefly to his own levity and to the intrigues of his successive wives. The relations of Louis XIV. revered him and trembled before him as if he were a god; from the date of his majority no domestic cabal, no civil revolt, troubled the majestic autocracy of seventy years. The Fronde was an expiring effort of the factions of the preceding reign against Anne of Austria and Mazarin. But the whole life of Louis XIII. was a series of troubles, chiefly occasioned by the execrable ambition and disloyalty of his nearest kinsman. Richelieu is said to have struck down the great nobles of France, but the chief conspirators against the crown and against himself stood above his reach, for they were the Queen Mother and Gaston, the King's brother, of whom Saint-Simon draws the following picture:—

'Louis XIII. was one of the most unhappy princes who ever lived in his family and his domestic life. A mother as I have already depicted her, Italian, Spanish, with no knowledge and no spark of light, harsh, malicious in her own temper and by the influence of others, always abandoned to the interests and the will of obscure and abject creatures who for power and fortune poisoned her head and heart, rendered her haughty, jealous, imperious, arrogant, inaccessible to reason and always diametrically opposed to her son and to the interests of the crown; fickle, moreover, and subject to the changing influences of those who ruled her; without the least discernment and caring not at all for the

troubles, civil wars, and disorders of the State in comparison with the wishes of the wretches who successively exercised a supreme authority over her.

‘A brother, who, with some talent and the gift of speech, allowed himself to be governed as easily as the Queen his mother; who had no sort of courage, with little sense or discrimination, but sudden outbursts easily excited, and a weakness fearing all things and resisting nothing; ever ready to quarrel and to repent, rolling in a continual circle of rebellions, factions, and adjustments, without either supporting his part with spirit, or abandoning it with honour, even for himself, much less for his followers, since he sacrificed them as easily as he joined them, and slipped with equal facility through the hands of the King, the Queen Mother, and his own partisans. In spite of these defects, calculated to deprive him of any adherents, he always had as many of them as he wished, from the long sterility of the marriage of Louis XIII. and the bad health of that prince, which caused Gaston to be regarded for two-and-twenty years as heir presumptive to the crown; and after the King, whose health grew more and more precarious, had children, his brother was looked upon as the future administrator of the kingdom at no distant period, under the Queen his sister-in-law, with whom he had already been intimately connected by common hatreds and affections. Both of them had long been attached to the Queen Mother; nothing had ever interrupted the close alliance of the two Queens, from the date of the marriage of Louis XIII., riveted by the Spanish passions which possessed them both, and by the open hatred they bore to ministers who thought as Frenchmen, and to the persons whom Louis XIII. honoured with his friendship and confidence. On his mother, on his brother, on his wife, the King therefore had to look with continual suspicion. This domestic grievance was extreme and incessant; his mildness, his patience, his virtue, his attentions had never mitigated it, and this misfortune had commenced without him and endured throughout his life.’

This dark picture of the character of Gaston is not overcharged. Profligate in his morals, treacherous to his brother, treasonable to the State, perfidious to his friends, whom he sacrificed without remorse to save himself from condign punishment, had he been a man of less than the highest rank, his ever recurring crimes would infallibly have sent him to the scaffold. The ‘Memoirs of Nicolas Goulas’ recently published by the *Société de l'Histoire de France* (to which we have already referred), though written by a devoted member of his own household, are a speaking record of his baseness and his iniquities, and one only regrets that he escaped the fate he deserved. It was he who sent Chalais to the block, after having implicated him in a plot for the murder of the Cardinal. It was he who broke out into open rebellion in 1632, which cost the gallant and noble Duc de Montmorency

his life, while Gaston made his peace with the King without an effort to save his victims. Lastly, it was he who was the soul of the great conspiracy of 1641, with the Duc de Bouillon and the Court of Spain, which had Cinq Mars and De Thou for its instruments and its prey. The account given by Saint-Simon of this last transaction is so minute and so interesting that we shall cite it at some length.

M. de Cinq Mars, son of Marshal d'Effiat, and a distant connexion of Richelieu's family, had been introduced to the notice and favour of the King in 1639 by the Cardinal himself. The King was infatuated with his young favourite, and loaded him with premature honours. The office of Grand Ecuier was vacated in his favour by the Duc de Bellegarde, and thenceforth Cinq Mars, a lad barely twenty, was known at court, as he is in the memoirs of the time, as *Monsieur le Grand*.

'The Cardinal did not doubt that these ties of birth, joined to such enormous personal obligations, would indissolubly attach this young man to his service, and that, Cinq Mars being the King's favourite, all the influence and information of that position would strengthen his own authority as prime minister. He was mistaken, against all human reason. He found in him ingratitude, ambition without limit and without judgment, in a word a most dangerous madman. The King's health became daily worse, the Queen had given birth to a son the year before, a regency was near at hand. The rank of Gaston, and his relations to his sister-in-law the Queen, promised him a great authority during the infancy of the future King, Louis XIV. Both mortally hated Richelieu. Cinq Mars did not hesitate to abandon himself to them, the one and the other, at a time when he could serve them, with a view to his future advantage. This policy was infamous; yet, if he had stopped there, it might have suited the purposes of a far-sighted scoundrel, capable of sacrificing all to the preservation and augmentation of his fortune. Cinq Mars had neither age nor experience to be wise; he was in haste to fly with his own wings. Richelieu, who perceived it, endeavoured to check him, failed, grew angry, treated him ill, and Cinq Mars became his personal enemy. He did the Cardinal all the mischief he could, which recommended him to the Queen and Gaston, with whom at last he completely engaged himself in close alliance; with Montrésor and Fontrailles* he also courted the friendship of the Duc de Bouillon through François-Auguste de Thou, of whom something must be said.

* M. de Montrésor was a first cousin of De Thou and very intimate with him. Louis d'Astarac, Vicomte de Fontrailles, Marquis de Marestang, Sénéchal d'Armagnac, was one of the most active members of the conspiracy, and the most eager to put Richelieu to death; but he effected his escape when the plot was discovered, and lived on till the year 1677.

' This gentleman was the eldest son of Monsieur de Thou, Président à mortier in the Parliament of Paris, who died in 1617 at sixty-three, illustrious for many important offices and the integrity of his life, and celebrated for his admirable history of France from 1545 to 1607. He married a daughter of Gaspar de la Chastre, Comte de Nancy, by whom he had François-Auguste de Thou, the subject of this notice. The son succeeded his father as Grand Master of the King's Library, an office he deserved for his erudition, and which connected him with the most learned men of the time. He was also a Master of Requests and a Councillor of State, a title then readily granted. Books had not affected the grace of his manners, and had increased the charm of his conversation, which obtained for him many friends amongst men of letters, men of law, and at Court, where the connexions of his mother and the reputation of his father and grandfather gave him a ready access. All found him amiable, trustworthy, and faithful to his friends. This agreeable social position gave him a taste for the great world and diverted him from his profession; he aimed at the highest and the greatest; his friends were men of the utmost consideration, for the friendship of a man so much in fashion was a merit; his wit, his probity, his capacity, his discretion, gained him that of the great, whilst his manners, his politeness, his learning, his accomplishments, caused him to be adored by all the most cultivated persons of his time. That time was ever full of factions and of troubles: and though he appeared, and believed himself, to be without ambition, he feasted on all the manifold intrigues into which his friends of the highest rank continually plunged him. Friendship and mutual confidence gradually entangled him in relations with the Queen, with Gaston, with the Vendômes, with the Maréchale de Bouillon, and the Duc de Bouillon, her son, and many others. These relations became intimate; he did not perceive the danger of them, and lost himself in the glow of these luminous exhalations.

' Cinq Mars, such as he was, could not fail passionately to desire his friendship, and De Thou was not a man not to be enchanted to share, and that intimately, the friendship of so dazzling a favourite. The most complete and total confidence soon sprang up between them. Till then, De Thou had been, or at least appeared to be, only the friend and confidant of personages of the highest rank and the first importance, without taking an active part in anything. This last intimacy was fatal to him. Cinq Mars, enraged at the ill-treatment of Richelieu, the more so as he deserved it, had already conceived a design to ruin the Cardinal at any cost, and threw himself, for that purpose, into all the schemes of the Queen and Gaston. The Prince did not dare to take a final resolution without having secured a place of safety on the frontier. Sedan was the only place into which he could throw himself in case of need, to treat with Spain and await her support. He had just before deceived the late Comte de Soissons and the Duc de Bouillon at Sedan, with whom he had treated, and whom he had even excited to revolt. The object was to win back Bouillon, whose treaty with the King, whose protestations and oaths were still quite recent, and who had not forgotten the inactivity

of the Spaniards, and that he had only been rescued by the troops of the Emperor. This it was which animated Cinq Mars with an extreme desire to gain the friendship of the Duc de Bouillon in order to restore his confidence and alliance to Gaston. Whilst from Sédan Bouillon was treating with the King, who was at Mézières, De Thou, who had followed the Court, made several journeys to Sédan, and at the request of Cinq Mars offered his friendship to Bouillon and solicited his in return. Nothing could be more welcome to so factious a person than a union with the favourite who promised him through De Thou to leave him in ignorance of nothing which might come to his knowledge. The matter having reached this point, and the treaty being concluded, Bouillon went twice to Mézières, where on both occasions he saw Cinq Mars alone or with De Thou. The union became more and more close; and Bouillon promised to receive Gaston at Sédan if he were obliged to withdraw from France. Somewhat later Bouillon engaged to come to Paris after the departure of the King for Roussillon; he was as good as his word. He saw Cinq Mars twice at St. Germain in his room; he saw him twice at Paris by night in the Place Royale, no one else being present but De Thou, who managed these rendezvous. From the Place Royale they went once to the stables of Gaston where that prince met them.* It was there that the draft of the treaty with Spain was read by Cinq Mars; and there it was resolved to send Fontrailles to Madrid. Bouillon, who had just accepted the command of the army in Italy, engaged to act there in conformity with the treaty. This document being drawn up and signed, Fontrailles was ordered to take it to Madrid, and to bring it back promptly concluded. De Thou exceedingly disapproved this treaty, but he kept the secret of his friends. Bouillon started for Italy, the King for Roussillon. The Queen remained at St. Germain, Monsieur le Prince (Condé) at Paris where he commanded, assisted by the Chancellor Séguier for the transaction of business. Gaston begged off the journey, and remained at Blois. Aubigoux and Fontrailles insisted that Richelieu must be made away with; for this purpose they followed the Court to Lyons, where Cinq Mars, in order to be in strength, had assembled a multitude of the nobles of Auvergne on the arrival of the King.

'It was at Lyons that the blow was to be struck; but at the last moment their courage failed them. Fontrailles had concluded the treaty in Spain with the Count-Duke of Olivares, and brought it back with incredible diligence, signed. The Queen knew these facts, and spoke of the treaty at St. Germain to De Thou.

* According to Goulas, who had the particulars from Gaston himself, this meeting was held at the Hotel de Venise in the Rue Gilles au Marais, where the stables of the Prince were then lodged. Gaston proposed that De Thou should not be present at the conference with Bouillon and Cinq Mars, as he said too many persons were in the secret; but he was overruled, and it was De Thou's presence on this occasion that cost him his life. He declared on his trial 'qu'il n'était coupable que parce qu'il avait des oreilles.'

'This treaty, signed at Madrid on March 13, 1642, by Olivares, declared in its honest preamble that the principal object of the union was peace between the two crowns, without doing anything against the King of France or his interests (an enormous imposture, as will shortly be seen), or against the interests of the Queen (which meant that in case of the death of the King her right to the Regency should be maintained); and provided that Spain should furnish 12,000 or 15,000 veterans; that, as soon as Gaston should be at Sedan, Spain would give him 400,000 écus to raise troops and a pension of 12,000 écus a year, to Bouillon 40,000 ducats a year, the same to Cinq Mars, and 100,000 livres for the defences of Sedan, and 25,000 livres a month for the garrison; that Spain and Gaston should not treat one without the other; that the fortresses taken since the rupture of the two crowns should be restored *bonâ fide*, whether bought or occupied, as Pignerol, Brissac, &c. (so the Emperor was not forgotten by Spain); that Gaston and his party should declare themselves hostile to the Swedes, the United Provinces, the Catalans, and all the enemies of Spain; in case of the death of Gaston the same pension was to be continued to the two lords (Cinq Mars and Bouillon), and even to one of them.

'A glance at this treaty demonstrates the impudence of its preamble. It was signed whilst Roussillon and Catalonia in revolt had given themselves to Louis XIII., and whilst this prince, ill as he was, flew to their rescue with Marshal de Brezé to hold Barcelona as Viceroy of Catalonia, Marshal de la Melleraye to besiege Collioure, and Marshal la Mothe to command the army in Roussillon under the King, who took Perpignan.

'De Thou, detesting the treaty in itself for France and thinking it mad and dangerous for his friends, resolved to retire to Rome, so as not to witness its success (which was to evade the result of his own conduct), and passing through Piedmont to tell the Duc de Bouillon what he thought of it. A quinsy in the throat prevented him from giving effect to this resolution. All was discovered. Bouillon was arrested at the head of his army, Cinq Mars and De Thou at the same time. The rest is well known.

'All these things were confessed by Bouillon. Cinq Mars and De Thou were interrogated and confronted at Lyons, where they were committed to Pierre-en-cise, by the Chancellor Séguier and several commissioners. Gaston, sent for, and arriving near Lyons, acknowledged everything, and showed a copy of the treaty with Spain, as he had burnt the original, affirming it to be exact and faithful. He too was interrogated by Séguier in presence of the commissioners, and entreated for pardon and mercy. He was stripped of his government of Auvergne, of his pensions, and reduced to live on his appanage far from the Court with a suite of prescribed numbers. By a declaration of the King registered in Parliament on December 5, 1642, the day after the death of Cardinal de Richelieu, Gaston was declared incapable of government for six relapses into treason (which are enumerated by St. Simon). These facts, heaped upon each other and augmented by a thousand more of less importance but of similar

intention, speak for themselves, and demonstrate what Gaston was in relation to the State and the King his brother, whose patience and goodness towards him were inexhaustible.

'De Thou, on the point of going to the scaffold, entrusted two letters to the Jesuit Mambrun, his confessor, the one for the learned Du Puy, his kinsman and friend, the other for a lady without any address. He exacted from the Jesuit under the seal of confession a promise that this letter should be delivered to the Queen Consort, and that its existence should not be disclosed to anyone at all. The letter was to reassure the Queen and inform her that her secret had been faithfully kept by himself as well as by Cinq Mars and Bouillon.'

This is the best account we have met with of this celebrated conspiracy, which led to such fatal results. We are surprised to find that M. Guizot, relying on the memoirs of Madame de Motteville, seems to think that the King was privy to the designs of Cinq Mars against Richelieu, and had been cajoled by M. le Grand at Perpignan. But he certainly was not privy to the treaty with Spain, and Richelieu opened his eyes to the enormity of the plot by sending him a copy of it. Richelieu discovered the conspiracy on June 9. Suspecting that Gaston was at the bottom of it, he sent that Prince on June 13 an order to assume the command of the King's armies in Champagne. This effectually deceived him, but he soon learned that on the very same day Cinq Mars had been arrested at Narbonne. This fact, which reached him on June 25, threw Gaston into a state of indescribable terror; he instantly resolved to disclose everything and to betray his accomplices, and he addressed five letters on the same day to the King, to Richelieu, and three other ministers, couched in terms of the most abject submission. These letters are still in existence in the National Library at Paris. The answer he received was that his own fate depended on the completeness of his disclosures, to enable the other prisoners to be convicted. The evidence of Gaston astonished Bouillon, and led him to speak too; the answers of Bouillon irritated Cinq Mars, and led him to implicate De Thou. This evidence was taken at Dombes, whence the Prince was sent to Annecy, and he was to have been confronted with his victims at Lyons. This, at least, he resisted in the most vehement manner; and it was agreed by the judges that the evidence of this 'son of France' could be taken on a deposition, consequently without the least cross-examination. After this Gaston was allowed to return to Blois with his household. On June 28 a strange interview took place between Richelieu and the King, both of them being in bed and ill, in the same room. The Cardinal re-

proached the King with such asperity that he shed tears, and consented at last to the execution of the prisoners. They separated on bad terms, for the King could not stomach the arrogance of his minister, nor the minister forget the ingratitude of the King. Louis XIII. displayed, however, no emotion at the fate of his former favourite, and, taking out his watch at about four o'clock on the day of the execution, he said with singular brutality, 'M. le Grand va bientôt passer mal le temps.'*

The participation of Anne of Austria in the plot is an obscure problem of French history. Saint-Simon believed it. She was undoubtedly extremely alarmed at the possible result of the trial, but Gaston said nothing to implicate her, and a letter was sent to her lady-in-waiting with a mysterious post-script: 'Vous assurerez votre amie qu'elle peut dormir de bon sommeil.' Yet Anne of Austria was as faithless to her husband and her adopted country as Gaston himself. We must leave Saint-Simon to sketch her character.

'As for the Queen, consort of Louis XIII., she was ever found to take a more than active part in every machination against that sovereign and against the State, wholly Spanish, never French, and by a conformity of inclinations indissolubly and intimately allied to the Queen Mother; both of them hated alike whatever the King loved, and loved whatever he hated; both of them opened their arms to factions and the factious. She appears in the Chalais affair, not only diverting Gaston from a suitable marriage which the King desired, by frequent notes and other intrigues, but even favouring the notable scheme of shutting up the King as impotent, with a view to give the crown to Gaston and to marry him herself. Again at Lyons she hoped for the King's death, and took steps from that place to secure the hand of Gaston, and the King reproached her in full council, with the letters in his hands, with this scandalous enormity. She was exasperated by the "Day of Dupes," and instantly her two closest confidants, the Duchesse de Chevreuse and Beringhen, fled the kingdom, to return immediately after the death of the King, the one to play a great part, the other to rise from the condition of a valet to that of First Equerry of the King and Chevalier of the Order. The Queen, bitterly complaining of the separation from her mother-in-law at Compiègne, continued her unbroken sympathy with her to the last. Suspected of practices with the Court of Spain at Madrid, and with the Cardinal Infant, her brother, at Brussels, and warned by Chancellor Séguier of her danger, she made away with her secret papers. After this precaution could she be deemed innocent? Lastly, she was in confidential communication with Cinq Mars, Bouillon, De Thou, Gaston, and

* These particulars are not mentioned by Saint-Simon: we quote from Goulas, vol. i. pp. 386-400.

others. De Thou had two or three secret interviews with her about the conspiracy. It may therefore be said that she lived on treason from her marriage to her widowhood, and concluded that the mother, the wife, and the brother of Louis XIII. were the three canker-worms that ate away his life, and consigned him, even more than the ignorance of his physicians, to the tomb.'

Married, by the intrigues of his mother, at the age of fourteen, to this Spaniard, it is not to be supposed that Louis XIII. ever felt any attachment to his wife. Their marriage, which could not be called a union, was long unfruitful: it was not till twenty-three years had elapsed that Anne of Austria gave birth to a son. Of the morals of Henry IV. and of Louis XIV. the less that is said the better. The one lived the life of a *paladin des dames*, committed a thousand follies under the influence of women, and remained an incorrigible rake at sixty. His grandson, the Grand Monarque, was equally frail, and only exchanged the ephemeral passions of his youth for entire subjection to the *Veuve Scarron* in his later years. From these foibles and vices Louis XIII. was pure, partly from temperament, partly from independence of character, partly from principle and virtue. Once, indeed, Mademoiselle d'Hautefort, a maid of honour to the Queen, attracted his notice, and exercised an evident fascination over him. The King avowed his passion to Saint-Simon, but not to the object of it. The courtier offered his services in a manner which we should consider degrading, if not infamous. But to this suggestion Louis XIII. replied: 'You talk like a young man who thinks of nothing but pleasure. It is true I am in love, I cannot help it, being a man; it is true that I am a king, and might therefore hope to succeed if I chose; but the more king I am, and the more I might hope to succeed, the more I ought to remember that God forbids it, and that He placed me on the throne to obey Him, to give an example to others, and to cause Him to be obeyed by those placed under me. The more I am in love, although I cannot but desire to see and speak with her who charms my eyes and my heart, the greater should be my self-control; and though I may share in the amusements which opportunity and human nature thrust upon me, the more I should avoid what is criminal and scandalous by remaining master of myself. Having read you this lesson, I forgive your imprudence: but never make another mistake of the same kind with me.' Such language, if authentic, was worthy of Alexander or of Scipio, and no doubt the elder Saint-Simon repeated it to his son as a lesson to be remembered; nor did that son fail, in

the midst of a corrupt court, to observe it. He affirms, with confidence, that Louis XIII. was a man of strong religious principle, which no doubt amounted to superstition, as when he dedicated his kingdom to the Virgin Mary. But though far more pious than his son, he was far less of a bigot. He crushed the civil insurrections of the Huguenots, but he respected their religious freedom. The *Édict of Nantes* remained untouched by Louis XIII., and the frightful consequences of religious intolerance, as described by Saint-Simon in this same volume, were unknown in his reign. Being a man of many faults and weaknesses, it is no small mark in his favour that he did not fall under the control of priests or of women. It might be said of him, as Lord Waldegrave said of George II., 'Upon the whole he has some qualities of a great prince, many of a good one, none which were essentially bad.' His nervous timidity was shown by his stammering in his speech: he narrowly escaped being called Louis le Bègue, instead of Louis le Juste.

On his return from Roussillon, and within a few months of the death of Richelieu, which took place on December 4, 1642, the failing strength of Louis XIII., then in his forty-first year, warned him that his own end was approaching. The King survived his minister but five months and ten days. His own experience bade him look forward with intense anxiety to what must follow—another minority, the Dauphin being but five years old—another regency, and in the hands of another Spanish queen! He dictated his will to Chavigny, the most trusted of his ministers; and although he appointed the Queen regent, and Gaston lieutenant-general under her, 'il les mit tous deux en brassière tout autant qu'il le pût 'sagement'—to use Saint-Simon's energetic expression. The Prince de Condé was named chief of the Council of Regency, and the existing ministers members of that Council, from which they could not be removed. Having made these dispositions, he summoned his Court and the Parliament to his chamber, ordered the will to be read aloud to the assembly, and then proceeded to exhort them, in language the more solemn that it fell from the lips of a dying skeleton, to carry on the government on the principles he had laid down. It was not given him to foresee that these arrangements contained in germ the struggle of the Fronde, between Condé and the Queen.

About twenty-four hours before the King's death, a singular incident occurred, which had, in the eyes of Saint-Simon, a prophetic character, and is mentioned by him both in the

Memoirs and in this volume. Seeing the Prince de Condé by his bedside, he said suddenly, 'Your son has gained a great victory.' No one understood the meaning of the words. The King expired on May 14. Five days *after* that event, on May 19, the younger Condé attacked the enemy at Rocroy, without orders, and won a battle which shed imperishable lustre on his name.

This supernatural revelation to the dying King, which Saint-Simon relates with a degree of faith bordering upon awe, does not rest on the evidence of his father, although he was doubtless present, but on that of a Venetian gentleman named Priolo, in the service of the Prince de Condé, to whom the Prince related it with astonishment the moment after it took place. Priolo recorded it in an historical work afterwards written by him. We are afraid that modern credulity will not accept so much of the 'prophetic strain' as to believe that Louis XIII. was conscious of a battle which was fought five days after his death.

'As he lay on his deathbed at St. Germain, the King looked out on the Abbey of St. Denis, and looked on it with joy. He forbade all pompous ceremonies, and reluctantly allowed only such as were indispensable. He ordered the horses to draw his hearse, and desired that it should pass through as few parishes as possible, to save trouble to the clergy. He entered on these details so revolting to our nature with as much composure as if he was arranging a shooting party or a journey, and this was done with so much simplicity that no one could suspect him of a tinge of affectation or fail to admire his unbroken composure and his undaunted piety.'

It is painful to add that this solemn scene was interrupted by a peal of laughter from the adjoining room. The King smiled, and merely remarked that this could only proceed from the Queen and Gaston, who were near the fulfilment of their desires: he said no more. This parting touch is inimitable.

No doubt one may be led by the eloquent tenderness of Saint-Simon for the reputation of his father's friend and the vindication of an injured King to transgress the limits of a sober historical judgment. Such posthumous flattery is rare, and in Saint-Simon it amounted to the idolatry of a household god. It is impossible to compare the combats of Pont de Cé and Susa with the glories of Arques and Ivry, and the glow of romance which still sheds its lustre upon Henry Quatre is entirely wanting to the person of his son. But if Saint-Simon fails to exalt Louis XIII. to the height of his own enthusiasm, he succeeds at least in explaining the fatal causes which weighed him down. The King becomes an object of

pity, not of contempt. The troubles which broke out at short intervals with sanguinary results, and even the blows struck by Richelieu at the great houses of France, were, as we have seen, mainly the result of the domestic treasons of the Court and of the irritable ambition of Gaston and the Queens, speculating on the early death of Louis. But though his life was short, and his reign, even including his minority, not a long one, it witnessed, and in part effected, the transformation of Europe. It established in France the absolute supremacy of the monarchy, and erected the pedestal which sustained for seventy years the unshaken throne of Louis XIV. It marked that passage from a period of arms and broils to a period of more polished manners and more refined intrigues, which conspicuously divides, both in England and in France, the beginning from the close of the seventeenth century. It faced the Thirty Years' War, which by its final results overthrew the ascendancy of Spain and the House of Austria in the affairs of Europe; and although the Treaty of Westphalia was not concluded until five years after the death of Richelieu and of Louis, the negotiations were begun by them, and the treaty is the permanent expression of their policy. That treaty continued to be the basis of the European system until our own days, and Prince Bismarck undid the work of Cardinal Richelieu. The larger share in these great political events belongs no doubt to the minister, but it is unjust and absurd to deny to Louis XIII. the merit of having made the minister, assisted his counsels, supported his authority, and enabled him to execute his great designs.

We think, then, that Saint-Simon has, in spite of some exaggeration, succeeded in his main object, which was to leave to the world a more favourable portrait of this King, and to claim for him a broader place in history. He has sought to render this object more palpable by an elaborate comparison with the reign of his successor, upon which our limits forbid us to enter. But though he travels here over well-known ground, his pen was never more brilliant; or his invective more powerful, than in the rapid sketch of the reign of Louis XIV. Had the author condescended to revise his own manuscripts, he might have improved this 'Parallel' as a work of art. But though he wrote with a flowing pen and a perilous contempt of criticism, every line is dictated by the same high feeling of gratitude and honour; it is hard to detect him in a contradiction or an inaccuracy; and it is the singular fate of Saint-Simon to bear fresh witness to the glory and the gloom of the times he knew of, after an interval of nearly twice two hundred years.

ART. VI.—*History of the Mongols, from the Ninth to the Nineteenth Century.* By HENRY H. HOWORTH, F.S.A.
Part 1. The Mongols Proper and the Kalmuks. London: 1876. Part 2. (In two divisions.) London: 1880.

AT the time when the Danes were carrying fire and sword through the eastern shires of this island and the northern provinces of France, there first appeared in the north-east corner of Asia a race of warriors formidable to their neighbours by their military prowess, and destined to exercise a wider sway, and to carry the terror of their name farther, than even the legionaries of Imperial Rome. Issuing several centuries later from their unknown and almost impenetrable retreat in the wild but fertile country of the region of the Amour, they swept all opposition from their path, whether on the part of the other nomads, who speedily assimilated themselves with the rising clan, or of the civilisations of China and of Europe. Neither the numbers of the Celestials, nor the chivalry of the Latin and Teuton nations, availed against the heavier-armed and impetuous horsemen who swarmed round the banners of the Mongol leaders. It needed but that Batu Khan should have been a second Genghis to have placed Europe at the feet of the same race which gave dynasties to China and most of the states of Asia, including, at a later period, Hindostan. During two centuries the Mongols were indisputably the first soldiers in the world, for not only were their strength and valour of the highest quality, but their tactics were based on scientific principles superior to those known to any of their opponents. The deeds of this conquering people have occupied a large place in the world's history, and must excite interest whenever recounted; but, until Mr. Howorth took upon himself the laborious task of collecting all the information bearing upon the subject, the reader had considerable difficulty in arriving at even a general idea with regard to their history. The excuse for remaining in ignorance upon the subject is removed by the publication, within the last four years, of the three goodly volumes which it has been the privilege and pleasure of Mr. Howorth to write. Of the labour he has expended in making his work so complete that it will not require to be repeated, it is impossible to speak too highly. With almost unexampled assiduity he has ransacked every available source of information, from the history of Abul Ghazi to the learned writings of Professor Gregorieff, and every circumstance in the annals of the Mon-

gols, in all their ramifications, during ten centuries, is preserved and written down in his pages. This Herculean task being thus completely and, as we shall proceed to show, satisfactorily performed, it is the more to be regretted that Mr. Howorth did not permit himself to devote closer attention to his style and method of arrangement. He has been content to sacrifice form to substance, and, while students of history will benefit by his great assiduity, it is probable that he himself will suffer by not receiving the full recognition his meritorious achievement deserves. Mr. Howorth has, however, undoubtedly succeeded in erecting a durable monument among thinking men to his own erudition and powers of research.

In the Chinese histories of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.) mention is repeatedly made of a great nomadic race called Shi-wei on the northern frontier, and in the ninth century the Mongu clan is specially referred to. During several centuries these people lived on terms of friendship with the Chinese, sending their tribute to the capital, and carrying on general commercial relations with the Empire. They were much less a source of trouble than the Hioungnou, the nomad tribes holding Gobi and the adjoining districts, and they might even be considered in the light of allies of the Chinese, with some of whose ruling families they claimed blood connexion. On the other hand, ethnographical distinctions apart, the Shi-wei and the Hioungnou occupied towards China precisely the same position. They were both nomadic peoples living by the spoil of the chase, and by what their right hands could win, brought into contact with the civilisation and the wealth of China. The rich cities and fertile provinces of that country offered a temptation not to be resisted, and early in the eleventh century we find that the Mongus or Mongols were implicated in raids within the frontier. On this occasion they were completely baffled, and the Imperial troops inflicted several defeats with much loss upon them. During the next hundred years matters progressed after a very similar manner, and then the Mongol chief Kabul Khan went to the court of the Kin Emperor, and took an oath of fealty to him. This pledge sat very lightly on his conscience, and shortly after his return (1137 A.D.) he began hostilities against the Chinese. In this war Kabul was victorious, and no fewer than three armies sent by the Kin ruler to defend the frontier were defeated and destroyed. He also successfully carried on a bitter contest with his nomadic neighbours, and, on his death, left to his heirs the beginnings of the great Empire which it was to be their task to consolidate and extend. We may pass on to his grandson Yissugei,

who was the first to openly refuse to recognise the claims of China to suzerain rights, and to declare himself the ruler of an independent people under the style of 'Emperor of the Great Mongols.' Under his guidance the power of the Mongols greatly increased, and his influence was exercised towards the close of his life in restoring to Wang Khan, ruler of the Keraites—who is identified with the celebrated Prester John—the kingdom which his uncle Gurkhan had appropriated. Yissugei did not live long after this event, dying, as the legend puts it, of poison given him by his hereditary enemies, the Tartars, while accepting their hospitality. He had done much towards the consummation of the ambitious dreams of his ancestors, and he left their full realisation to the abler hands of his son Temujin, known to all the world as Genghis Khan.

The story is told, in all the picturesque language of Oriental fancy, of how Yissugei, hunting with his brothers in the country of the Tartars, had come across a single chieftain and his wife, Ogelen Eke. Yissugei exclaimed, 'This woman will bear a valiant son,' and forthwith they carried her off to his home. Yissugei made her his wife, and she became the mother of a boy who was called Temujin, from the name of an opponent whom Yissugei had just defeated in battle. This notable event took place at Dilun Boldak on the Onon, which becomes the Shilka branch of the Amour, and the balance of evidence favours the supposition that it occurred in the year 1162 A.D., although the Chinese and some other accounts place it five years earlier. At first it appeared as if the death of Yissugei would be followed by the disintegration of the clan. Several of the leading chiefs refused to obey a boy, or to accept a woman as regent, and, withdrawing themselves from the confederation, sought to establish independent administrations. Temujin was too young as yet to battle for his own cause, but his mother, the Tartar captive of fifteen years before, raised the royal standard and presented a bold front to the rebels. Soon Temujin was able to take his own part, but he fared badly, being made captive by his enemies, who forced him to submit to the indignity of the *cangue*. From the state of servitude to which he was reduced he had the good fortune to escape, but he nearly fell into a greater danger. The caution of his mother and the devotion of a few personal friends, added to his own intrepidity, saved him from this fresh peril. Temujin was now seventeen years of age, and many who had deserted the young prince were attracted back to him by the evidences of valour and sagacity which he was already showing. At this period his following mustered thirteen thousand men,

whom he divided into thirteen battalions or *gurans*. He appointed officers and instituted an effective form of discipline, thus acquiring the nucleus of a regular army. He promptly turned the advantage derived from this military efficiency to account against his neighbours, and on one occasion he defeated with heavy loss a Tartar force of three times his own number. From this time onwards Temujin's power steadily increased, and slowly but surely he was welding into a consolidated state the whole of the tribes of Mongolia, although these included races opposed to each other by hereditary feuds. Towards the close of the twelfth century Temujin assisted the Chinese in a war with the Tartars, and for this he received a title of honour from the Chinese general. This circumstance affords proof of the vigilance of the Celestial government in this direction, and also that the Mongols had at this time not yet broken off all friendly intercourse with it.

While matters were apparently progressing thus favourably, a league was suddenly formed between all his enemies and rivals against the young Mongol chief, and not only was his career arrested, but he was compelled to seek safety by flight into the desert. He did not despair, and rallying round him the relics of his army, and profiting by the disunion of his opponents, he speedily regained all, and more than all, he had lost. The completeness of his success was fully attested by the conquest of the country of the Keraites and the death of their chief, Wang Khan. To this triumph he added a not less important one over the Naimans, and one of the principal results of this latter success was that he secured the services of Tatakun, an Oighur Turk, at that period the most lettered people in Asia. Tatakun became one of Temujin's most trusted advisers, and was appointed tutor to his sons. It was after this campaign that a general council was summoned at a place near the sources of the Onon, for the purpose of conferring a higher title on the leader who had raised his clan to the rank of a great people. At this assembly it was decided that, as the title of Gur Khan had been humbled by the overthrow of so many of that rank, Temujin should take the new and higher name of Genghis, Jingis, or Zingis Khan, or in whatever other way it may be spelt, meaning 'Very mighty Khan.' Within a very short time after the assumption of this style Genghis resolved to give lustre to it by undertaking a great expedition into the northern provinces of China, then divided into two kingdoms. In the north the Tartar dynasty of the Kins had established a kingdom with its capital near the modern Peking, and including the provinces of Pechili, Shansi,

Shantung, Honân, and parts of Shensi and Kiangnan, while in the south the native Sung still bore sway. In 1209, on the occasion of a new Kin emperor ascending the throne, Genghis was requested to pay him tribute, a demand usually made of all the desert chiefs. To comply with this Genghis flatly refused, saying that he would never debase himself before an imbecile like the Kin emperor. This act was considered tantamount to a declaration of war, and both sides prepared for the struggle.

Genghis had carefully considered the question of the invasion of China, and had come to the conclusion that there was nothing impossible in an attempt to overthrow the Kins, who were much hampered in their movements by the Chinese kingdom of the Sung. In 1211 the Mongol army set out on its great expedition from the banks of the Kerulon, and, having traversed the intervening desert, appeared in front of the Great Wall, garrisoned in this portion by the Ongut tribe. The treachery of their chief saved the invaders the trouble of forcing the great barrier erected by Tsin-Hoangti; and the northern provinces of China lay open and exposed at their feet without a blow. Mr. Howorth describes the results of this the first of Genghis's campaigns on a large scale in the following words:—'At length in 1212 he laid siege to Taitong-fu. This successfully resisted his attack, and having been wounded by an arrow he retired once more into the desert. His invasion of China had been an almost continuous success. He had broken the prestige of the Kin soldiery, and had tested the skill of his officers.'

This success was the greatest possible encouragement to the Mongols to renew the attack; and, in the following year, Genghis led a fresh and larger host into Pechili. All the other tribes, notably the Tanguts, were excited by these victories, and seized the opportunity to assail the much-harassed Kins, who, far from showing a united front to their enemies, were engaged in intrigues and quarrels that effectually sapped their strength. Genghis's second campaign closed with his conclusive triumph. An imperial princess was given to the conqueror as a wife, accompanied by a large dower in jewels and slaves. The Mongols then withdrew, laden with booty, but with the full resolve to speedily return. Each of the years immediately following witnessed a fresh inroad into China on the part of the Mongols, further concessions by the Kin emperor, and the gradual extension of the sway of Genghis across the Great Wall and the Hoang-ho in the direction of the interior of China. These events struck terror to the heart of the

Kin ruler, who, unable to vanquish his antagonists, conceived that it would be prudent to remove his place of residence to a greater distance from the frontier. Genghis took umbrage at this change in the capital, on the plea that it showed distrust of his intentions! He accordingly ordered a fresh invasion of China at the same time that the province of Leaou-tung was annexed, and the kingdom of Corea brought within the range of his influence.

These constant wars raised the military qualifications of his soldiers to a high point, and afforded an opportunity for several great generals to reveal themselves. Prominent among these was the veteran Muhule, who wrested Leaou-tung from the Kins, and thus extended his master's dominions to the Eastern Sea. In the year after this success he led a large army into China charged with the special mission, not, as formerly, of ravaging the fair cities and plains of that empire, but of permanently conquering and appropriating as much of it as proved feasible. Victory followed victory with singular rapidity. In two campaigns Muhule captured all the fortified cities on the northern frontier, and drove the Chinese army from the field. In 1218 the Kin emperor wished to come to terms with the invader, but Muhule's curt reply was that the only terms on which he could treat were that the emperor should hand over his dominions to Genghis, and accept at his hands the title of Prince of Honan. Helpless as that ruler had become, death itself was preferable to a loss of honour and power so great as was involved in this demand. Muhule thereupon resumed his operations, which had as their principal objects the forcing of the famous pass of Tung-kuan in Shensi, and the capture of the southern capital, or Nankin. In the former Muhule was successful, but, his death occurring soon afterwards, he failed to realise the second object, which was the dream of his life. 'For forty years,' he said, 'have I made war and fought for my master in his great enterprises, and I was never defeated. My only regret is that I have not yet captured Nankin.' The affection of his soldiers, and the desire of his officers and generals to further his designs and promote his greatness, were not the least striking points of resemblance between the most famous of Asian conquerors and the great Napoleon.

Meanwhile events of greater importance had been in progress in the countries lying far to the west of China. During five years Muhule had conducted the war in China. Where were Genghis and his warlike sons during that period? It is necessary that we should now turn to and describe those events which made the names of Mongol and Tartar, indifferently

used, household words in this continent. A series of events which it is unnecessary to describe had attracted the attention of Genghis to the regions lying west of the great desert of Gobi, where rulers inimical to himself had ousted the once celebrated dynasty of the Gur Khans. The old feud between the Tartar and the Mongol threatened to break out again under conditions less favourable to the latter than formerly, unless the danger were promptly nipped in the bud. In a single campaign Genghis's general, Chepe, conquered the whole of the vast region from the banks of the Amour to the slopes of the Pamir. The hostile leader was made prisoner in the remote valleys of Badakshan, and his head was sent as a token of triumph to Genghis. This brilliant success brought the Mongols into direct contact with the great Western empire of Khwarezm, which, under its then ruler, Mahomed Shah, had reached a remarkable height of prosperity. From the Indus to the vicinity of Bagdad, and as far north as the Kirghiz Steppe, his authority was recognised as supreme. Genghis wished to avoid a hostile collision with this powerful neighbour, and at first it appeared as if neither potentate desired to provoke a contest which would certainly be a bitter and an arduous one. Genghis even went so far as to write a letter expressing his friendship for the Shah of Khwarezm. 'I send these greetings,' he wrote. 'I know thy power, and the vast extent of thine empire. I regard thee as my most cherished son. On thy part thou must know that I have conquered China and all the Turkish nations north of it. Thou knowest that my country is a magazine of soldiers, a mine of silver, and that I have no need of other lands. I take it we have an equal interest in encouraging trade between our subjects.' But although both potentates wished for peace and a good understanding between their subjects, circumstances proved too strong for them, and the irrepressible passions of two rival peoples lit up the flames of war, despite the friendly utterances of both Genghis and Mahomed Shah. Mongol merchants murdered in the light of day, and haughty replies from the Khwarezmian ruler to requests for reparation, necessitated the advance of the Mongol warriors, thus inviting the scourge which was to desolate the fairest kingdoms of two continents.

In the spring of 1218, while Muhule was proceeding with the conquest of China, Genghis left his capital Karakoram at the head of an army of several hundred thousand men. He divided it into two divisions, one operating south, and the other north, of the great Tian Shan range, but both instructed

to pursue their career steadily towards the west. His son, Juji, who commanded the former army, was the first to encounter the main force of Mahomed Shah, and he defeated it in one of those sanguinary engagements which have been of such frequent occurrence in the annals of Asia. Mahomed Shah, unnerved by this preliminary disaster, withdrew all his armies from the field, hoping to have better fortune in the defence of his cities. The contest then developed into a succession of sieges, and in this kind of warfare the Mongols showed themselves to be not less adepts than in manœuvres and strategy in the field. As has been proved at every stage of history, from the time of the siege of Troy downwards, those who stand purely on the defensive in war court inevitable defeat. Mahomed Shah practically abandoned the contest, while he remained defiant. He admitted his inferiority at the same time that he took no effectual measures to ensure an honourable issue out of the conflict. Even had it been possible to arrest the torrent of the Mongols, he remained apathetic too long in face of the peril. The principal cities of his once magnificent kingdom surrendered one after the other. Otrar, Khodjent, and the chief places in Eastern Ferghana, fell before Juji, while Genghis, in person, having captured Tashkent and Nurata, marched on Bokhara, garrisoned by twenty thousand of the best troops of Khwarezm. The garrison, unable to defend their charge, attempted, but in vain, to cut their way through the Mongols; the city was given up to pillage, and the able-bodied men were put to the sword. Samarcand, the capital, at this period, not only of Trans-Oxiana, but of the whole of Central Asia, was the next place to incur the wrath of the great conqueror, who applied to himself the title of being 'the scourge of God,' for, he said, 'if you were not great criminals, God would not have permitted me to have thus punished you.' Before this city the whole of the Mongol forces concentrated, and a large body of mercenaries included in the garrison deserted to them, thus putting a sudden termination to all prospect of defending it. On its surrender Samarcand was given over to the Mongols to plunder, and a large number of its inhabitants were sent into slavery; while the faithless mercenaries were slaughtered, on the ground that they who could not be faithful to one master must prove equally untrue to a second. The unfortunate Mahomed fled before the invaders to the remotest quarter of Khorasan, where he died on the shores of the Caspian, only three years after he had reached the pinnacle of power in Western Asia.

The capture of Samarcand completed the conquest of the

Turanian kingdoms, but, whether impelled by the mere lust of conquest or by some deep political motive which, after this long interval, it is impossible for us to comprehend, Genghis, far from remaining satisfied with the brilliant successes he had achieved, resolved to cross the Oxus and to turn his arms against the peoples of Iran. At this time, it is true, Mahomed Shah still lived, and his return with fresh troops from Khorasan was an event in itself not improbable. Genghis sent several armies across the Oxus under his son Tuli, and the experienced general Chepe Noyan. Four cities of the first rank, Merv, Balkh, Herat, and Nishapore, were their immediate objects, and all these cities either surrendered or fell into their power after protracted sieges. The Mongols repeated these triumphs in the interior of Persia, as well as against Mahomed Shah's son Jellaluddin in the Kara Kum desert. They then marched on Khiva (Urgendj), which after a brave defence fell before the energy of Ogotai. Not content with plundering the city and sending the able-bodied members of the population into slavery, the Mongols, in a spirit of ruthless spite, opened the dykes of the Oxus and flooded the great metropolis of Khwarezm. It is instructive to discover that in all these sieges the Mongols acted upon systematic principles. They drew up their lines in front of the besieged city; they raised mounds, on which they erected their batteries, so as to overlook the walls and command the interior of the place; and from their batteries they hurled stones, stink-pots, and shells charged with naphtha—engines of war unknown to any of their opponents. They captured one city by such slow processes as the means enumerated, the next by a vigorous attack, and the third by some act of treachery so sublime in its wickedness that it remains to the present day without being surpassed. All means were justifiable in their eyes, so that the result was victory and the attainment of their object. The further exploits of Genghis were the capture of Bamian after a first repulse, of Ghuznee, whence he drove Jellaluddin over the Indus, and of Peshawur, where for a time he pitched his quarters. Two of his generals ventured into the Punjáb, but were compelled by the weather and want of supplies to beat a hasty retreat from before Mooltan. His long absence from Karakoram had had the effect of creating dissensions among the numerous tribal leaders and military chiefs, amongst whom the supreme authority of Genghis alone sufficed to maintain harmony and union. He wintered in the vicinity of the Indus, and then returned by forced marches to the Amour, thus saving India from sharing in the common overthrow.

Before drawing to a conclusion this sketch of the career of the great conqueror, something must be said of the first inroad of the Mongols into our continent, and of the remarkable expedition headed by Chepe against the rulers of Georgia, Astrakhan, and the Crimea. It has already been stated that the force entrusted to that able commander had captured the royal cities of Khorasan, and penetrated into the interior of Persia; and in this direction also they strove to carry out the uncompromising principle of there being no satisfactory limits to their conquests except those set by nature. The overthrow of Khwaresm had not been complete without the conquest of Persia, and the latter rendered the invasion of Georgia absolutely necessary. The Mongols recognised no reason for hesitating to advance the audacious claim to the sovereignty of the human race. Chepe's later campaign proved another succession of victories. The capture of Tabriz was soon followed by that of Tiflis, and, having rendered his rear secure against hostile attack by the occupation of Hamadan, he prepared to cross the Caucasus into Europe. The Mongols then advanced, carrying everything before them, to the north as far as the modern town of Astrakhan, and to the west as far as the site on which Odessa now stands. The power of the Kipchaks was shattered, and a prayer went forth to the Russians of Volhynia and Galicia that they should band together all the Eastern peoples of Europe in a league against the hordes of Asia. Prominent among the Russian princes was Mitislaf of Galicia, and it was to him in particular that the vanquished looked as the leader in this enterprise. He fully realised the danger, and, accepting the propositions made to him, declared at Kief a holy war against the terrible assailants who appeared to be satisfied with nothing short of the extermination of their enemies. Whether Chepe dreaded the coming storm, or only wished to obtain the information necessary to measure it with greater exactitude, it is certain that the Mongols sent an embassy to Kief deprecating the hostile action of the Russian prince. Mitislaf's sole reply was to order the murder of the envoys, and Chepe could only rejoin: 'You have killed our envoys; as you wish for war, you shall have it. We have done you no harm. God is impartial, He will decide our quarrel;' and then the Mongol forces resumed their march westward. Passing over minor encounters, the two hosts met on the banks of the Kalka river, when, after a stubbornly contested engagement, the Russians were completely defeated and driven from the field. The Mongols, as was their wont, disgraced their triumph by the barbarous and insensate massacre

of their prisoners, and, having vanquished the chivalry of Eastern Europe, there was nothing left to arrest their progress in any movement against the Latin races which they might care to undertake. Happily for Europe, Genghis at this crisis recalled Chepe to Asia.

Upon Genghis's return to Karakoram he devoted all his attention during the remainder of his life to the completion of his conquests in China, and when he died the task, though still unfinished, had been rendered, by the skill of his general Muhule and by his own exertions, a comparatively easy one for those who came after him. It was while engaged in this design that he was seized with a fatal illness, of which Mr. Howorth enumerates several poetic versions, and he was buried in great state at a spot near the sources of that river Onon, round which his tribe had gradually expanded into a race of world-conquerors. The record of the deeds of few conquerors furnishes as notable a history as the life of this great ruler. Originally little more than an uncouth and savage barbarian, Genghis became by his own merit not only the best general, but also the most skillful administrator and the greatest prince of his age; and, as Mr. Howorth very truly observes, he 'holds a foremost place among the men who have influenced the history of the world.' The extent of his conquests and the splendour of his achievements make a great and a lasting impression upon the mind, but in his case the little that we know accurately makes it seem probable that, if we were possessed of more copious details as to the difficulties which beset his path, and as to his manner of triumphing over them, we should raise him to a still higher pedestal than that allotted him by general consent as the most terrible of human conquerors.

Ogotai was named by Genghis as his heir in preference to either Tuli or Chaghtai, and the first resolve of the new ruler was to continue, until completed, the wars with the Kin emperors of China, which Muhule had fought with such remarkable ability and unvarying success. The death of their great chief, and the ceremonies—not undisturbed, we may be sure, by the jealousies and the rivalry of the brother claimants—attending both his obsequies and the selection of his successor had so much attracted the attention of the Mongols, that their border officers became, for a brief space, careless in face of the enemy. A returning wave of energy and confidence to the generals of the Kin emperor enabled them to take advantage of this apathy and inflict several defeats upon the Mongols. Ogotai then resolved to lead his armies in person, and his brother Tuli received an important command. During two years the

brothers carried on hostilities, with almost uniform success, in China, and after their return to Mongolia their general Subitai continued the war with a like result. In the later battles the Chinese dynasty of the Sung, which ruled at this time over Southern China, assisted the Mongols against their former conquerors the Kins. In May 1234 the last of the Kin emperors, after valiantly opposing the united armies of the Mongols and the Sung, committed suicide sooner than fall into the hands of the enemy. The alliance between the conquerors did not prove of long duration. The Sung had hoped to profit by the fall of the Kins, and doubtless thought that the Mongols wished rather for plunder than for permanent conquests. In this mistaken view they were to be speedily undeceived. By an arrangement made with the Mongol commanders it had been proposed to indemnify the Sung ruler for his share in the war with the province of Honan; but the Mongols refused to hand over that valuable possession when the time came to fulfil their promise. The Sung, in a moment of confidence, declared war, and attempted to enforce their claims. At first their troops were successful, but the Mongols, recovering from their surprise, drove them back into their former territory. The Sung, having discovered their weakness, would then have made peace; but it was too late. Their overthrow and the conquest of their possessions had been decreed at a Kuriltai or general council of the Mongol leaders; and nothing but their own valour could avert the same catastrophe which had befallen the Kins.

During the last years of the reign of Ogotai, the Mongol armies attacked the Sung kingdom from three sides; but, although victorious on several occasions, the result remained uncertain when that ruler died. The Mongol armies succeeded in reducing many of the cities north of the great river Yang-tse-kiang, but the Sung were far indeed from being reduced to extremities. At this stage in the war, Ogotai, whose brother Tuli had died some years before, fell ill, and shortly afterwards expired. He appears to have been an able ruler, and his policy was certainly much more humane than his father's had been. Mr. Howorth adduces several instances of the generosity and natural kindness with which he tempered the rigorous maxims of the Mongols. Whether it is to be attributed to the discipline of his people, or to his own ability, history shows that, while his selection as Khakhan was not at first popular, no attempt was made during his reign of fourteen years to dispute his authority. The Mongol leaders, commanding armies capable of giving dynasties to the kingdoms

they had won, never ventured to question his decisions, and yielded implicit obedience to the mandates of Karakoram. The empire of Genghis became vaster and more consolidated in the hands of his son Ogotai.

Ogotai's death proved the prelude to grave troubles for the Mongols; but these may be very briefly summarised. Ogotai had named his grandson Shiramun his heir, but by the activity of the Empress Turakina this arrangement was set aside in favour of her eldest son, Kuyuk, when, being appointed regent, she held the attributes of power in her own hands. A great Kuriltai was held as soon as time had been given to the Mongol chiefs at the extremities of the Empire to reach the capital, where a large assemblage of the royal princes, generals, governors, and the ambassadors of the tributaries was brought together as representative of the Mongol power. Among those present on this occasion was the monk Carpino, who had been sent by the Pope and the Council of Lyons to convert the Mongols, and who has left us an interesting description of the ceremony. Although Ogotai died in December, 1241, the proclamation of Kuyuk did not take place until five years later (Aug. 1246), and during the interval Turakina had governed the Empire. Kuyuk's reign was of the briefest, as he died less than two years after his appointment as Khakhan. The seal which he adopted bore on it the following inscription, which may be quoted as showing what were the views of the Mongols with regard to other nations. 'God in heaven, and 'Kuyuk on earth, by the power of God the ruler of all men.' Kuyuk was succeeded by his cousin Mangu, the eldest son of Tuli, and the new ruler began his reign with a succession of reforms promising well for the prosperity of the Empire. Having adjusted the finances which had been thrown into confusion by the extravagance of Kuyuk, he placed experienced officers at the head of affairs, and gave a command in the field to his brother Kublai. The latter took upon himself the control of the Chinese provinces, and made systematic preparations for the conquest of the Sung kingdom.

In 1252, Kublai's preparations were completed, and he began the campaign with an attack on the western portion of the province of Szchuen. Yunnan, however, was his principal object, and after crossing the difficult mountains of Szchuen, and transporting his army across the Kincha river on rafts, he reached one of the capitals, the present town of Talifoo. After a short absence to relate his exploits to Mangu, Kublai returned to Yunnan, the whole of which he speedily reduced. He then waged wars with the same success against

the Lolos tribes and the kings of Ava, Annam, and Tonquin. The Sung kingdom still remained outside the dominion of the Mongols, but these later triumphs in the countries lying to the west and south of it had paved the way for its overthrow. At this period Mangu, jealous probably of the growing fame of his brother, resolved to assume in person the command of his armies in China, announcing at the same time that he would not sheath the sword until the dominions of the Sung had been incorporated with his Empire. The war opened auspiciously with the capture of Chentu, the chief town of Szchuen; but before it had proceeded very far, Mangu either died of dysentery, or was killed by an arrow before the walls of Hochow, to which he was laying close siege. Discouraged by this untoward occurrence, the Mongol armies withdrew, and much of the fruits of previous victory was lost for the moment.

Notwithstanding his brother's death, Kublai continued his march through China. When he reached the great Yang-tse-kiang, the bulwark of the Sungs on the north, he was told that the Chinese were fully persuaded that it was an insurmountable barrier. A small band of his troops under a determined leader crossed in barges, and, beating back the Sung army, made good the passage for the main body. The news of intrigues at Karakoram, where Mangu's youngest brother Arikbuka was endeavouring to obtain the succession to the throne, induced him to conclude a hurried arrangement with the Sung general, who consented in his master's name to pay tribute to the Mongol. Kublai did not, however, deem it safe to proceed farther north than to Peking, where he was proclaimed by his followers Khakhan. This informal manner of election made Kublai's authority only partially recognised by the Mongols. Of the empire which stretched from the China seas to the Vistula and the Danube, and from the Indian Ocean to the Scythian solitudes, Kublai cannot be considered as the sole ruler. Mangu was the last of the great Khans in a strict sense, and Kublai gradually sank the sonorous title of Khakhan of the Mongols in the less extensive, but scarcely less brilliant, rank of Emperor of China.

Mr. Howorth describes, with an amplitude of detail which leaves nothing to be desired, the family history and the domestic feuds of the princes of the House of Genghis. Into these we cannot attempt to enter, but must continue to devote our attention to the career of Kublai, to the establishment of the Yuen dynasty on the throne of China, and to the fortunes and eventual overthrow of the Mongols by the Chinese kings. Having done this, we will retrace our steps to con-

sider the Mongol wars in Asia Minor, Russia, and Hungary, and to narrate those events which in their dramatic character struck terror into the hearts of the European nations at the name of the Mongol hordes. In conclusion, the events of importance in modern history will be considered, and the influence the Mongol traditions are likely to exert on political questions in the future. The vast extent of the ground embraced by the Mongols, and included in Mr. Howorth's pages, may be inferred from the numerous points—and some only have been mentioned—which suggest themselves for consideration.

Arikbuka caused himself to be proclaimed Khakhan at Karakoram almost at the same time that Kublai took the same step at Pekin; but he was unable to make good his claim with the sword. Kublai defeated him in several battles, and at last Arikbuka was fain to accept the generous terms offered him by his brother. Kublai then turned his exclusive attention to the war with the Sungs, which may be thus briefly summarised. One of Kublai's first acts was to give the style of Yuen, which means 'original,' to his dynasty, and to adopt a generally friendly policy towards the Chinese. In fact, before this the Mongols had adopted the character and many of the customs and ceremonies of the Celestials; and, while the previous Mongol rulers had been regarded solely in the light of foreign invaders, Kublai had become, by his gracious demeanour and carefully considered policy, far from personally distasteful to the mass of the Chinese. The great siege of Sian Yang, which continued during three years, absorbed all the energy of the combatants, and before it closed with the triumph of the Mongols whole armies had been swallowed up in its defence. The exigencies of war had by this time produced a change in the customs of the Mongols; for, whereas the deserter had formerly to expect at their hands no sympathy, he was now always welcomed, and generally re-established in the posts he had previously held. A general inclination was shown on both sides to conclude a useless and sanguinary war; and the following incident, while proving both the valour and the fidelity of the Sung officers, shows that the Mongols were able to temper their natural fierceness with a show of moderation and a generous recognition of the courage of the enemy:—

'The surrender of the town of Chi-chow is memorable for an act which ought to be recorded by those who would raise the repute of women for heroic conduct. Its commander, Chao Mao Ta, was pressed to surrender by one of his subordinates; he refused. Some time after, suspecting that his subordinate was carrying on secret intrigues with the enemy, and feeling that resistance could not be prolonged, he

assembled his relations and friends at a feast, and told them that he could not survive the disgrace of surrendering the city. He bade his wife, Yong Chi, seek a place of refuge. She replied that she felt enough of courage to show herself worthy of him. He laughed, but he laughed in vain; for having distributed his goods among his relations, she retired with him, and they committed suicide together. Bayan, the Mongol general, was much touched by this act of heroism, and himself performed the funeral ceremonies for them on his knees amidst the praises of the Chinese.'

The Chinese were, after the fall of this stronghold, defeated in several pitched encounters, as much through the incompetence of their generals as by the superior valour of the Mongols. The energy of the Mongol general, Bayan, gave them no breathing-time to recover from the shock of frequent disaster. Although desired by Kublai to halt his army until the arrival of autumn, Bayan continued to lead his troops through the provinces of Chikiang and Kiangnan while the summer was at its height, saying that 'it is not prudent to 'allow your enemy breathing-time when you have hold of his 'throat'—a precept of war proved true from the earliest times. Nor was the fighting confined to the land; several encounters took place on the Kiang river, and in one of these the Mongols scattered the Chinese fleet by having recourse to fire-ships. The Sung ruler then wished to conclude peace on the basis of his acknowledging himself a tributary of the Khakhan, but it was too late. Bayan continued his march on Lingan, the capital of the Sung kingdom. Negotiations proving unsuccessful, Lingan surrendered on the appearance of the Mongol army. The Sung ruler and his mother were sent as prisoners to Kublai, by whom they were fairly treated. The spoil of the palaces of Lingan was conveyed by sea to Tatu or Pekin; but when the treasure and most cherished possessions of the last of the Chinese royal houses were laid out before Kublai's wife 'she wept, and said, with some pathos, she was thinking 'that the empire of the Mongols would one day also come to 'an end.'

The war still languished in the southern provinces, where, although their capital had fallen, and their ruler had become a prisoner, the Chinese proved tenacious of their independence. Expelled from the land, they held out on the islands, and their war junks swarmed in the gulfs and infested the rivers of the south. A general was despatched with a large force to attack them on their favourite element, when a great naval fight occurred at the mouth of the Canton river. The Mongols were again completely victorious, and more than eight hundred

Chinese vessels were taken—one of the younger Sung princes, who had been proclaimed emperor, being amongst the slain. 'His minister, seeing no hope of escape, seized hold of him, saying that the Sung emperor ought to prefer death to capitulation, and jumped overboard with him, both being of course drowned.' With this great victory the long wars between the Sung and the Mongols practically reached their close, and the Yuen dynasty took its place in due sequence amongst the ruling houses of China.

The long and brilliant reign of the great monarch Kublai Khan belongs to the history of the latter country. It is of his court, where he long resided, that Marco Polo has left us his most interesting description. The Yuen dynasty maintained itself on the throne of China for about a century, although it was never popular, and notwithstanding that its later representatives fell far short of the genius hereditary in the family of Genghis. When the soldier-monk, who founded the Ming dynasty, drove Chun-ti and his followers over the Great Wall back into the desert whence they had originally emerged, the Mongol influence over the destinies of China reached its termination. In the hands of Kublai the military successes of Genghis and Mangu were brought to a consummation, and under his brilliant sway his empire seemed to have become consolidated. The folly of his successors stunted its growth, and finally wrecked all prospect of a stable government. The prognostications of Kublai's wife were to be speedily realised, and in China, after a rapid rise, the Mongol conquests declined and disappeared, leaving only a transitory impression on the institutions of that ancient country.

We have now to retrace our steps, and to take up the thread of the Mongol wars and conquests in Western Asia and this continent—achievements which were accompanied by more brilliant events than those marking the campaigns in China, and which also exercised a more durable influence on the history of the human race. The first inroad of the Mongols into Russia has been already described, and the return of the army under Chepe Noyan afforded Europe a brief breathing space. Ogotai Khan sent several armies into the countries west of the Caspian, and at one time had the intention of assuming the command there in person. He, however, appointed his nephew Batu Khan, the son of his eldest brother Juji, to the command instead; and the narrative of the campaigns of this prince is among the most interesting portions of Mr. Howorth's history. When this appointment was made the

Mongol arms were suffering from a reverse inflicted upon them apparently in the modern Bulgaria, and one of the armies which had overrun Southern Russia had been compelled by the princes of Smolensko and Kief to beat a hasty retreat behind the Yaik. It was to repair that reverse, quite as much as to carry out Ogotai's favourite project of absorbing the eastern states of Europe, that Batu made his preparations for war on a large scale during the years 1236-7. The army which assembled under the Mongol banner on the banks of the Yaik was composed only in small part of soldiers of the dominant race. It included the remains of the Turkish armies which Genghis and his sons had vanquished in successive wars; and all the warlike races of the Turanian steppes had been attracted to the Yaik by the prospect of sharing in the spoil of the cities of Hungary and Little Russia.

At this critical moment the rulers of Russia presented a united front to the foe. It had not always been so. Internal dissensions and jealousies had gone far towards neutralising the result which valour in the field and sagacity in the cabinet had done their best to attain. The Mongols had triumphed over their adversaries as much by their union as by their military prowess and discipline. On this occasion, however, the Russians were free from the discordant elements previously existing. The governing power was concentrated in the hands of a single family. George Vsevolodovitch was Grand Prince of Vladimir; his brother, Yaroslaf, ruled at Kief; and the latter's son, the celebrated Alexander Newsky, at Novgorod. The whole of the Russian power was thus made available for a defensive war, and it no doubt gathered to itself the greater number of the peoples on the shores of the Euxine and the banks of the Danube. The opposition that Batu Khan might expect to his advance was the greater than that encountered by Chepe Noyan by as much as the danger to Europe from the Mongol hordes had in the meantime become more fully realised.

Batu advanced with the main body of his troops on the strong city of Riazan, to which he laid siege in regular form. A breastwork of palisades and earth was raised around it, and during five days a bombardment from the formidable balistas, or Mongol artillery, continued without ceasing. At last the city surrendered; its inhabitants were given over to slaughter, and the town itself to plunder. A relieving force was defeated with heavy loss, and Moscow, then a place of only second-rate importance, met with a fate similar to that of Riazan. The Mongols continued their triumphant march from Moscow to

Vladimir, and Vladimir to Nijni Novgorod. Each siege was followed by, in the graphic language of a German writer, 'a 'carnival of death;' and the consequences of the capture of these cities were rendered the greater by a decided victory over the army of the principal of the Russian princes on the banks of the Sitti. The Mongols never relaxed for an instant their vigorous pursuit of the shattered fragments of what had once been the brilliant and confident army of the Russian princes. Ten days after the victory on the Sitti, they had reached Lake Seliger, at the sources of the Volga. Before the torrent of Mongol invasion 'the villages disappeared, and the heads of the 'Russians fell like grass before the sickle.' After this decisive campaign in the north, Batu retraced his steps, and wintered his troops in Central and Southern Russia.

During that winter the Russians did their best in preparation for the renewal of the war, but their task was really little less than hopeless. Yaroslaf of Kief asserted his claims over Vladimir, but he reigned only 'over ruins and corpses.' Several of his most prominent supporters had been slain in battle, and he was left almost the last of his family to defend, as best he could, the sinking fortunes of the national cause. Dissensions between the various magnates began also to reveal themselves, and the Mongols had again to deal with a disunited foe, when they approached Kief, the Russian metropolis. The resistance made here was not of a very strenuous character. The prince, who held it under his rule, fled at the appearance of the foe to Hungary, and the wretched inhabitants were given over to the tender mercies of a licentious and ferocious soldiery. During two centuries after this siege Kief remained a ruined solitude, and, when it eventually rose from its ashes, it was only as a shadow of its former greatness. Having vanquished all the resistance he was likely to meet with in the provinces of Russia, Batu made his preparations, and drew up his plan of campaign for the invasion of Hungary, the next country he had selected for his prey.

There were other reasons besides that afforded by its geographical position which led the Mongols to collect all their strength for the invasion of Hungary. At the time when Chepe Noyan routed the Russians on the Khalka, many of the defeated had sought and found shelter behind the Carpathians. When the Mongols returned under Batu, there was open sympathy between the princes of Russia and the Hungarian king. This natural alliance had been cemented by the ties of marriage; a Russian prince had married a Hungarian princess, and the Mongols, without entering into nice distinctions, ac-

cepted the alliance as formally completed, and followed up their victory over the Russians by declaring war upon the Hungarians. Batu's plan of campaign appears to have been skilfully conceived, with the intention of penetrating at several points through the 'strong natural frontier which guards the kingdom of Hungary on the north and east. He divided his whole force into three armies, to each of which was entrusted the conduct of a war as difficult in its character as it was important in its consequences. The northern army, starting from Kief as its base, advanced westwards through Volhynia to Galicia. The central and principal army, under the command of Batu in person, crossed the Carpathians, and marched into the heart of Hungary; while the third, or southern army, traversed Wallachia, and thus turned the Hungarian positions from the side of the Danube.

The operations entrusted to the first of these armies were carried out with uniform success. Poland was at that time divided into nine princedoms, and these had incurred the wrath of the Mongols for reasons similar to the Hungarians. In order to acquire information concerning the countries they were about to invade, the Mongols sent a strong but lightly equipped force in advance of their main body. This ravaged the country as far as the Vistula, sacking and destroying several towns, and carrying off a vast quantity of plunder. On its return march, however, the Prince Palatine of Cracow attacked it, and, although suffering some loss himself, succeeded in rescuing many of the prisoners, and in recovering much of the spoil. The Mongols had, notwithstanding this check, accomplished their main purpose. They had found and explored the road to Cracow, and they at once proceeded to utilise their knowledge. A great battle was fought a short distance outside that city, in which the Mongols were completely victorious. The Polish princes who did not fall on the field of battle fled either to Hungary or Prussia, while the mass of the people had no securer shelter than their own dense forests. When the Mongols entered Cracow on Palm Sunday, 1241, they found it abandoned by its inhabitants; yet they did not hesitate to indulge their ruthless spirit by giving it over to destruction. Having overrun Poland, the Mongols then marched into Silesia, where the fragments of the Christian armies strengthened by Teutonic knights and by the hard toiling workers of the Moravian mines, had collected, and formed, under the leadership of Duke Henry II., the semblance of an army. The battle of this particular campaign was fought near the town of Lignitz, where the army just described,

which did not muster more than 20,000 men, was called upon to encounter five times its number of Mongols. Of a battle fought under such conditions there could only be one issue.

The Mongol generals never despised their enemy because they happened to be in greater strength. • On this occasion they resorted to all the stratagems they had been wont to use when coping with an adversary numerically their equal. Putting aside the picturesque legends that the monkish records have preserved for us, it appears most probable that the Christian army, instead of taking up a strong position and remaining on the defensive, rashly assumed the offensive, and was of course unable to make any impression on the heavy ranks of the Mongols, who, when their turn came to attack, easily carried everything before them. Duke Henry and a vast number of the best knights of Moravia and Silesia were among the slain; but, although disastrous in its consequences, this the first great fight, to be followed in later ages by many another, round the walls of Lignitz, is still remembered with pride. Mr. Howorth tells us that seven of the noblest families in Silesia and Moravia still bear the Mongol cap in their arms in token that they are descended from some of those who led the Christian army against the hordes of Asia. The conquest of Silesia was followed by a pillaging expedition into Moravia, and then this northern army turned south into Hungary, where it joined Batu Khan and the main body.

In the meanwhile that main body had been carrying everything before it in the heart of Hungary. Advancing by way of Kresmenetz and the great pass between the districts of Ungvar and Munkatz, known as the Ruthenian Gates, Batu had literally to cut a road across the Carpathians. Forty thousand labourers went before his army, and paved the way for the progress of his soldiers. The rapidity of the Mongol advance was astonishing, and apparently unaffected by the bad condition of the roads. Within three days of reaching the Carpathians, their cavalry was reconnoitring at a short distance from Pesth. Here, again, the Mongols resorted to their usual tactics. Feigning retreat, they drew the Christian men-at-arms into the open, where, after inflicting severe loss upon them with their archers, they soon overwhelmed them with their superior numbers. Such was the case in the siege of the great city of Wardein, which was taken and destroyed after the garrison had been defeated by being decoyed from the citadel. The completeness of the victories of this force was insured by the arrival of the southern army, which had been not less successful than the others, and which arrived in

time to participate in the culminating encounters of this war. The main armies on either side were drawing closer to each other, but there were disintegrating causes at work in the Hungarian army which daily detracted from its efficiency. Many of the nobles were in scarcely veiled rebellion against their liege lord, and apparently regarded with indifference the prospect of his defeat. The Hungarian army assembled on the wide heath of Mohi, near the vine-clad hills of Tokay; but it was marshalled with little skill. The principal commands were entrusted to warrior-bishops, who showed small military capacity; and Batu, on examining the enemy's position, is reported to have said, with some of the gleeful satisfaction of Napoleon on discovering the blunders of his opponents, that they were 'like a herd of cattle pent up in a narrow stable' 'whence there was not room to escape.' The battle began with every advantage on the side of the Mongols. Their artillery of balistas swept the field, and their superior tactics enabled them to outflank the position of the Hungarian army. When to their superiority in these respects was added the fact that many in the Christian army fought with little resolution, it will be evident that the statement that the Mongol victory was easily obtained is no exaggeration. The slaughter was immense; many of the Hungarian leaders were counted among the slain; and King Bela only escaped by the excellence of his horse.

Here again Mongol craft came in aid of Mongol valour. The seal of the Hungarian Chancellor was found among the spoil, and Batu turned it to a sinister use. He issued a proclamation in the king's name, and sealed with the royal seal, ordering the people of Hungary to remain in their homes, as there was no reason to anticipate danger from the Mongols. 'Do not fear,' it said, 'the rage and ferocity of these dogs; do not quit your homes; we have only been surprised; we shall soon, with God's help, recapture our camp. Continue to pray to God to assist us in destroying our enemies.' The Hungarians, deceived by this fictitious announcement, remained hoping and praying for better times, while the Mongols overran the country. A few days after the fight at Mohi, Pesth was in the possession of the conqueror. The town of Gran, the capital and chief place of trade of the country at that time, was next attacked and surrendered; but its citadel successfully defied the Mongols. At Buda they were more fortunate. Several small fortresses, defended by desperate men, resisted the Mongol attempts to storm them; and the invaders, without breaking their strength against impregnable

rocks, passed on to more important conquests. One of Batu's generals pursued Bela and the fugitive Hungarians through Croatia into Dalmatia, where the majority of them had sought safety in the city of Spalatro on the shores of the Adriatic. The Mongol general, after carefully examining it, came to the conclusion that both this town and the neighbouring one of Tran, whither Bela had retired on the approach of his enemies, were too strong for him to attack with his diminished forces. After waiting some weeks in the neighbourhood in the hope, no doubt, of drawing the Christians into the open field, the Mongol marched towards the south through Herzegovina and Servia, and, having laid Cattaro, among other places, in ruins, reached a place near the modern town of Scutari. This army then returned to Batu through Servia and Bulgaria.

At this moment, when Batu was on the point of beginning a fresh war with the power of Austria on the south, and that of the Teutonic knights on the north, the intelligence arrived that Ogotai Khan was dead; and the Mongols at once made preparations for their retreat. By this time Christendom was fully aroused to the greatness of the danger which threatened it, and a new league, under the headship of the Emperor and the Duke of Austria, was being formed for the defence of Europe. The Pope specially interested himself in it, and sent his blessing to all those who took part in the 'holy war.' Such, however, was the prevailing terror of the Mongols, and so numerous were the causes operating at that time to promote the disunion of Christendom, that it may be esteemed fortunate for Europe that this encounter was averted. Gibbon has told us in his immortal pages how fear of the Mongols, who had never fought on the sea, prevented the fishermen of Sweden attending the herring fishery off our coasts, and how in consequence the price of herrings became largely increased.

As soon as all the detachments had arrived, and when the necessary arrangements for conveying the immense quantity of plunder had been made, Batu began his return march from his head-quarters near Gran. Rapid as the movements of the Mongols always were in pursuit of a foe, their retirement was marked by deliberation and by a seeming disinclination to abandon a country which had proved so easy and so rich a prey. During their retreat they made it a point to destroy the little that had been either spared or neglected during their advance; and Bulgaria, Transylvania, and Russia had especial cause to remember and deplore the passage of their pitiless conquerors. The only event of any peculiar importance that marked their return was the brief campaign with

the forces of the Eastern Emperor Baldwin II., in which the Mongols were again triumphant.

Mr. Howorth enumerates, both in his first and also in his second volume, some of the causes of the apparently irresistible military power of the Mongols. These may be briefly summed up as follows: In the first place, and principally, the union amongst themselves in contrast with the dissensions of Christendom; and in the next, that their cavalry, in rapidity of motion as well as general effectiveness, was immeasurably superior to that formed by the heavy-armed knights of the Middle Ages. Their discipline and knowledge of the science of war were also the best of their kind in the world. Nor were these their only advantages. Much as it might be supposed that the knights and *condottieri* of Europe would be superior in the quality of their weapons to Asiatic hordes, the contrary appears beyond dispute to have been the case. In the magnificent collection of arms in the Peterhof palace there is, Mr. Howorth tells us, no contemporary armour to be compared with that of the Mongols of this period. They were armed with crooked swords, bows and arrows, and slings. Their arrow was longer than the one used in the West, and it was made of iron, bone, or horn. Their engines for the attack of cities were in their age unequalled, and no people had studied more carefully the best modes of attacking fortified places. In short, they were, as soldiers, immeasurably superior in all essentials to every other force in the world. Over the unwieldy man-at-arms and the badly armed and wretched retainer of the feudal states of Europe it was no difficult task to ask such troops as these to triumph. A similar lesson is inculcated by the campaigns of Khulagu Khan in Persia and Armenia, where the Mongols experienced as little difficulty in routing their opponents and in upsetting dynasties as they had in Europe.

Batu Khan died ten years after these successes, and from his family the long line of princes of the Golden Horde traced their descent. His brother Bereke, who succeeded him after a short interval, was the first of the Mongols to adopt Mahomedanism, and to this circumstance, as much as to anything else, may be attributed the schism which eventually occurred between the eastern and western divisions of the Empire—the eastern becoming, for a brief space, the empire of China, and then sinking back into its old condition as a collection of petty clans; while the western formed the independent khanates of Russia and Western Asia, which preserved the semblance, at the least, of royal authority down to our own day.

It must not be supposed that even the great victories of

Batu had reconciled the princes of Russia and Poland to the loss of their former greatness. After Batu's death they indulged the hope that they would be able to drive out the Tartars, and several minor successes raised their hopes to a higher point than before. But the Mongols assembled their fighting men, and, under the leadership of a general named Burundai, proved themselves to be as formidable in the field as ever. On this occasion the Tartars devastated the whole country as far as Cracow; and then they appear, from a letter written by the Pope to Bela, to have made overtures to the Hungarian king for an alliance against the rest of Europe. These were in strict accordance with their customary policy, as during their progress westward they had uniformly recruited their armies from the subjected or defeated nations. They offered Bela their alliance on particularly favourable conditions, and nothing but his Christianity, the only bond in Europe at this troubled epoch, forbade him to conclude what might have proved, in a worldly sense, a highly advantageous compact. The people of Russia had practically concluded a similar arrangement, and were to be found in the vanguard of the Mongol army. Bereke was on the point of leading a fresh expedition into Poland, when, in consequence of the feuds among the great Mongol leaders, his attention was called away to other affairs. For the first time actual war broke out between two of the generals of the Khakhan. In the fierce hostilities which were carried on by Bereke against Khulagu, the governor of Khorasan, Europe found a surer means of safety than in the decrees of Popes or the disconnected efforts of the numerous potentates of Central Europe. In this war the greater success belonged to Bereke, who died before it had concluded. The schism in the Mongol camp had the effect of completing the separation of the two divisions of the Mongol empire, and it had the other result of making Bereke a practically independent ruler in Russia and on the Tartar steppes.

Concurrently with the events described, the Mongol governors in Khwarezm, which had fallen to the share of Chaghtai, were founding an autonomous administration, which became in later times the possession of the long line of Chaghtai Khans—of whom a descendant still exercises nominal authority in the Khanate of Khiva. In Khorasan and Persia similar disintegrating causes were at work, so that, before the fourteenth century was very old, the power of the Mongols for offence had resolved itself into at least half-a-dozen parts, without any connecting links between them. Symptoms of decay rapidly re-

vealed themselves among these kingdoms, and the Golden Horde reached its highest point of prosperity and vigour during the rule of Usbeg Khan and his son Yanibeg. From the death of the latter it rapidly declined, until at length the Russian princes, who, by a politic deference to the behests of the Tartar Khans, had managed to preserve their positions, found themselves strong enough to rid their country of the incubus of Asiatic domination. The task of emancipating the country began with the great victory of Prince Dimitri at Kulikof, and it reached its consummation two centuries later, when Ivan the Terrible conquered the Khanates of Kazan and Astrakhan. The Mongols had destroyed the ancient feudalism of Russia, but the new monarchy of Russia was formed out of the ruins of their despotism. A few years after the victory at Kulikof, Russia was menaced by the armies of Timour, who marched to within a short distance of Moscow, but then withdrew without coming into collision with the Russian princes. Timour had, however, shattered the military power of the Golden Horde, thus paving the way for the ultimate success of the Russian rulers.

Among the Mongol kingdoms of Central Asia, none reached a higher point of prosperity and grandeur than the Khanates of Bokhara and of Khwarezm or Khiva. After being merged in the conquests of Timour, the latter became the spoil of the ambitious spirits of the whole of the neighbouring countries. To establish an independent state in the fertile delta of the Oxus was the first object with them all. Sheibani, the Usbeg leader, conquered this region and established in it an administration of his own, and to this day the dominant caste is composed of Usbegs, the descendants of his followers. At a later period, Ilbars, one of the Usbeg leaders, was raised to the dignity of Khan of Khwarezm, and became the founder of the present ruling house. Among the most notable of the princes of this line was Hadji Mahomed Khan, who flourished in the closing years of the sixteenth century. He was notable, however, as much for his misfortunes as his virtues. The ruler of Bokhara, although an Usbeg of the same stock as himself, was his bitterest foe, and affected to regard Khwarezm as a tributary province; and, not finding as ready an acceptance of his claims as he conceived to be his due, he invaded and for a time occupied that state. This event occurred in the year 1594 A.D., when Hadji Mahomed fled with his tale of woe to the court of the Persian king, Shah Abbas I. Out of these events arose a war between Persia and Bokhara, and an attempt on the part of Hadji Mahomed to re-establish

his authority in Khwarezm. The latter partially succeeded through the opportune assistance of the Turcomans; but when these uncertain auxiliaries had retreated with their plunder, the Bokharan army returned in increased force, and promptly restored the authority of their master. The death of the Bokharan prince simplified his task, and upon Hadji Mahomed renewing the attempt he experienced little difficulty in recovering his former position. It was during the lifetime of this prince that one of the first English travellers in Central Asia, Jenkinson, reached Khiva, of which he has given us a very graphic and interesting description.

The best known of all the rulers of Khwarezm is, however, the celebrated historian, Abul Ghazi Khan, whose history has greatly simplified the task of mastering the progress of the events which have here been touched upon. He ascended the throne at a moment of trouble, when the Turcomans were in actual possession of more than half the state, and when it seemed doubtful whether the Khivan Usbeks would be able to regain their shaken position. The Bokharans also returned, hoping to profit by the season of trouble which they saw at hand. Abul Ghazi, mainly by his own skilful dispositions, for the force engaged was extremely small, succeeded in defeating the Bokharans, driving out the Turcomans, and establishing his own authority on a sound basis. He then extended his operations into the desert, bringing many of the Turcomans into subjection, and restoring tranquillity generally throughout the whole of this region. Towards the close of his life he declared war upon Bokhara, and completely turned the tables upon that hereditary enemy of his family, defeating its army in several battles and occupying its chief city.

In the present century Allah Kuli Khan was ruler of Khiva at the time when interest first began to be taken in the movements of Russia in Central Asia. Some years before the first of our wars in Afghanistan, this prince had marched across the desert on Merv, where he established a custom house. He founded another at Sarakhs, further west, a town now in the possession of Persia. His attention was called away from this direction by the preparations the Russians were making at Mangishlak on the Caspian, and also on the Orenburg steppe, for the protection of their commerce, and for the repression of the Khivan slave-trade. General Peroffsky, the governor of Orenburg, was fully resolved to put a stop to these evils if he possibly could. Negotiations failing, he set out with an expedition computed to consist of six thousand fighting men; but he was unable to accomplish his design. During

his retreat the greater portion of his force perished, and the Russian preparations for invading the khanates were thrown back at the least ten years. Allah Kuli Khan showed a very friendly disposition towards this country, and it was at the instigation of our officers, Captains Abbott and Shakespear, that the Russian prisoners, long confined in Khiva, were released. The present Khan is Allah Kuli's nephew, and is named Seyyid Mahomed Rahim Khan. His reign has proved unfortunate in that it has seen the disappearance of all his temporal authority before the power of Russia. The campaign of 1873, carried out by General Kaufmann with great success, closed with the attenuation of the Khan's dominions, and the imposition of a war indemnity, which made Khiva a vassal state of the Czar. It can now be held to be merely the shadow of one of the last relics of Mongol conquest.

In the same way Bokhara, where another line of the great Mongol conquerors still holds a nominal supremacy, and the comparatively young state of Khokand, founded by a military adventurer in the last century, have both become merged in the Russian Empire, which has thus erased almost all the landmarks of the Mongol conquests that remained north of the Oxus; while if we turn in another direction, south of the Oxus, the Mongol states of Afghan Turkestan have become subjected to the Afghan Duranis. In India, where one of the most remarkable of all the Mongol successes was attained, although more than a century after the decline of the military cohesion of the race, the great work achieved by Baber and consolidated in the hands of his grandson Akbar found its apogee in the triumph of British arms and policy in the palace at Delhi. We have already seen that in China it fared as badly as elsewhere—the splendid deeds of Kublai alone saving the Yuen dynasty from being classed among the miserable families which have so often been placed by fortune at the head of the destinies of that country. The great fabric erected by Genghis and maintained with renewed lustre by his immediate successors is now level with the dust. The name of Mongol has been long deprived of its terrible significance among the peoples both of Europe and of Asia. The nomad who, in the days of his youthful strength, carried everything before him, and laughed to scorn the military science of the settled inhabitants, has for many generations been compelled to recognise that not only have the conditions of war changed to his disadvantage, but that his old energy and motive power have vanished. Without troubling himself about the prizes

of war, the Mongol shepherd is now well content to be left in undisturbed possession of his own pasturage.

At the present time the whole of the Mongol conquests, with the exception of Persia and a narrow strip of territory proceeding from that state in a north-eastern direction to the Pamir, is divided between the three empires of England, Russia, and China; and probably before many years the remainder will have shared the same fate. Nothing will serve to show the extent of the Mongol conquest and influence more clearly than the fact that they embraced two of the largest of modern empires and our greatest dependency. So far as it is possible to judge, the Mongol tribes of to-day retain the same qualities which made their ancestors great soldiers and administrators. They have the same physical strength, and capacity for enduring great privations, and simplicity of life, that made the tribesmen of Kabul, Yissugei, and Genghis the most formidable soldiery in the world. But while their martial qualities, though dormant, remain as vigorous as ever, they have forgotten the science of war, which was one of their own creations, and are destitute of those weapons which were once the best of their kind in the world. So long as they labour under these disadvantages, the Mongol and neighbouring tribes, including the Kirghiz and Kalmuks, must perforce, were they ever so bellicosely inclined, remain in peaceful pursuits at home in their own remote and little-known valleys. The world is, therefore, never likely to see a repetition of the Mongol raids on anything approaching the large scale of six centuries ago.

It must not be forgotten, and recent events have brought the subject very much home to us, that these Mongol tribes are, and have for two centuries been, subjects of the Chinese Empire. Some of them are enlisted in the regular army of that Power, and many more are engaged in service on the frontier. They have therefore become the soldiers and faithful subjects of the Peking Government, which in its policy during the last two thousand years has never affected to conceal that the only limits it recognised to its empire were those imposed by its strength—a conviction similar to that upon which the policy of Genghis was based, and which may have been only an imitation carried out in a more trenchant manner. Now the Chinese Government is in a position, and will shortly be still better situated, to supply the deficiencies which render the Mongols of necessity a pastoral people. To a slight extent this has already been done, and all the tribes of the northern frontier from Lake Saissan and Kobdo to Manchuria are not

only able, but willing, to serve the Chinese Government faithfully and well. The future attitude of these tribes depends entirely on the policy pursued at Peking, for their aspirations, whatever they may be, have become merged in and subservient to the wishes and decrees of the Celestial Empire. The Mongol tribes are consequently of importance in the present and the future chiefly as being one of the instruments available for the carrying out of the policy of China. That their obedience will be more sincere in proportion as the task allotted to them is popular with them may be taken for granted.

Of the use to which the Chinese will seek to turn their authority over the excellent material for soldiers to be found among these tribes some evidence has already been furnished by their recent campaigns in Central Asia. The re-conquest of lost provinces is an alluring game, which, if attended with success, is sure to lead to the discovery of further claims only awaiting a favourable opportunity to be put forward and enforced. There is some reason for believing that such is the case on the present occasion, and that even the surrender of Kuldja would far from exhaust the dormant claims of which the present government at Peking might consider itself to be the heir. The lapse of time can alone show how far the Chinese Empire has consolidated its hold upon the possessions beyond the Great Wall. Should that position be as firm as it appears to be, one of the first steps taken will be the levying of a much larger force than before from the Tartar tribes. When that has been done, and Tso Tsung Tang has moulded them into a state of some efficiency, a very formidable military power will have been created in the very quarter whence Genghis Khan came six centuries ago in his struggle with the other races of the world. It will lose little, if any, of its formidable character because it will be guided by the settled convictions of Chinese policy instead of by the ambition and love of military fame of a 'desert chief.'

In glancing over the wide extent of country, and the vast quantity of detail in Mr. Howorth's volumes, which include events of great historical importance side by side with the adventures of petty marauding clans, and with the quarrels of their leaders, the one fact which throws a vivifying ray across the dense pages of this chronicle is that on that same north-western quarter of the Chinese Empire whence the Mongol tornado came to burst over a disunited Europe and an effete Asia, there now hangs a cloud which threatens, sooner or later, to develop portentous proportions. Guided by the persistent energy of the Manchus, it may yet absorb the whole of

Northern Asia, and possibly Western Asia as well, in a common conflagration. The division of the heritage left by the mighty Mongol to his children is already complete, but two at least of the present inheritors have given no symptoms that they are satisfied with their share. Nor can it be assumed that the old Mongol idea is extinct, when the Chinese Government is doing everything in its power to show that nothing has been forgotten, while much has been learnt, at Peking. The sentiments of the Mongols themselves do but echo the decrees of the Chinese; and with a motive power supplied, and the resources of a great administration at their back, these tribes would furnish a military force relatively as formidable as that whose great achievements Mr. Howorth has been the latest to record with an amplitude of detail which will find no imitators. The lessons of the old Mongol conquests remain for our edification, and they have a practical bearing on the present aspect of the political relations between Russia, China, and British India—the three heirs of the Empire formed by Genghis Khan and by the conquerors who were his successors.

ART. VII.—1. *Germany, Present and Past.* By S. BARING GOULD, M.A. Two vols. London: 1879.

2. *Berlin under the New Empire.* By HENRY VIZETELLY. Two vols. London: 1879.

3. *Études sur l'Empire d'Allemagne.* Par J. COHEN. Paris: 1879.

4. *Die gute alte Zeit.* Von MORITZ BUSCH. Two vols. Berlin: 1880.

IN our composite human society, nothing is intended to stand alone. As expressed by Shelley, however different the application,

‘Nothing in this world is single,
All things, by a law divine,
In one another’s being mingle.’

As meats want salt, and fruits sugar, so every creature wants other creatures, every thing other things, every quality other qualities. The masculine, seen alone, is selfishness and tyranny—the feminine, weakness and slavery. All things need their helpmate, and extremes furnish none to each other. The great natural elements of social happiness and political stability are union and mutual dependence. But whether in perusing works on the condition and characteristics of Germany, or in

mixing in German society, the feature most apparent to reader and observer is the absence of union and mutual dependence, equally in a territorial, political, and social sense. The numerous States into which the country is divided are typical of its further and more intricate forms of division. As the Empire itself is not united, so is there nothing united within it—neither church and people; higher and lower classes; nor man and woman. Each stands alone and apart, where all, for the true ends of government and life, are intended to stand together. The various German States, of which Prussia is now the nominal head, have one common military system and one common literature, but *præterea nihil*—the first, purely material and artificial, as a bond, however strong—the second, purely intellectual and negative, however genuine. But, beyond these, the elements of interseparation are so universally prevalent that the only illustration that may be said to be common to all the parts alike is that of the bundle of sticks.

It is not long—not more than within the memory of the elders of the present generation—that the nations of Europe may be said to have attained a closer knowledge of their respective characters, institutions, and modes of life. The increased facilities of travel and post—with a larger acquisition of each other's languages, especially on our part—have been in this respect the chief factors; and we English, who, with the exception of the Crimean war, have been at peace with all alike, have had the best opportunity of profiting by such means of enlightenment. Our opinion of our German brethren has accordingly undergone considerable changes. We know now how thorough they are, as a race, in study and investigation—how flimsy are our national modes of instruction compared with theirs—how they do all the world's brain work in poring, weighing, and sifting—and how no subject, whether in art, science, or history, can be considered to have received full elucidation till it has passed through the crucible of the German mind. But, at the same time, we have come to the conviction that the Germans are an unpractical race—that they have something even Hibernian in their confusion between the relations of means to ends—that they instruct admirably, but educate abominably—have the most liberty, or rather license, in tenets, even to the theorising all tenets away, and the least independence in action—that they doubt before they believe, and generally at the cost of believing anything at all—that they rebel against that indispensable necessity for 'sinful man beneath the sky,' namely, that of taking something for granted as the basis for all sound thought—and yet,

in their daily lives, endure patiently the most arbitrary postulates of bureaucratic authority and interference, even to the extent of not daring to cut their own grapes without official permission. We perceive that, whilst indefatigable in analysing the proofs of their own existence, they were content for centuries to believe not only in the existence, but in the efficacy, of the greatest myth of modern ages—namely, in the Holy Roman Empire; of which Voltaire said that it had nothing to do with Rome, and still less with holiness; and, he might have added, as little with empire, since it governed neither territory nor people. And, finally, we have become convinced that while no nation has more dreamed, sung, and boasted, and not that only, but more suffered, sacrificed, and bled for ‘das Vaterland,’ no nation has more miserably failed in the means to unite it. We must look into the causes for such anomalies before attempting to describe the effects.

The impressions of early education are hard to obliterate. This is as true of nations as of individuals. A child brought up in daily contact with slaves never develops the higher qualities of civilised man. The degradation reacts on himself; and the falser his position the less is he able or willing to break through it. He remains, whether Hindoo, Turk, or Russian, more or less a barbarian; careless of the feelings of others, and, more than careless, hostile to the rights and liberties of the weak and lowly. The curse of serfdom lay so heavy on Germany, and lasted to so late a period, that at neither extreme of the social scale has the nation recovered from it. The true exercise of their civil rights is not yet understood by the lower orders, and the forfeiture of their barbarous powers not yet forgiven by the upper classes. The two remain as far apart as if the one were still ‘villeins,’ and the others ‘free men.’ Between them has arisen a comparatively scanty class, though comprising the chief intelligence of the country; but which fails to unite the wide-apart ends, for the obvious reason that it is never recruited from above, and but sparsely from below, and therefore only furnishes a third class standing as hopelessly separate as the others.

M. de Tocqueville is the only French writer we have met with who calls attention to the fact that England alone is free from that fatal class-system under which the other nations of Europe have suffered and are suffering—the only country where feudal institutions have merged into an *aristocracy* instead of degenerating into a *caste*. To this happy distinction between English nobility and foreign noblesse—terms, in their real meaning, as wide as the poles asunder—he ascribes, far

more than to our parliamentary institutions and trial by jury, the dissimilarity in respect of law, liberty, and national history, between England and other countries. And more apposite still than the verdict of the enlightened Frenchman is that of a German. The well-known writer, Herr Vehse, in his history of the Court of Hanover—linked necessarily with the Court and nobility of England—speaks with a knowledge and candour alike absent from most German discussions on the subject.

‘It is in itself most interesting to become more nearly acquainted with an aristocracy, which, as such, occupies the highest position in the world, and enjoys a popularity never accorded to any other aristocracy, whether in Athens, Rome, the Low Countries, or Venice. This popularity on the part of the English nobility has simply and naturally arisen from the fact that *they have taken a diametrically opposite course to that pursued by the German noblesse*. [The italics are his own.] The banner of the German noble, under which, for centuries, he contended with his sovereign, was exemption from the payment of taxes. The English nobleman, on the other hand, has, equally for centuries, thought it beneath his dignity to claim this exemption from participation in the support of the State. On the contrary, he started with the principle that those who possessed most should contribute most.’

Further, Herr Vehse says, and this is the key to the whole situation :—

‘The German noble held and still holds, toughly and stiffly, that all his beloved children must be nobles as well as himself. Such a form of paternal solicitude is not only unknown to the English nobleman, but repudiated by him.’

In his researches into the annals of the principal German Courts this writer is led to further conclusions. Animadverting on the meagreness of information contained in the various documents, despatches, letters, and even travels, to which he obtained access in the process of drawing up his large and full work, he gives it as his resulting conviction that the English are the only nation who possess the genuine materials for genuine history.

‘They are the deepest discerners, and at the same time the freest and most courageous reporters. Their great political life has both enlarged and sharpened their perceptions, and given them a higher and sounder standard by which to measure the affairs of the world. . . . The fact that the Germans have had no independent and compact higher class, united in large political and mutual interests with the other classes of the land, like that in England, which forms a strong power between Court and people, has worked disastrously upon us. Court and noblesse were one in Germany (as in France). Princes were served by the dependent, and therefore by the dumb. And the pre-

judice against free speech went so far that when a few writers after the Revolutions of 1789 and 1830—such as Herr v. Massenbach and Baron Hormayr—ventured to publish some facts on Court and State matters with which they were too well acquainted, an outcry was raised against their *schlechte Gesinnung* (bad taste).*

The bad taste consisting in speaking unpalatable and uncourtier-like truths.

This writer hits the nail on the head here. All the ambition of the higher classes in Germany (as formerly in France) has been to form part of a Court life, however degrading that life might be. Lord Malmesbury says: 'The Prussian nobles place all their pride in the personal grandeur of their monarch. Their ignorance stifles in them all idea of liberty or opposition.' Instead, therefore, of standing, an independent power, between the liberties of the people and the encroachments of the throne—as our history shows the English nobility to have done—they have played exactly the contrary part. Hence the monstrous type of German petty sovereigns which their memoirs reveal, and the utter misery of the serfs, and even of the peasants at the present day, which is far too little known.

But to return to our topic. A caste of noblesse, as constituted in Germany—one, namely, where titles, and, with solitary exceptions, property, are alike divided between every member of the family—can only tend by the laws of political gravity to many evil results, and to one more especially. Like land perpetually cropped with the same product, and with an ever decreasing supply of *engrais*, both soil and plant degenerate. The very origin of the word 'caste,' which is Spanish, tells at once the tale of the pride, poverty, and decay of a nation where the number of dukes amounts to eighty-two, that of marquises to about eleven hundred, and where the *caballeros* are numberless.† For in assuming to move in a separate orbit never to be crossed by inferior bodies in space, and in carrying out this system as among the German noblesse, consequences are entailed which

* Introduction to History of Prussian Court, vol. i.

† Spain is said to contain 479,000 nobles. See a curious little book by Sir James Lawrence 'On the Nobility of the British Gentry, or the Political Ranks and Dignities of the British Empire compared with those on the Continent; for the use of foreigners in Great Britain, and of Britons abroad: particularly of those who desire to be presented at foreign Courts, to accept foreign military service, to be invested with foreign titles, to be admitted into foreign orders, to purchase foreign property, or to intermarry with foreigners.' Paris: 1828.

adversely affect the liberties and cohesion of the whole nation, threaten the stability of the State, and must inevitably end in their own eclipse. We have only slightly to analyse the nature and philosophy of rank to understand why this must be.

The prestige of rank is not what you assume and take to yourself, but what others concede to you. When a title is the voucher for power, wealth, dignities, and responsibilities, the one individual who bears it, and in whom all these distinctions centre, becomes invested with a prestige which human nature, comprising even republican nature, does not readily resist. But when that same title is divided between fifty individuals, all, as a matter of course, alike devoid of these powerful claims to consideration, its prestige, no less as a matter of course, will be found to be equally divided by fifty also. For it is not in human nature to admit that a guinea, under certain family agreements, is changeable into twenty-one guineas—all as pure and genuine as the original—still less into any greater number. Germans, however, or rather Germans bearing titles, virtually believe in the possession of this philosopher's stone, and talk of our nobility and their noblesse as convertible terms, when, in truth, there are few designations so wide asunder in meaning, and few things so opposite in effect. English nobility is as much confined to one representative as the English throne is to the one monarch. One man alone inherits the honours and glories, the burdens and responsibilities of the title, and transmits them all at his death to one man only again. His other descendants he leaves to return to the common stock, not because he loves them less than his eldest son, which the German avers, but because it is the price which, for their good and for the general good, he pays, as his father did before him, for his high place. German noblesse, on the other hand, acknowledges no head, or, what comes to the same thing, an unlimited number of heads, and may be compared to a species of coral polypus—no matter into how many pieces you cut it, each piece becomes equal to the whole, not only in importance, but in power of producing fresh polypi, each as good as the original. One is not so much inclined to laud the common sense which led the English race to the conviction that a body of British peers, under six hundred in number, peeresses, in their own right, included, was quite as much as a country could maintain, as to wonder that any reflecting and educated race should really think otherwise. Sound statesmanship is an eminently practical craft. It deals with the desirable and the feasible—the possible barely enters into its calculations—and upon the impossible it wastes no thought. Now, if there

be one thing more impossible than another in the judgment of a true statesman, it is the compatibility of an innumerable body of noblesse (according to Sir James Lawrence, in Austria alone 239,000 male nobles) either with the dignity of its own order or the welfare of society.* Indeed, he would pronounce such a body to be—as Germans are aware all sensible Englishmen do pronounce it—no nobility at all, but only a mass of false pretences, inconsistent with real patriotism, and obstructive to national union. For the curious but necessary consequence is, that, however superfluously numerous these multiplied wholes which we have described, the German noble never trusts them to mix with other varieties of création, but locks up his particular species of polypi as carefully as a German *Hausfrau* does her drawers and cupboards. And as this noblesse acknowledges no heads, it consequently finds no terminations. The extremest twigs of a Saxe-anything—however far removed from the parent tree—and however poor and dependent in all that befits exalted station—have no power to lay aside their dignity and return to mother earth to rise again with renewed vigour, but are compelled by the laws of their inexorable caste to go on and on—Princely Highnesses, Serenities, Transparencies, Illustriousnesses, Gracious Lords and Gracious Ladies, ‘High-borns,’ and ‘High-Well-borns’—without stopping, for ever and ever, like the Flying Burgomaster of their own tale.

And further, when all these multiplied claims to honour and precedence cannot stand by their own strength, but require to be upheld by arbitrary means—like the enforced circulation of a mass of depreciated coinage—they act as a crushing burden upon the people, as a pretext for unequal laws, as a veto upon constitutional government, and as the perpetual provocative to disunion and disintegration. By an inevitable chain of cause and effect, these several consequences follow as certainly as any immutable deductions from fixed principles. For no just workings of constitutional liberty are compatible with the maintenance of a landless and impoverished noblesse, necessarily dependent on favours and privileges which only an absolute or semi-absolute monarch can bestow.

* We have no means of ascertaining the exact figure of the German noblesse, but it appears from a supplement to the *Almanach de Gotha*, that, omitting babes and young children, there died 370 barons and baronesses, and 293 counts and countesses—in all 663 nobles—between November 1872 and November 1873; also that 74 countships and more baronies became extinct within the same period.

It is true these favours and privileges are not what they were in the '*gute alte Zeit*.' The birthright to a fiftieth part of a title no longer gives exemption from payment of taxes, to the exclusive right of holding land, or to the entire monopoly of the highest offices in war and peace; but it still entitles an individual to precedence over others, the more galling in proportion to its pettiness and absurdity. The theatre of an insignificant State, like Saxe-Weimar, is no longer divided into two parts with separate entrances, in order to protect the sanctity of the '*vons*' from the defilement of the non-'*vons*.' But the separation between the classes is actually the same. Prussia, of all the German States, has been indebted to the lowly-born for her advancement in political power and consequence. Distelmeyer, a tailor's son, conducted the government as Chancellor of Brandenburg. Spanheim, a Geneva pastor's son, first made her diplomatically honoured in peace and war. Bartoldi, a Berlin burgomaster's son, obtained for the Elector the royal crown from Vienna; and similar instances might be mentioned. Nevertheless, such a fact, for instance, as this at the present day strikes the English mind as the strangest perversion of common sense and taste—namely, that gentlemen, not of so-called noblesse, whose indispensable brains have forced their way into the ranks of advisers and ministers of the Crown, are still not considered eligible for admission to court, and not met with in society; so that the monarch virtually asserts the preposterous principle that men who are good enough to govern the country are not good enough to associate, even on the most formal footing, with himself, or with those who surround him. Judging from modern history, a government which tolerates such elements of weakness and discord as Germany now staggers under, and which France fell under, is foredoomed to a revolutionary retribution of which the symptoms are in many respects obvious.

It is true that Germany has given the world a spectacle of union, and therefore strength, by rising, both at the war of Liberation and in 1870, as one man against the common enemy. But this only proves that a people can and will do more to defend their country than to achieve their own liberties. The processes are very different. The one is to a certain degree compulsory, both in the nature of a command which must be obeyed, and of an epidemic which cannot be resisted; *

* There were other propelling causes. Our newspaper correspondents in the Franco-German war frequently bore witness to the sticks used by the officers in driving on the rank and file. We know

the other demands ripeness of time, strength of leaders, and that definite and practical purpose, of all things most foreign to parties so split up as in this race of great brain and small enlightenment. The world knows the ingratitude with which the Prussian monarchy, especially, requited the national sacrifices which, in response to the King's appeal, wiped out the disgrace of Jena, and restored to him territory and power. It was a fair illustration of the old proverb of his Satanic Majesty when he was sick and after he was well. Not only was it the deliverance of the land from the yoke of France that led the German people to give their blood and hard-spared treasure, but the promise of deliverance from the yoke of their own sovereigns in the shape of constitutional freedom and liberty of press. If the war of Liberation be one of the most noble and touching popular episodes that history records, the treachery of the princes that ensued is one of the most disgraceful. There is no part of the late Prince Consort's mind more to be admired, and in a German prince to be wondered at, than the courage and openness with which, in letters in the last volume of his Life, he reminded the present Emperor of Germany, first as regent and then as king, of the promises made by his line to their people, and never fulfilled. The princes could resume their thrones, all braced and strengthened as those thrones had been by the sacrifices of the people, but the people had no liberties to fall back upon, and less power than ever to obtain them. There appears to be that radical lack of sound political knowledge in the minds of despots and semi-despots which leads them invariably to seek to repress the symptoms of a disease, instead of removing the causes for it. Thus the popular discontent excited by their bad faith became their pretext for further injustice. The very action also of a great army in time of war, composed of such social elements as Germany furnishes, entails a forced and inevitable return to something like feudal tyranny and vassal subjection, the effects of which are slow to disappear. The maintenance of a huge standing force, besides the burden to

also that in the war with the French raw revolutionary troops, in 1792, 'the German soldiers were only kept to their guns by the 'discipline of the cane.' (Moore's 'Revolution in France,' vol. ii. p. 146.) To this day also, despite the denial of Major von Vietinghof in a controversy lately raised in the 'Times' regarding the brutal violence of Prussian officers towards their soldiers, the fact remains undeniable, as English officers can testify. Many a poor German peasant and servant also knows what it is to receive blows from a noble, and to have no redress.

the country, and the diversion of its people from peaceful and independent pursuits, contributes the more to raise the pretensions of an overgrown caste, which acknowledges military service, with the exception of diplomacy and court places, the only occupation befitting their dignity; and where in certain regiments no non-noble (as before the Revolution in France) can obtain a commission.

If we wish to ascertain the degree of social cohesion existing in a state, we have only to measure it by the customs which regulate what should be the closest of all ties in a Christian land—namely, that of marriage. Granting that it is not desirable that any man or woman should marry out of their sphere of life, it follows that the wider that sphere be extended, the better it is for the country. The habit and policy of this principle are so deeply rooted in the constitution of English society that we forget even to enquire into the causes which have led to it. Marriages from mercenary motives may be plentiful, and marriages from family policy not unknown, but, as a rule, all who meet in English society can marry; and all meet, or can meet, who have average means and culture. We have no lack of scapegraces and even snobs in our peerage, but none, it may be said, such a snob as to think himself lowered, or his rank endangered, by marrying a virtuous, cultivated, but untitled lady. The solution of this fact, so opposite to that which prevails in Germany, lies both in the constitution of our nobility, and in the existence of that untitled gentry, partly fed by them, which is found on the same scale of quality, wealth, education and numbers in no other country. The German noble has no conception of rank so limited and defined that no pretender can assume it without certain detection, and yet so open and elastic that a Duke may marry the daughter of a commoner without any imputation of a *mésalliance*. He knows nothing of good blood independent of all title, and often better than title, nor of titles that take care of themselves without the bolts and bars of an entrenched caste. Though the rules of our peerage are almost mathematical in their precision, and, in comparison with the ‘*Almanach de Gotha*,’ may be read as we run, he never troubles himself to master them, but pronounces them an arbitrary jumble past all comprehension. His one stock argument is indignation at the unnatural conduct of the English nobleman for not bestowing his title on all his children alike. He sees no objection to noble lords becoming as plentiful as blackberries, or as German counts and barons; he is not startled by the prospect of an unlimited expansion of the House of Peers; nor intimidated

by the embarrassing consequences that would follow such a vindication of the supposed rights of nature. Nor does the puzzle and offence stop here. There are boundaries to a German's powers of comprehension. He may soar to the utmost heights of speculation, and dive to the deepest depths of metaphysics, but the courtesy titles of the elder sons and of the cadets of English noble families are more than his mind can master. He believes indeed that he is better informed on these subjects than you are; smiles incredulously at the definition of 'Spencer Compton Cavendish, commonly called Marquis of Hartington;' assures you blandly that Lord Augustus Loftus, late ambassador to Petersburg, is a peer, and always left his card in foreign capitals as 'Lord Loftus;' and protests with all the earnestness of outraged morality against the possibility of the grandsons of dukes returning to mother earth without so much as a 'von' to console them.

In vain you explain that the title of an English nobleman is a *distinction*, and therefore held apart from his family name—that he remains Robert Cecil by name, though Marquis of Salisbury by rank and title, and that he confers his patronymic of Cecil as impartially among his offspring as if it were plain Smith or Brown. The mind that revels in the mysteries of Pure Reason refuses to admit the existence of a difference between a surname and a title. In vain also you point out the benefits which accrue both to the family and to society by the concentration of dignity and wealth. The view of ancestral estates, grand chateaux, fine libraries, means of educating and power of well placing his younger children, and, best of all, independence of crown favour and place—all these have no chance against the sublime contemplation of father, grandfather, uncles, great-uncles, children, grandchildren, brothers, half-brothers, cousins, second cousins, nephews, great-nephews—besides no end of more distant connexions—all as good barons, counts, transparencies, serenities, &c., &c., and all as dependent on court and army as himself; but all, be it remembered—for it is the key to the whole situation—equidistant from the great herd of nobodies outside. Accordingly, he lifts up his heart in satisfaction at his own superior position, and mentally thanks God that he is not as English noblemen are.

And yet it is, as we need hardly remind the reader, in this very combination of two orders in one family—the peer-father and the commoner-son—that lies, in part, the solution of that close union between lords and commons, nobility and gentry, which constitutes our best strength. In Mr. Baring

Gould's words, 'that incessant circulation of social currents in England which keeps the whole body sweet.'

And if the German mind refuses to comprehend the rules of our nobility, quite as little does it comprehend the quality of our gentry, or upper middle class. Indeed we have ourselves too little cared to assert its real place in the order of precedence. We know to a man who represent the peerage of Great Britain, but Tocqueville says truly of our aristocracy that we know not where it begins or leaves off. If to be noble, in a German sense, it is only necessary to be descended from a peer—if title and name be really the same—then our middle and even lowest class is permeated with noble blood, and every Howard, Seymour, or Russell who figures in the 'Court Guide,' and even in the 'Trades' Directory,' is, Germanly speaking, a duke.

But we may remind the reader, especially if he be connected with German 'Adel,' that our British gentry have higher claims to social rank than merely descent from peers—or ascent to them. According to the laws of heraldry, they are noble in their own right. 'Nobiles sunt, qui arma gentilicia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt.*' It is only the German ignorance of true heraldic rules which has led them to imagine that English gentlemen thus bearing arms—though without titles—do not stand on the same level with all titled Germans, as they do, in point of fact, with our own nobility. 'A German baron, a French count, and an Italian marchese are nearly equal in rank, and when of good quality are all highly respectable, but not more so than our English squire was, even after the Restoration, and would still be considered if the visitations of the Heralds and the regulations of the Courts of Honour were properly enforced.'†

Again, the account given by Edmonson, 'Mowbfay Herald,' in his 'Complete Book of Heraldry,' shows that, by the rules of tournaments, the British 'Gens' are on a par with the noblesse, and even with the 'Immediates,' of Germany. In old German corporations, versed in the laws of precedence, these facts are perfectly well known. At the ancient University of Göttingen, where a succession of Englishmen have studied, the Pro-rector usually puts the question if they are Esquires at home, and on their answering in the affirmative he enters them as 'noble.' The rank of an English gentleman is also tacitly

* Coke upon Littleton.

† 'The Nobility of the British Gentry,' by Sir James Lawrence, p. 127.

acknowledged by his being admitted as *hoffähig* in any German Court, simply on the understanding that he is so at his own; nor is the *Ebenbürtigkeit*, or marriage-equality of any English lady with a petty German baron—unfortunately for her!—ever disputed.

We have brought forward these facts, not because we attach to them anything more than the proper pride of good blood—for the Germans have indeed created a kind of *noblesse-naissance* in the English breast—but simply because in our intercourse with them we have been as much to blame as they in allowing them to ignore the real status of the British gentry. The truth is that the Germans cannot admit in another nation what they have not in their own. And they have neither aristocracy nor nobility, only an unlimited caste of *noblesse*.

To return to the subject of marriage. The conditions attached to this tie in Germany are the main instruments by which class-exclusiveness is perpetuated. A 'Herr von,' their lowest grade of noblesse, is separated from the commoners next below him by a gulf never crossed, except on rare occasions by a very solid golden bridge, and that removed as soon as it has effected its purpose. For no matrimonial elevation on the part of a 'city heiress,' like no fresh creation of 'vons' from the people, serves in any way to unite those whom false institutions insist on keeping asunder. Once within the charmed circle of the noblesse, the door is shut behind the new-comers. They enter incontinently into all the petty prejudices and pretensions under which they had previously suffered, and, like most *parvenus*, lose all moderation in asserting their new honours. Here, however, at least one would conclude, the choice of a wife might be left open. But no. Separation, not union, is the invariable object. Within the entrenched camp there is a camp more entrenched still—a kind of moral citadel, inaccessible save to the elect of the elect. There is, in short, a high noblesse and a low noblesse—the last serving the purpose of defensive outworks to the first—between which again lies a bottomless meat. Mr. Baring Gould gives a curious account of the manner in which 'the highest stratum of the social lump' was originally formed.

'The Empire under Charlemagne was this. The whole country was parcelled into shires. A shire (*Gau*) usually took its name from the river that flowed through it, or from some conspicuous object in it. As a frontier it was called a *Mark*. Over every "Gau" and "Mark" was a count—"Graf." Over the imperial stable was a Stallgraf. Over the crown land a steward called "Pfalzgraf," or Count Palatine, held rule. The Grenz (frontier) grafen or Mark grafen (margraves) kept

the frontier against Slavonic barbarians. The burggraves held the imperial castles—the woodgraves, saltgraves, dykegraves, and hausgraves saw after imperial rights in later times in forests and salt mines, looked to the condition of the mills, canals, and to the trade of the Hanseatic towns. There was even a Spielgraf with jurisdiction over the tumblers, jugglers, minstrels, and clowns of the imperial household.'

These counts only held their office and title for life—the word 'Graf' being derived from 'gerefa,' an old Saxon word, which we still retain as applied to a sheriff of the county, manifestly a contraction of 'scire gerefa,' and to the portreeve, 'port gerefa.' But in process of time, by a natural abuse, both office and title slid into hereditary tenure, and with the office went generally crown lands given in feof. Heretofore there had been no hereditary class except that of *Freiherrn*, or freemen, as distinguished from the serf. Now, with these hereditary benefices and names, the division into a higher and lower free class first began. Every crown officer who had originally represented the Emperor in his mark, dispensing justice for him, and responsible to him only, became what was called *unmittelbar* or 'immediate;' all other freemen—no matter how large their estates, or numerous their quarterings, not thus attached to the royal person—remained *mittelbar*, or 'mediate.' This official class consisted by no means of such blue blood as the *Freiherrn* who lived on their own lands, being generally mere favourites and parasites promoted to honour for ministering to the whims and vices of the sovereign. Nevertheless, they held their heads high above the 'mediates;' '*Beamten* (official) insolence,' as Mr. Baring Gould observes, 'has been the bane of Germany in all times.' From these men arose the class of crown vassals, grafs, landgrafs, markgrafs, burggrafs, pfalzgrafs, princely highnesses, dukes, serenities, transparencies, gracious lords, &c., &c.—as wearisome to repeat as the musical instruments of King Nebuchadnezzar—holding feofs, and exercising jurisdiction in their several domains. This class also multiplied by the same laws that prevailed among the lower noblesse—each petty ruler dividing his territory between his sons, till the groaning land failed to support them. German history accordingly teems with their bandit acts—their raids upon each other, and upon the free commercial towns—their quarrels with the Emperor, and the sufferings of the distracted country. And especially did they lay the foundations for the chronic national disunion, by still further restricting freedom of marriage only to members of

their own 'immediate' class, including, condescendingly, individuals of royal blood.*

In natural course these petty princes had their own parasites and favourites in turn. After the fashion of the Emperor, too, each constituted his court with sewers, butlers, foresters, and marshals, chosen from among the landed gentry of his province; and, just as in the Empire such offices were made hereditary so was it in the provinces.

'A Prince Palatinate held his court with as great ceremony as the Emperor; and the best families in the Palatinate ministered to the Elector as to their King. The present house of Schönborn is descended from a Rhineland family in which was the hereditary office of butler to

* It is not amiss to say here, by way of parenthesis, that those who condemn the law of primogeniture, as it acts in England, ought to study how its absence has acted in such a country as Germany—both the harm it has done, and the good it has prevented. Without primogeniture a nobility becomes a noblesse—without primogeniture a noblesse is doomed to ruin itself and to perniciously obstruct the prosperity and cohesion of the country. The action of this law would have altered the whole history of Germany. Protected and united by it the German race might have been the first in Europe. The demoralizing and disintegrating effects of its absence reach from the palace to the hut. The Saxons were the leading race of Germany. Division between sons broke the land into two lines—the Albertine and the Ernestine. The further division of the Ernestine broke it into ten lines—Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Eisenach, Saxe-Gotha, Saxe-Coburg, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Romheld, Saxe-Eisemberg, Saxe-Hildburghausen, and Saxe-Saalfeld. What has not been lost to the world and what misery not entailed on the people by ten such petty tyrants and ten such mimic courts! Saxony, with primogeniture, would have taken the place as head of the Germanic Empire now occupied by a merely military State. If some of the upper noblesse have still retained estates, and with them a condition of partial independence and importance, it is because they have entered into family arrangements tantamount to primogeniture. But the lower noblesse, where from their numbers and poverty no such arrangements are practicable, have been the bane of the country. For so disastrous are the effects of the total disappearance of a class corresponding in the possession of land, wealth, and independence, with our county families, that there is nothing far-fetched in tracing a chain of inexorable cause and effect between the absence of the law of primogeniture and that state of chronic famine, and its attendant miseries, which makes the Prussian peasantry—these, for instance, on the Moselle and in the side valleys of the Rhine—*hankful to eat a dead dog*. For this fact we vouch. The real condition, moral and physical, of the peasantry in parts of Germany, neglected, even forgotten, as they may be said to be, is too long and terrible a chapter to be entered upon.

the Archbishop of Mayence. The Metternichs were hereditary chancellors to the Archbishop of Cologne. The Stadions, sewers (or servers up of the meals) to the See of Augsburg. The Wurmbands, cooks to the Counts of Styria. The Count Von der Lippe held the basin, and Count Bentheim poured the rose-water at table over the fingers of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel.

In addition to these, another class arose; for the Emperors experienced so much opposition and lawless rebellion from their greater vassals, that they favoured a class of small landholders, called Free Imperial Knights, who always held by the Imperial Crown, but who in their turn asserted, and where possible established, their sovereignty over their petty estates. The sovereign Count of Leinburg-Styrum-Wilhelmsdorf in Franconia, for instance, had a standing army of hussars, consisting of a colonel, nine lower officers, and *two* privates. He published, however, his Court Gazette, and instituted an order in his diminutive realm. Baron Grote, in the Hartz, reigned over one farm, and when Frederic the Great came there, he met him with a fraternal embrace, saying, *voilà deux souverains qui se rencontrent*.

'At the close of the fourteenth century organised confederacies of these families' (the statesman Stein, who was the first to promote the abolition of serfdom in Prussia, belonged to one of them) 'were formed in Franconia, Swabia, and on the Rhine; and in 1422 the Emperor Sigismund took them under his protection, and confirmed them in their immunities. These also were "immediates," but the princes would not allow them to be *ebenbürtig* (a word of still higher magic than *unmittelbar*, the practical meaning of which was intermarriageable) with themselves: for the Free Imperial Knights were only sovereigns on their *own* estates, whereas the princes were so on estates held in fief from the Emperor. The real reason, however, was that there were too many of them.'

Thus there had arisen not only two sorts of noblesse, a higher and a lower, but the first of the two subdivided into a higher and a highest. The 'too many of them,' in whatever grade—then as now—will be readily admitted. Yet it may be questioned whether the means adopted, not to prevent such intermarriages, but to neutralise the consequences, were not more reprehensible than any evil that could result from them. Forbidden fruit is proverbially sweet, and the fact that marriages—or rather *liaisons*—were sure to be desired within these artificially interdicted degrees had to be provided for. Neither 'immediates' nor 'mediates,' and there are thousands of them, are exactly the beings to refrain, even at their celestial height, from casting longing eyes on the daughters of

men. A compromise was therefore elaborated—to effect a purpose without legalising it—to incur sacred obligations and to evade them—to bind a woman without binding themselves—to raise up children without acknowledging them—to barter, for the base ambition of class-exclusiveness, a man's natural and noble right to elevate the wife of his choice and the children of his love to the same level with himself—to eliminate all that is loyal and manly from the tie—that compromise, in short, known by the name of a morganatic or left-handed marriage! The service is the same; priest or pastor attends, whether in church or saloon; the lady wears wreath and veil, the gentleman uniform and orders; but the symbol of the dastardly compromise is set forth by the bridegroom's substitution of his left hand for his right! '*En Allemagne tout se fait méthodiquement, même les plus grandes folies.*'*

The actual origin of the morganatic marriage would appear to derive from the times of serfdom, when, in the *Volksrecht* of the several German races the law prevailed that in a marriage between freemen and serfs, "the children should follow the "inferior hand," namely, be servile.' But the law was not intended to go further. The *Fürstenrecht* gave it another meaning altogether, by making it applicable to the marriages of princes with the gentry and the burghers. Gentry and burghers were freemen, but the princes began to treat them as the freemen had treated the villeins—namely, to forbid intermarriage with them. The *Volksrecht* had established the law to keep Teutonic blood from intermixture; the *Fürstenrecht* 'used it to glorify the class of crown vassals at the

* It is difficult to trace the origin of the word 'morganatic.' The usually accepted etymology is from *Morgengabe*—the early form of German 'settlements'—being the gift bestowed by the husband or his father upon the wife, either in money or chattels, the morning after the marriage, which gift became her own inalienable property. When, therefore, a woman brought with her no marriage portion, which was held as a proof that she was not his equal in position, the marriage was called in the Latin of the time *matrimonium in morganaticam*. Still, as the *Morgengabe* was bestowed on all ladies alike (and is still kept up in the shape of jewellery among Russians of high rank to this day), it constituted no stigma, nor were marriages with portionless wives less sacred and binding. Again, as the children of morganatic marriages are not considered legitimate—inheriting only from the mother—the old legal definition *na der Moder gan* (to go according to the mother) has been conjectured to have given rise to the word. The more probable derivation, however, is that given in the German 'Conversations Lexicon'—the Gothic word 'morgian,' which means to shorten or limit.

'expense of others.' 'Nothing of the sort,' Mr. Baring Gould observes, 'existed elsewhere.' He might have added neither in the Scriptures, nor in the ordinances of any Christian Church.

'The illegitimate children of a sovereign—English or French—have been so because they were born out of wedlock, because they were the children of mistresses, not of wives. When a sovereign married out of royal blood—as James II. Anne Hyde—the children were not only legitimate, but came to the throne. It was reserved for the descendants of cooks, sewers, and basin-holders, to tamper with the ordinances of religion in order to protect themselves from the degradation of possible alliance with the daughters of the highest English peers.* . . . An Englishman is startled to hear that a daughter of one of our oldest and noblest families is not deemed well born enough to mate with a lackland German prince, whose ancestors 150 years ago were gentlemen about court, and nothing else. A tradesman in Germany is "well born," but the daughter of an Anglo-Norman house who marries the sixth son of a Prince Potz Tausend is looked upon in the same original light as the female offspring of a miserable serf.'†

The faintest approach to a justification for this 'legalised sham' may be said to have existed when the ruler of a territory so reduced by subdivisions as to be inadequate for his support—he being a widower and with legitimate sons—contracted a union of this kind in order that the children by it should not increase the burdens of the people by still further divisions of the land. But in many instances it has not even answered the semblance of the legality it travesties. For, under the pretext of avoiding the scandal of open sin, the laxity of the Lutheran Church has sanctioned a state of things

* In the sixteenth century the jurists in Germany took up the question, and decided that marriage, like the sacraments, rendered all parties equal; while as regards the offspring they quoted the text 'if children, then heirs.' They also instanced the patriarch Jacob as having admitted the sons of a handmaiden to share with his other sons. Neither cases were much to the point, it must be owned, for neither illustrated the equality and sanctity of marriage; nor were the deciders, not being noble themselves, considered competent to criticise the acts of the '*Bund*.' The custom accordingly was maintained.

† This form of arrogance has descended even to new-made 'vons,' and reached the lowest point of caricature in the person of an illustrious individual—with the highest claims to genius, but, as the grandson of a tailor, with none to birth—the greatest of thinkers, but, it must be owned, no less the greatest of tuft-hunters—namely, Johann Wolfgang v. Göthe, who only bestowed his left hand in his marriage with Christina Vulpius.

for which there is no other English word than Bigamy—much as if a man should obtain leave to lie in order to prevent him from stealing. This is the great blot on the cause of the Reformation in Germany—what the Roman priests called ‘*die weite Conscientien*,’ or the wide consciences of Luther and Melancthon; by which they permitted Philip, Landgraf of Hesse-Cassel (1509–1567), his lawful wife being alive, to take unto himself a *Zufrau*—a word for which, happily, we have no equivalent—to the scandal of true religion and the erection of an infamous precedent. Philip’s brother-in-law, a Kurfürst of Brandenburg—also a Protestant—is stated to have declared that he never knew a stupider act, and that ‘it must have cost the devil no little contrivance to have placed such a stumbling-block in the way of the Gospel.’ Of the Emperor Ferdinand also it is said that but for this outrage to Christianity he would have been inclined to join the Reformation. There was no lack of wide consciences who took shelter under the authority of the great Reformers to do the same. Nor did Bigamy satisfy in one known instance, for the Markgraf Leopold Eberhardt of Würtemberg indulged himself in three wives at once. Even as late as 1787 the Berlin Consistory, quoting the precedent of Luther and Melancthon, sanctioned a morganatic marriage between Frederick William the Fat, of Prussia and a *Fräulein Voss*; the Queen, a Princess of Darmstadt, giving her consent on the condition that her gambling debts were paid. The consequences of such dereliction of all those standards by which society is held together need no description. The times may be over in Germany when such scandals can be openly enacted in high places, but the morganatic marriage, ‘nine times out of ten the infatuation of a Grand Duke for an opera dancer,’ remains an expedient disgraceful to the country which invented and permits it.

What between the laws of caste and those of marriage, the German woman, it must be owned, has an unenviable position. As, in Germany, his supposed inferior birth is always a bar to a man, so her supposed inferior sex is always a reproach to a woman. It is curious, for instance, that these multitudinous and undying titles, so all-important in the person of the man, lose all their significance when borne by a woman. A baron or count gives his title alike to sons and daughters; and the ladies, even when only blessed with a ‘von,’ assume the unlimited use of the coronet on linen and writing-paper; but unless they consent to remain old maids, of which there are too many, these coronets go for nothing! If they marry, this inherited rank departs altogether into space. Birthright

does not exist for the German lady. An English baroness or countess in her own right—and this, every German baroness and countess assumes to be—retains her title, let her marry whom she will; and transmits it at her death to her eldest son; or, if her husband be of hereditary rank, to her second son. A Spanish lady does more, for she raises her husband, if a commoner, to her own rank. Louis Napoleon, had he lost every other dignity, would at least have remained Count Theba. But no such prerogatives fall to the lot of the German lady. She shares her husband's title if she marries a man of her own station; otherwise she falls between two stools. If she aspires to one above her, she can neither share, nor her children inherit, his rank. If she condescends to one below her, she forfeits her own rank, and is not even allowed to transmit it to her offspring. It is the old fable of the wolf and the lamb: there is always an excuse for eating her up.

Altogether Germany is not, and has apparently never been, the Paradise of women. There is no language in which appear so many proverbs uncomplimentary to the trustworthiness of ladies, whether in morals or in money, as in German; no literature where, with few exceptions, their characters are made so barbarous or so weak; no country where they meet, high or low, with so little respect, and where there is so little social union between the sexes. It is true the German ladies have not spoken for themselves. They may say both of the proverbs and the literature, as the lion in the fable, that had they written them the tables would have been turned on the other sex. Still, the proverbs remain a proof of what German men wished German women to be thought, and the literature of what they wished them to be. In this lies the clue to the causes that underlie this state of society—viz., the character of the man himself. Woman seeks to fulfil the *beau idéal* that the man of her race has conceived of her; what he wants and wishes for, she, generally speaking, strives to be. The structure of German life, it must be confessed, as well as the tendency of their writings, is not indicative of a lofty ideal in this respect. If we look back to the dim history of the Northern peoples, we find their characteristics pretty much the same. The area where German is now spoken was occupied as now by several races, all contending with each other, in pre-historic fashion, till the times for their united southern exodus had come. The man of these races was a strong, rude savage, distinguished equally by a courage and barbarity of a Zulu type, with the rudiments of power and government in him, but untempered by any of those finer gifts which arose by inter-

mixture with antique blood. The women of these races seem to have possessed a full natural dowry of grand normal instincts. When roused to the defence of their country, they turned into heroines and furies, sparing no cowards in the conflict, not even their own husbands or brothers. When carried into captivity they became Lucretias, sacrificing their lives rather than their honour. But when under the normal rule of home, they evidently consented to be what the men most wished them to be, and sank into overworked household animals, 'to be bought, sold, lent, or let'—this being the condition of the female sex apparently most consonant with the *beau idéal* entertained of it by the Cimbrian and Suevian mind.

A period elapses, wrapped in darkness, till, in due course, minstrels and Sagas become vocal, and scenes of strength, violence, bloodshed, treachery, and revenge meet us in the 'Ni-belungen Lied,' equally in the person of man and woman. This is an aristocratic epic, in which the common herd, doubtless hardly raised above the brute, do not appear, but queens and princesses alone, who hurl stones and spears; murder and burn; bind their husbands fast with their own mail-studded girdles, and hang them up, bound hand and foot, on a hook; and are evidently, in their turn, the type of Amazon and Fury in whom the warrior and freebooter of the time must be supposed to have delighted.

Again dark ages intervene, the gloom pierced only by lofty spires and pinnacles, betokening the art that first appears on a nation's stage, and we begin to discern the Germany of real history. But the religion to which these buildings were dedicated was devoid of the semblance even of civilisation; and Rome perhaps nowhere appeared in a form of such unredeemed and barbarous superstition as among the contending princes, spiritual as much as secular, who rent and convulsed the common Fatherland. The Reformation brought on gentler manners. The wars of the seventeenth century are believed to have exterminated two-thirds of the scanty population, and stamped out whatever free institutions had taken root in the land. The unnatural character of the Thirty Years' War, as well as its desolating prolongation, was chiefly owing to the source of all the evils which have afflicted the long-suffering land—namely, to its inauspicious subdivisions. Petty interests interfered with union of action. Schiller says truly: 'The possession of lands and dignities extinguished courage; the absence of them made heroes.' The Princes became lukewarm in the cause of Protestantism, as soon as they found that there was much to be lost, instead of gained, by it. The

Protestant Church had power neither to withstand nor to renovate. It sent up its wail to Heaven in hymns of intensest pathos, telling of sword, rapine, and famine. All that remained after war had exhausted what she fed on were the miserable dregs of feudality, as shown in the monsters of petty rulers; the contemptible caricatures of courts, Germanised on the worst French fashion; and the parodies of rank. Man was the obsequious minion of the lowest forms of tyranny, and Woman, a slave's slave. The knight of early romance and the gentleman of later times have both been unrepresented in a country teeming with the richest gifts of nature and the highest powers of the human brain. We need but to fill up the outline thus given to understand why German women have figured as the worst of tyrants, the lowest of courtezans, the dullest of pedants, and the meekest of slaves. To their credit be it said, the last-named category is now the all but universal one. There are no women in the world with higher capacities, nobler energies, and more tender and devoted hearts. Their sole fault consists in their being too true to the instinct which governs the female sex universally, for evil and for good. They strive to be what the other sex most affect. For the German man wants a *Hausfrau*—an upper servant without wages—a sayer of stock phrases—a locker up and a giver out—an acquiescer in a life of drudgery, in a sphere of narrow prejudices and false proprieties—and in *morganatic marriages*—never a companion. And the saddest part of all is that, descending as she does from generations trained according to this standard, the present German woman loves to have it so!

To return to the subject of marriage. Such being the device appointed to preserve the purity of 'immediate' blood, let us enquire what are the legal guarantees for maintaining the sanctity of the hymeneal tie among those who are of equal station. Under whatever aspect, the Germans have held very curious and exceptional views as regards marriage. Two ceremonies were customary, that of betrothal and that of wedding, but neither of them required the intervention of the Church. The blessing of a priest was as superfluous as the consent of the lady. Even when the article called 'a woman' was no longer hireable or lendable, it continued to be saleable, and apparently nothing else. Marriage among the Germans, for long after the introduction of Christianity, was simply a purchase, '*pretium puellæ*;' and even till late in the Middle Ages '*ein Weib zu kaufen*' was the common expression for getting engaged. The woman was never free. She had always a

guardian, generally her father; and the pecuniary transaction which clenched the betrothal took place between him and the suitor. '*Verlobung*' (betrothal) was the conclusion of the bargain; '*Trauung*' (marriage) the transfer of the property.

'The farmer buys a cow, and fetches it home when he has a stall in which to accommodate it; but though he has not entered into actual possession, he is already the owner. . . . By Teutonic law both espousal and marriage were only civil acts. A priest had nothing to do with the marriage or transfer. That ceremony was performed by the guardian. After the marriage it was customary for the couple to attend mass together. In the "*Nibelungen Lied*," Günther and Brunhild, Siegfried and Kriemhild go to the Minster the morning after their marriage. Luther says in the tract, "*Von Ehesachen*:" "How-ever bad a betrothal may be, it is soon settled—no other is permissible; for the betrothal is a true marriage before God and the world. "An openly betrothed maid is a wife." This view is clean opposed to that proclaimed by Roman law, by which espousal or betrothal is a promise to unite at some future time in marriage. It is the initiative of marriage, but only that.'

How to reconcile the two theories on this subject—Roman and German—became a constant difficulty. The Church endeavoured to introduce the first, the people clung to the second. In both alike the betrothal was jealously guarded. Old German laws unanimously declare the indissolubility of that tie. Breach of betrothal was the same as breach of the marriage vow; either, on the woman's part, punishable with death by Lombard, Burgundian, and Visigoth laws.

On the other hand, there occurred often such a thing as an over-zealous regard for the superior value of betrothal—namely, that parties did not await the form of marriage to live together. This dilemma, being submitted to the Wittenberg Church Consistory, obtained what appears to be the usual accommodating answer from such bodies—namely, that, betrothal being true marriage, persons thus living together did no wrong.* To this day, it may be added, this indifference to the marriage ceremony remains.†

* These consistories have nothing ecclesiastical about them, but are only State nominees. A president, who is a lawyer; a '*Staats Rath*,' another legal officer, three '*Kammeralisten*' (managers of Church finances), and three theologians; all appointed by the sovereign.

† It accounts for the fact that 'so little disgrace attaches to a girl 'who is the mother of illegitimate children. She has been betrothed, 'and therefore married, in the sight of God, and in the opinion of the 'public. A few years ago I was in the best inn in the pretty village 'of M——, a Protestant village in the uplands of Franconia. The

As Christianity obtained more influence, the position even of the German woman improved. Her guardian retained the contracting power, but she was allowed a veto. And as time went on the positions were reversed; she contracting for herself, and he having the right of veto. The same feeling, however, as to the superfluity of any religious ceremony continued. The Reformation worked no change in that respect, either as regards the Lutheran or Calvinistic bodies. 'When Luther laid it down with his fist "*Die Ehe geht die Kirche nichts an; ist ausser derselbe, ein zeitlich weltliches Ding; darum gehört sie für die Oberkeit*,"* he summed up the stolid German opposition of two centuries.'

But as the German woman gained more power to dispose of herself, great confusion arose. With the growing nonentity of the guardian all control over the more essential part of the transaction was lost. Young ladies, regardless of consequences, began to whisper '*ja*,' without the presence of regular witnesses. When it is remembered, however, that the most *piano* assent was equivalent to an engagement, an engagement to a betrothal, and a betrothal to a marriage, it is evident that social entanglements, or, still worse, *disentanglements*, were involved, frightful to contemplate. Under such an irregular way of doing business no one could tell whether a young lady were '*Braut*' or not. Indeed, in the innocence of her heart, she was apt to forget the fact herself, and commit the bigamy of a second '*ja*,' including the last and subordinate act of the drama, marriage to another man! And then, if married life did not go so smooth as she expected, she might, like our Henry VIII.—in the same dilemma between Roman and Teutonic canons—become distressed in conscience, and feel herself under compulsion to break the unlawful bonds, though cemented, possibly, by half a dozen children, and return to her original espousals, which no subsequent tie could neutralise. And all this would be the more likely to happen if the former lover found himself in a similar mental predicament.

This little sketch of the marriage regulations in the Father-

'landlord's daughter, a fair, modest-looking girl, with honest blue eyes, had her little ones hanging about her skirts, and, though unmarried, and one of the first persons in the village, felt no shame in being so seen. She was betrothed, but the *Rath* and the *Beamter* forbade the marriage—i.e. the taking home of the bride—because the bridegroom could not satisfy them that his finances would support a family.'

* 'Marriage does not concern the Church: it is outside it—a temporal and worldly thing, and therefore belongs to the State.'

land will serve to show, in Mr. Baring Gould's words, that 'however capricious and changeable laws may be, Teutonic feeling on this important subject moves steadily on within its old banks.' These old banks being indifference to all religious ministration on the one hand, and a determination freely 'to chop and change ribs à la mode Germanorum' on the other. Indeed, these banks have been strengthened and heightened of late, rather than the reverse. Although betrothal had continued, partly by the fault of the Government, to be considered the stronger tie of the two, yet, for many years, a Protestant marriage service and form of benediction had been universally used. Suddenly a change took place. On February 6, 1875, the Imperial Government announced the following law:—'Marriage is to be concluded in the presence of two witnesses, by the betrothed persons severally declaring their agreement, when asked by the proper officer whether they announce their intention of uniting in marriage with one another, and by his thereupon proclaiming them to be legally married. A clergyman, or other minister of religion, is not to execute this office, nor to act as substitute for the proper officer.' 'When the first rocket rushed among the Ashantees, the blacks fell flat on their backs and yelled.' The discharge of this law produced a somewhat similar effect among not the Evangelical congregations, but the Evangelical clergy. 'They were for the moment paralysed, and then from one end of the empire to the other they raised a wail of despair.' It may be hoped that the wail was not entirely from interested motives, yet there is no doubt that these entered largely into the question, and with good reason. The German pastor is a man of humble origin, and his salary and etceteras barely support that. The withdrawal of a large percentage of marriage fees was so serious a loss to him that the State has been obliged to make an arrangement by which some portion of the registrarial fees is made over to the minister of the parish—thus partially neutralising the only motive for the act; namely, an increase of State revenue. For the new law not only fell in with the religious indifference of the people, but with the chronic condition of their pockets—the civil contract being cheaper than the ecclesiastical ceremony. In England the opening of the register offices has not materially affected the Church functions or fees; but in Germany the effect was very different. In the year following, namely in 1876, for instance, out of a hundred marriages there were thirty-four in Darmstadt, forty-four in Worms, forty-eight in Offenbach, contracted before the registrar. And as

Each of these cities has a certain proportion of Roman Catholic inhabitants—in Wörm's one-third—all of whom, without exception, would proceed straight from the bureau to the church, the inference is certain that not above half the Protestant marriages in towns were solemnised by the pastor. In the country the proportion would be different, for religion has not so completely lost its hold on the rural population.

Shortly before the appearance of this last edict, the Oberkirchenrath—a body quite without meaning, as we have seen, as the organ of a Church—had been commanded by the Prussian Government to revise the Protestant marriage service, so as to expunge from it every expression that might be interpreted as ignoring the validity of the previous civil union; in the words of the Act, ‘to remove the impression that the Church regarded the marriage as one still to be concluded’—by which means the solemnity and real meaning of the religious ceremony were expunged altogether. It is but just to the clergy to add that this order met with the strongest opposition from them, and in September 1875 some six hundred pastors met in conference and formulated their opposition. They might as well have formulated their opposition against the setting of the sun. The great governor of the Government is not the man to permit the slightest opposition to his will, whether on the part of Protestant pastors or Catholic priests. No notice was taken of the remonstrance, and the only result has been the secession and ruin of a few ministers who conscientiously preferred the sacrifice of their places to the adoption of a lifeless marriage rite.

We have now to look on the converse side. Marriage being a mere civil affair, it follows that the same means which serve to contract it will serve to dissolve it, and even to contract it again. At least, this is the practical deduction which has been drawn in Germany. Facility of divorce has always existed in the Lutheran Church; but early in this century the resort to this facility became so frequent that the pastors took alarm. Again there ensued a collision between the spiritual powers—such as they are—and the secular; to the usual discomfiture of the former. The pastors were not prepared to give their sanction to the indiscriminate remarriage of divorced parties. In 1831 a pastor in Pomerania refused to bless the union of a couple whose lives were a public scandal; and this example was followed by a few more. The usual means were accordingly adopted, and a royal order appeared, commanding the Church to lay down such regulations as would leave no place for the scruples of individual pastors; and in the meantime to provide ‘a flying squadron of unscrupulous chaplains

'to be sent about the country and into the parishes of recalcitrant ministers to hallow such unions as they objected to celebrate.'

The apparent number of divorced persons in Germany in 1871 was 69,794. We say apparent, for the number who return themselves as divorced does not represent the real figure of those who, having been divorced, have married again. These, it is believed, would bring up the number to three times the amount! making the average for Prussia—the Protestant State, *par excellence*—no less than ninety in a thousand. In Transylvania it is said that among the German Lutherans two out of every three girls who get married are divorced before the end of the year, and that most married women have had three husbands.

'Among the Saxon peasantry a wife or a husband is a thing which may for convenience sake be put aside or changed at pleasure. Divorce is a thing of such everyday occurrence, is decided on so lightly, and allowed so easily, that it has become a marked feature—indeed, a component part—of Saxon rural life. A separation of husband and wife after three, four, or six weeks' marriage is nothing rare or strange; and the woman divorced will often wait six or eight months of being sixteen. Among a portion of the Saxons, marriage may be almost said to be a merely temporary arrangement between two contracting parties; very frequently neither expects it to last long, and may have resolved that it shall not. In the village near the Kochel sixteen marriages took place in one year; at the end of twelve months only six of the contracting parties were still living together. In the place where I write this there are at this moment eleven bridal couples intending to celebrate their wedding a fortnight hence. Of these eleven the schoolmaster observed there would probably not be many living together by this time next year. Divorce is so easy, and belongs so intimately to married life, that even before the wedding it is talked of, and, under certain eventualities, looked forward to. "Try to like him," says the father to a girl, "and, if later you find you can't, I will have you separated."

'I have talked over this crying evil with the Saxon clergy, and from them have learned how futile the causes generally were. One husband did not believe what his wife had said, and she immediately wanted to be separated, as "she could not live with a man who could not trust her." Another did not eat his dinner with appetite. "Oh!" said the wife, "it seems my cooking does not please you. If I cannot satisfy you," &c. &c. The chief cause of complaint of a husband whose pretty young wife I frequently saw at her father's house, was that she had washed some linen again after his mother had already washed it, and that was an insult to his mother.' *

* C. Boner, 'Transylvania, its Products and People,' London, 1865, pp. 483, 496, 503. So utterly has all sense of law and restraint on

We have stated the ease with which marriages are dissolved in Germany; there remains again another side of the subject for comment—the difficulty, namely, with which they are contracted. No young man of any class can take a wife till his three years' military service is over, and then, if he belongs to the 'upper five hundred thousand,' and is also, as usually the case, in the army, a *Caution*, as it is termed, of 15,000 thalers (2,250*l.*) must be deposited in the Government funds, so as to provide for the lady in case of his death—this being a device to save pensions. We are assured that all Government interference with the marriage of the people has lately been abrogated. So many are the impediments to marriage from high official fees, indifference to the rite, and pedantic Government interference, that the statistics of marriage may safely be asserted to be far lower in Germany than in England, though we are not able to ascertain the exact relative proportion of numbers at the present time. Thus a vicious principle is contrived to work actively in opposite directions, each equally fatal to public morality. For the results we refer our readers to Mr. Baring Gould's account, vol. i. pp. 163-7.

There must be 'something rotten in the State' where such laws and usages obtain; and that something is not far to find. It cries aloud from public statute and from private scandal. The great binding principle between crown and people, class and class, man and woman, is wanting. The land which was the cradle of the Reformation has become the grave of the Reformed Faith. Nor is there any present prospect that what England has found to be the chief corrective of a careless and lukewarm period—namely *Dissent*—will intervene to arouse or replace a moribund Church. Where there is indifference to religion itself, where State and people are in no respect so agreed as in the negation of all creeds, dissent even can have no vitality. All comparatively recent works on Germany, as well as all personal observation, tell the same tale. Denial of every tenet of the Protestant faith among the thinking classes, and indifference in the masses, are the positive and negative agencies beneath which the Church of Luther and Melancthon

this all-important subject for the welfare of society departed, not only from the Lutheran population but from the Lutheran Church, that the German husbands of too confiding English ladies, married in England by the English rite, but anxious, having dissipated their fortunes, to get rid of the tie, have found *Oberkirchenraths* ready to lend themselves to the farce of dissolving Anglican marriages, and to the crime of marrying such men afresh. We speak with knowledge.

has succumbed. These are, however, but the secondary causes; the primary ones—what, namely, have led to this indifference—require profounder research than can be bestowed here. Still it is not difficult to point to a few of the leading agencies which have combined to convert the Protestantism of Germany into ‘dust and dry bones.’

The outburst of the Reformation was as inevitable as that of the French Revolution. In both alike the bounds of human endurance had been reached, and in both alike the passions of human retaliation knew not where to stop. It would seem to be a law in human affairs that Governments, Churches, and doubtless all institutions, are like individuals in this respect, that they can be only truly and safely reformed from within—in other words, *by themselves*. Where reforms are too long delayed; where they are not granted by that timely wisdom which is one of the surest tests of political intelligence, but snatched by long-exasperated impatience, they are sure to go too far—to be less reparative than destructive—because conducted by outsiders unable to distinguish between what is living and what is dead. Such reforms, as all history shows, only bear fresh evils, to need fresh redress in their turn. The sale of indulgences and other corruptions which had proceeded from Rome were contrary to the teaching of Scripture and immoral in themselves; but the constitution of the Church, its three orders, and portions of its forms and polity, were agreeable to the teaching of Scripture and not immoral in themselves. The leaders of the Reformation swept away the good and the bad alike. The *people* had so little to do with the movement that they may be said not to have comprehended its purport. They were serfs, of the lowest and most oppressed kind. The Reformation presented itself to them in the form of a ray of freedom, all broken and distorted before it reached their perception, but still kindling the spark of desire for an emancipation they could better comprehend—that, namely, from the yoke of their secular tyrants. Hence the outburst of that cruel and vain struggle called the Peasant War, horrible alike in its successes and defeats. Germany was then infinitely more territorially subdivided even than now, among princes scarcely raised morally above their wretched serfs. A few fine examples of true devotion to the cause, even to the sacrifice of liberty and territory—as with the Elector John George of Saxony—shine forth, but with these exceptions the choice between Rome and Luther was only determined by interested motives. The petty rulers had impoverished themselves as much as their subjects by their senseless subdivisions of terri-

tory and property, and saw in the Reformation only an opportunity for increasing their own lands and revenues by seizing those of the Church. Zeal for religion was a plausible excuse for spoliation.* Nor had the precepts of the Gospel that humanising power which now attends them. No prince thought of alleviating the miseries of his serfs, or of relinquishing or even justly administering those rights over life and death, dictation, and persecution, in the possession of which he took most pride. The chief object to which they applied the newly acquired freedom of the Gospel was to extract from it points of controversy, on which they formed their own crude personal opinions, and imposed them with utmost rigour on their subjects. It mattered not whether the successor to the petty throne held the same views: whatever the reigning 'Transparency' of the time entertained, and no other, became in turn the law of the land. The Palatinate furnishes an example of the ensuing alternations, and of the means by which they were enforced. Till 1540 the reigning house continued Catholic. Then intervened the Elector, Otto Heinrich, and the population were commanded to become Lutheran. At his death the Electorate passed to the Zimmer Zweibrücken potentate, who was a hot Calvinist. The Lutheran pastors were ejected and exiled, a ruthless persecution of all who held by the Augsburg Confession was instituted, and 'fiery hot' predestinarianism was poured into the ears of a bewildered 'peasantry who had not yet digested justification.'

In 1579 Frederick, Count of Zimmer Zweibrücken, died, and his successor was a Lutheran. Accordingly the Calvinist preachers were banished the territory, and the Lutheran ones recalled. In 1585 Calvinism again rose to the top, and Lutheranism again sank to the bottom 'like a stone.' In the 'Thirty Years' War the Imperialists seized the Palatinate, and it went back to Rome, but on the restoration of the Elector reverted again to Calvinism. Reckoning the successive creeds entailed by the varying successes of the war, the Palatinate passed through ten changes of religion in less than a century. Toleration was the last thing gathered from the

* This class utilised the cause of religion in two ways for their own advantage. They obtained lands and property for forsaking Rome, and later, in the persons of their descendants, titles and honours for returning to her. After the Thirty Years' War, the emperor held out the bait of higher rank to a number of petty rulers, and the Auerspergs, Lichtensteins, Esterhazys, Trautmansdorfs, &c., were made princes as a reward for abjuring Protestantism.

precepts of religion; on the contrary, no Spanish Inquisition ever exercised greater cruelty in matters of conscience than the petty monsters then clothed in a little brief authority. The Lutheran Elector, Augustus of Saxony (1574), haled all the pastors who, by the commands of his predecessor, had preached Calvinism, made them abjure their principles and swear never to preach them again. Six brave men alone withstood him, and, with the exception of one, who escaped, they were all literally tortured to death. After which, the Elector had a coin struck in commemoration of his victory—he being represented in armour holding a scale, the infant Saviour seated on the one side, the Devil and four Calvinists on the other. An old dramatist says, ‘Mercy and Love are crimes in Rome and hell.’ Another locality might have been then added.

These things were done in obscure corners of a barbarous country, the very divisions of the land intercepting the circulation of knowledge. There is something unspeakably revolting to the human mind in this combination of petty dominion and boundless tyranny; but never did it assume a more odious form than when religion became the sport of such men’s caprices. The latest instance of baneful persecution in matters of religion, always with the exception of the doings of present Prussia, is even ludicrous in its ‘tea-cup’ proportions. It is told of the august house of Schönburg, which, at the beginning of this century, broke into two branches—that of Wechselburg and that of Hinter-Glauchau—with another minor and tiny branch, which was neither Glauchau behind or before, but Glauchau alone. This twig belonged by arrangement to the two other branches alternately. The count who ruled over Wechselburg was a so-called ‘Pietist;’ the count who ruled over Hinter-Glauchau, a Rationalist. Accordingly, Glauchau regularly changed its pastors with its sovereign; the one sect preaching belief in the Atonement and Free Justification, the other laughing both doctrines to scorn. What could unfortunate Glauchauans do under such circumstances? They did that which the whole Protestant Church, more or less, in Germany, has found it necessary to do. They suited themselves to all creeds by not caring for any creeds at all; only carrying various flags, and hoisting whatever colour best pleased the reigning Dictator!

The debasing influence on the German mind resulting from the paltry rank and distinctions obtaining in the country, which we have so constantly to remark, is painfully seen even in the character of Luther. The courage with which he withstood the Pope failed him when confronting the petty princes

of his own land. The sanction of a 'Zufrau' was not apparently the only symptom of his subservience. Mr. Baring Gould quotes a curious passage of his preaching, though omitting to give precise reference. This was in answer to an appeal from oppressed consciences on an occasion when a prince had been more than commonly tyrannical. 'That two and five make seven, thou canst comprehend with thine own reason; but when the "*Obrigheit*" (higher power) declares that two and five make eight, thou art bound to believe it, however contrary to thy knowledge and feeling.* This needs no comment.

We have to consider that the Reformation in Germany swept away the power of Rome as much for good as for evil. Not all Catholic bishops had been tyrants and persecutors like '*Jean Sans Pitié*.' The higher dignitaries of the Roman Church both could and did, however rarely, interpose between the oppressed and the oppressor. They were, at all events, independent in position. The Reformation provided no substitutes in this respect. The pastors, whether Lutheran or Calvinist, were as poor and insignificant almost as their worried and harried flocks, and as much despised by the secular powers. But human nature is so constituted that an earthly Church, in order to command the respect of the higher classes of society, must have earthly dignity. The warning of Protestant Germany was not needed to prove that. We go into that society in Germany which is nearest on a par with the habits, manners, and culture of English gentlemen, and find that a German clergyman has no place in it—that he is, when not despised, ignored as a minister, and looked down upon as a man. He takes no lead in the business of charity, for, as affecting the thoughts and occupation of the middle class noblesse, there is none. He hallows no meal with the preliminary of 'grace,' for he is never admitted to the table. The clerical class and element is altogether absent from German society, enlisted occasionally in the monotony of country life to take a fourth hand at whist, but absolutely invisible in what is curiously and comically called '*die Residenz*!'[†] The truth is, that neither wish nor want for them is felt; for with the cessation of controversial struggles all interest in the Christian religion has ended.

When the Bible ceased to be a *sedes controversiæ* it ceased to be

* Vol. ii. p. 172.

† Meaning, not the residence of 800,000 souls, as at Berlin, but that of the sovereign only.

read. When sermons were no longer seasoned with polemical pepper and vinegar, they were no longer listened to. As long as the preacher taught that something needed to be pulled down and undone, he attracted attention; when he began to build up and amend, his people turned their backs. Pastors became tired of haranguing empty benches and gave up holding services. In the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg an enquiry was made in 1854 into the condition of the Lutheran Church, and it was found that no service had been held in the head churches for 228 times, because there had been no congregation.'

These statistics as to absence of church attendance might be multiplied to any extent.

It may strike some as contradictory and strange that the attendance at Communion should exceed by far, statistically proved, that of church attendance. But this is the lingering result of laws which made qualification for Government offices dependent on proofs that the candidate belonged to the State Church; the partaking of the Sacrament four times in the year being considered conclusive on that point. Hence it is that a number of persons still proclaim their adhesion by communicating once or twice in the year, though perhaps not entering the church on any other occasion. This was a device natural to a despotic Government, as one means of keeping its subjects under its eye. In Russia, certificates of a certain frequency of Communion are still required for various official purposes, and were, and perhaps still are, necessary preludes to obtaining a passport.

Altogether, the decline and fall of the Protestant Church in Germany is a subject well worth the investigation of minds which seek to unravel the causes that underlie the phenomena of history. One reason lies on the surface, viz. that a legislature which ignores the mixed nature of the human mind can only end by losing all hold upon it. If man be so constituted as to need freedom in the exercise of his reason on those things which belong to his peace, he is also so constituted as to yearn for some authority in the interpretation of them. Rome gave the one, however arbitrarily, but the pedantic rulers of Protestant Germany, especially those of Prussia, do neither. They have rigorously prescribed to their subjects a form of worship, but have left them free to exercise any amount of license of thought. Their whole aim has been to establish the same system of drill and subservience in the externals of the Church as in those of the army and the bureaucracy; with this difference, that in those two departments they exact conformity as well as uniformity, but in that of the Church, if a man be not

disposed to take religion in their way, he has the alternative of leaving it altogether. The Bible in the knapsack of every soldier, which strikes some as so paternal a regulation, comes under the category of military discipline. It is a proof of the soldier's subordination to his rulers, not of their solicitude for his religion. For the army chaplains are free to preach against the most sacred tenets of the Christian faith, so long as they preach obedience to military superiors.

The decline of the Protestant Church may indeed be said, however paradoxical it may sound, to have begun with the Reformation—in other words, with a capricious tyranny in matters of conscience which Rome had never exercised. Its ultimate fall has been brought about in the following manner.

The electors and kings of Prussia were Calvinists, and did all they could to stamp out Lutheranism, but, as the interest in these controversies died away, the princes of that State began to consider less how they could uphold the one tenet and crush the other, than how they could smelt the two together. In 1733 Frederick William I. began the campaign on approved martinet principles, by commanding the Lutherans to give way in certain respects, so as to diminish the points of difference, those pastors who refused being, of course, suspended. Diminution of differences being thus effected, obliteration was next ordered. But Frederick the Great, 'who cared for none of these things,' rescinded this last order, and the land for a time had spiritual peace. Wars and misery intervened, and for more than a generation delayed further meddlings. But in 1808 Frederick William III. renewed the attack. A new department 'for public instruction and worship' was appointed, by which all self-government, equally for Lutherans and Calvinists, was abrogated, and both fell under the individual sceptre, or more properly the crossier, of the King. By 1817, peace being restored on all sides, his majesty felt the time was ripe for carrying out his grand scheme—that of uniting the two Churches absolutely in one. To a centralising government uniformity is everything. As it must interfere in all departments, the more these are amalgamated the less trouble they give. Questions of dogma are of less importance in this light than systems of general headings and neat account-keeping. Accordingly a royal edict announced that in future one board would do the work for both confessions, and that meanwhile all definite tests and standards would be dispensed with.*

* Schleiermacher, the Court chaplain, greatly assisted the monarch

This announcement created no excitement in the Church, but rather, as our author expresses it, 'shook up its pillows' and allowed it to sleep more comfortably.' The work of fusion was resumed in 1839, when Frederick William IV. (brother to the present Emperor) finally abolished the very name of 'the Protestant Church,' and embodied Lutherans and Calvinists under one denomination, called the Evangelical Church, which he graciously endowed with a service and liturgy of his own composition. The old sects relinquished, without any apparent regret, their customary modes of worship, 'not because either were convinced of error, but because both were alike indifferent, and easily induced to accept a nullity.' Only a few country parishes resisted the royal bounty, and the old measures—Falk laws without the name—were forthwith put in force. The ministers were imprisoned, troops quartered upon the recusant congregations, and above six hundred poor peasant families abandoned their little holdings and fled to America. In England we are accused of wanting to reform men's ways by Act of Parliament; in Prussia it is done without Act of Parliament.

We have said that his late Prussian Majesty concocted a Church in which all standards of belief were omitted. It must be owned that this was unavoidable; for even royal infallibility would fail to amalgamate such opposite doctrines as Free Justification and Election. 'The primitive Church had rubbed on comfortably with only the Apostles' Creed; why not the Prussian Evangelical Church with no creed at all?' Accordingly the Act of Union set up no confession of faith for people to quarrel about, but simply asserted 'God's Word' to be its foundation. The royal theologian forgot that, under his and his predecessors' persecutions and tamperings, that very Word has been so undermined and unsettled in Protestant Germany that few believe in it at all, and they are not agreed.

We have thus endeavoured to trace an outline of some of those successive agencies by which the decline and fall of German Protestantism has been gradually brought about, and which have landed it at length on the lowest step of all—a

in these arrangements. A German, writing in the 'Nineteenth Century,' June 1880 ('Modern England,' by Karl Hillebrand), speaks of 'Christians à la Schleiermacher, who did not even think God and 'immortality necessary elements of religion, which did not prevent him 'from remaining for years the highest ecclesiastical authority.' We do not quote this to impugn Schleiermacher, who, however latitudinarian, never descended to such insane depths, but to show how lightly such profanity is regarded.

Church without a creed, and a people without belief. It is curious that none of the usual causes, such as prosperity and riches, idolatry, superstition, or even ignorance—all generally supposed to lead to forgetfulness or denial of God—appear in this retrospect, but rather those forms of persecution and suffering usually found to lead the poor and miserable the more to need and seek after Him. But the real cause lies deeper below. Livingstone, the great missionary, laid down the axiom that it was useless to attempt the direct work of evangelisation among savages until they had risen to the condition of the natural man; and by the same principle the reformation of religion must ever be in great measure powerless among a people who have not attained the condition of the free man. It is not only that the free could or can alone reason rightly, but in a land of such exceptionally searching and multiplied forms of despotism the bondsman was not allowed to reason at all. The Reformation, it is true, professed to give liberty of thought, but the rulers of Germany more than took it away. The Peace of Augsburg, 1555, virtually undid with the one hand what it professed to do with the other. It granted legal recognition of the Protestant States, but also legal authority to them to compel their subjects to be of the same religion as themselves. '*Cujus regio, ejus religio.*' They thus inaugurated a system of greater tyranny even than that of Rome, and which has ended in greater deadness of practice and belief. It cannot be said, in Milton's words, 'The hungry sheep look up, and are 'not fed,' for the very hunger for spiritual food is starved out. Not even superstition survives. Still we are well aware that all religion cannot be said to be extinct in Protestant Germany. On the contrary, it survives here and there in examples of pastoral faithfulness and private piety, the more beautiful from their isolation and rarity. But they shine in the midst not of 'a crooked and perverse generation,' for the German people are not that, but upon minds from which the very instinct of the want of something higher than their own poor selves—of something which all *das Grübeln* of their philosophers cannot find out—appears to have died away; upon minds come to a negative state; or to Carlyle's city of *Weissnichtwo*,—a condition like that of pagan Rome before the advent of Christ, when the people ceased to bring sacrifices, cared no more for their idols, and yet had nothing to put in their place.

Were it not a well-known fact that German Catholics and Protestants are all essentially of the same Teutonic blood, one would be tempted to think the Protestants of some fundamentally different race. For how comes it that the element

of persecution which has stimulated faith in the one should have wellnigh extinguished it in the other? We have no space to express more than the natural wonder that a period of utter deadness in the Protestant community should have been chosen to harass and decimate the Roman Catholic Church. Twelve dioceses, 788 cures, and about 300 vicariates have been stripped by imperial order—whether rightly or wrongly is not the question here—of their respective functionaries; but, instead of acquiescing and showing indifference, the bereaved flocks only cling the closer to the cause of what they believe to be religion, attend their churches, light their candles, and recite their prayers before a priestless altar!

It is difficult to define the precise meaning of the word *Kulturkampf*; but, if implying, as is supposed, the conflict of science and free thought with traditional dogmas and opinions in religion—the struggle as to which shall educate the people, the State or the Church—it must be owned that the triumphs which the Prussian Government has achieved in Protestant matters are not such as to incline Christians to wish further success to their arms. Meanwhile, in contiguous parishes of Catholic and Protestant populations, one invariable distinction has long been patent to all eyes and conclusions. The path to the Catholic Church is trodden bare, that to the Protestant Church rank with grass and weeds to the very door.

So much has been said and sung, written and ranted, about Liberty—so many crimes committed, so many abuses defended, in her name—that it needs some of the courage she imparts to venture a word on a subject so sacred and so stale. There are but two supreme sources of Good for the needs of suffering and sinful man, and neither can flourish purely without the other. Both have their kindred difficulties and struggles, and their infallible signs. Both require faith and sacrifice, devoted priests and stainless altars; and each can boast a noble and always replenished army of martyrs. The flame in both is kindled by sore friction and tribulation; but once lighted in hearts, as in states, its infallible test is to permeate all things with its ineffable virtue. It is especially the characteristic of Liberty to be so adjusted and appointed for the development of the human mind, that, like the air we breathe, we know not how it surrounds us till it be vitiated or withdrawn; so that the highest proof of its perfect action consists in its failing to remind us of its existence. The birth of Liberty is slow and difficult. It has, so to say, to precede and teach itself. For men and nations must be free before

they can know how to prize or even to use their freedom. The despot's stock pretext is that his people are not fit for Liberty. The only answer is that without Liberty they never will be. Thus the first stage of its life, and the second of its development, are all-critical, for it needs what, in feudal lands, is rare, a believer in freedom to found it, and what after long subservience is as rare in turn, a people fit to wield it. Despotism is twice cursed—in the slavery it imposes, and in its far worse progeny, the *slavishness* it engenders. Where this debased condition of a people has obtained, Liberty is difficult to set in action; for it has as much to undo as to do.

It is this fatal effect of foregone causes that accounts for the political and social riddles presented at the present day by so great and gifted a race as the Germans;—which explains the almost Oriental impassibility of a caste—barbarous, merciless, and powerful in old times—powerless, insignificant, but no less arrogant and obstructive even now. It is this which still maintains the deep and open divisions in the bosom of the Fatherland, the animosity between class and class, the cowardly customs, the rude manners, the low estimation of the female sex, and all that reminds the Englishman that he is not in a land of freedom. And it is especially this which has frustrated and nullified the true objects of the great movement of the Protestant Reformation in Germany.

May some of our readers live to hail the time, under a different reign, when this falsely so-called 'fight for culture' may be exchanged for another and far nobler War of German Liberation!

ART. VIII.—*The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. 8vo. London: 1880.

THIS is a delightful book; and not the less so that it comes on us, to some extent, in the manner of a surprise. We knew, indeed, Mr. Trevelyan as a pleasant and able writer; but we had not given him credit for the excellence which he has here displayed, for the peculiar talent as an historical artist which he had not till now so fully revealed. As we read this book the recollections of the great dead rise before us. It is impossible not to remark how much Mr. Trevelyan's style resembles that of his uncle, the late Lord Macaulay. Are we to consider this as an inheritance? It is certainly not an imitation. The resemblance is not such as a counterfeit bears to its original; it is rather that of the good Sir Rowland's

son, 'most truly limned and living.' It lies not in any mere trick of words or sentences, but in the arrangement of the ideas, in the wit, the humour, the allusion—now delicate, now sufficiently outspoken—the half-veiled or wholly unclouded epigram; and it is because we find in the book all this and more, because we have read it and enjoyed it as a work of art quite as much as an historical study, that we feel justified in pronouncing it purely and simply delightful. Perhaps, indeed, the ornamentation is sometimes too elaborate; some of the descriptions—like the electric light—are too brilliant; and it must be said that, in a continual and successful protest against the stilted 'dignity of history,' the author has occasionally descended into license, as when he borrows expressions from the current slang of the day—in telling us that the Duke of Portland was 'left out in the cold,' or that Ulysses was 'not to be drawn'—which trespass on the proprietary rights of some of the Queens of modern fiction.

But quite apart from the interest which attaches to the manner of this work, the matter of it is also most valuable and important. It is not that the author has had access to any new or recondite sources of information; indeed, so many volumes of memoirs, diaries, or correspondence have been published within the last forty years, that the history of this period contains few secrets for those who have time, patience, and skill. But it is not everyone who can command them; and the years which intervened between the Peace of Paris, in 1763, and the declaration of American Independence, in 1776, are to most readers marked merely by the passing of the Stamp Act, by the destruction of tea in Boston harbour, or by the battle of Bunker's Hill. It is quite true that they passed smoothly enough, so far as related to foreign affairs; but at home they were years of fierce political strife, in which parties, as we now know and understand them, took a definite form, and the great questions of personal or parliamentary government were fairly set before the country as the problems on which its future well-being depended. The history of this time Mr. Trevelyan has now written. He has chosen, indeed, to give his narrative a special and dramatic interest by grouping the figures round the younger Fox, to whom he has assigned a prominence due rather to his later merits and his great name. But the book is, in truth, a detailed history of the opening campaigns of that struggle which, after more than sixty years, resulted, in 1832, in the crowning victory of parliamentary reform, opening wide the gates to constitutional freedom, progress, and prosperity; and if even a small

proportion of those who will read it are induced to examine more closely into the origin of the contest it describes, and to trace the real bearings of those problems too often hidden in unmeaning names, Mr. Trevelyan will have won as distinguished a success in the field of politics as in the garden of literature.

It has been said by Sir Erskine May that 'the accession of George III. presents no natural boundary in constitutional history.' This is true as to the results; but it overlooks the great constitutional struggle which then commenced. The first twenty-two years of George III.'s reign were spent, at home in regal aggression and the furious contests which it awakened; abroad, in ignoble treaties, in colonial misgovernment, in revolt, and in unsuccessful war. When tyranny and ineptitude had disintegrated the empire, had forcibly torn off the fair American colonies, and irritated the people of England to the verge of rebellion; when London had been sacked by the mob, when our fleets had been defeated, our armies captured, our shores insulted; when the navies of France and Spain had cruised triumphant in the Channel—then, but not till then, did the King give up the design of subverting the constitution and of establishing a purely personal government; then did he accept the judgment of his Ministers, and yield himself to the domination of a will stronger even than his own. Mr. Trevelyan has thus described the change:—

'Our politics once more flowed along the constitutional channel from which thenceforward they rarely diverged. Events nearer to our time, and far more startling in their magnitude and more agreeable to our patriotic feelings, threw into the shade the Middlesex election and the American revolution; and one who, during the best years of his life, had been known as the most wilful and the least prosperous of rulers, came to be remembered as a good easy man, under whose auspices, as a reward for his virtue, Trafalgar was added to the roll of our victories. The popular impression of George the Third is derived from the period when he had Pitt for a master and Nelson for a servant, and has little in common with the impression which has stamped itself upon the minds of those who have studied him when he was as much the rival as the sovereign of Fox.'

It is, however, with the earlier part of the first period that we are now concerned; we have to examine into the motives that guided his actions, and the conduct that led to the disasters which preceded the reign of Pitt. The King's faults may be traced to a defective and misguided education. Brought up by a silly and narrow-minded mother, whose one idea of

said, retract. His honour was concerned. He had given his word, and the King had wished him joy. Forbearing to remind him that, according to the law of honour, promises rank by their priority in time, and not by the station of those to whom they have been made, Lord Hardwicke, now that the step was irrevocable, did his best to raise his brother's spirits and calm his increasing agitation. . . . The protracted agony of the struggle had thrown Charles Yorke into a high fever, both of mind and body. . . . Wednesday the 17th of January was the day on which he grasped the prize that crowned the labours, the struggles, and the intrigues of a lifetime. On Friday he took to his bed, and by the evening his family had reasons for dreading the worst, whatever those reasons were. When he was asked whether the Great Seal, which lay in his chamber, should be affixed to the patent of his new peerage, he collected himself enough to express a hope that he was no longer guardian of the bauble which, eight-and-forty hours before, he had bought at such a price. On the Saturday morning an apparent change in his condition slightly reassured his friends; but he did not survive the week. Into the precise manner of his death history, which has been deservedly indulgent to him, has forborne curiously to inquire. It is enough that he could not endure the shame of having stooped to that which, for two generations after him, was done with unabashed front by some of the most celebrated statesmen whose names are inscribed on the roll of our Chancellors.'

The Duke of Grafton hastily resigned, hoping haply to escape Junius's savage onslaught; but Junius, maintaining that neither the 'deserting of his post in the hour of danger, nor even the sacred shield of cowardice, should protect' the public enemy, went on to brand the retiring Minister with the most scorching sentences that even his hand ever penned. Grafton's retirement, however, finally broke up the Government, which, beneath the breath of Chatham, had already melted away like a snowheap in a southerly wind. Lord North became Prime Minister, and 'consented to place his indolent conscience and his excellent judgment, without reserves or conditions, in the hands of his sovereign.' But no men of ability and honour would hold office in such a Government on such terms. Lord Howe threw up the lucrative office of Treasurer of the Navy, to which Sir Gilbert Elliot, one of the King's friends, was appointed. Sir Edward Hawke, acting on the honourable maxim which he had inherited from Blake, remained at the Admiralty for a few months; but the time soon came when it was no longer possible for him to continue there; and, as though the better to mark the change, he was succeeded by Lord Sandwich. All this Mr. Trevelyan ably sums up:—

'George the Third had now reached the platform towards which he had so long been struggling, and stood there, in his own estimation, every inch a king. He had a Prime Minister clever enough to do him

credit as a spokesman, and so thick-skinned as to be invaluable for a whipping-boy; a Cabinet containing two or three respectabilities without a will of their own, and three or four broken-down men of fashion, who could not afford to throw away a quarter's salary; and a House of Commons which lent itself kindly to the process of parliamentary manipulation, the only one among all the branches of statecraft which the servants of his choice thoroughly understood. Keeping up the constitutional fiction that the King acquiesced in a vicious policy out of his affection for worthless Ministers, and dutifully pretending to be ignorant that he put up with worthless Ministers because none but they would consent to be the instruments of a vicious policy, Junius implored him to ask himself whether it was for his interest or his honour to live in perpetual disagreement with his people, "merely to preserve such a chain of beings as North, Barrington, Weymouth, Gower, Ellis, Onslow, Rigby, Jerry Dyson, and Sandwich," whose very names were a satire upon all government, and formed a catalogue which the gravest of the royal chaplains could not school his voice to read without laughing.'

His Majesty, however, was very well contented with the state of things, and bribed away merrily, under the flattering idea that now, with a complaisant Ministry, he was every inch a king; and just about this time one of the ablest—certainly one of the most upright—opponents of his policy was removed by death. George Grenville died on November 13, 1770. A man of many faults, both of judgment and temper, he is still entitled to our esteem as an industrious, honest, and independent statesman; of whose life almost the last public act was the attempt, not altogether unsuccessful, to purify elections. By the bill which he introduced and carried through Parliament, election petitions were no longer to be voted on as party questions, but to be referred to a select committee of thirteen. The improvement was enormous and immediate; from the passing of the bill the grosser scandals of corruption, both outside and inside the House, began to abate. But Grenville proposed to carry the reform much further. He moved for an inquiry into the expenditure of the Civil List.

'The unexpected proposal struck consternation far and wide. Ministers, who could not have kept their places for a day unless they had the King's purse, as well as the King's favour, to rely on, and ministerial supporters who, but for timely subsidies from the royal strong-box, must have exchanged the costly delights of Arthur's and of Ascot for the dull economy of their country-houses, felt their hearts low within them when an ex-First Lord, who knew every secret of the Treasury, and whose failing health excluded him from that prospect of a return to office which is so potent to mitigate the reforming zeal of an Opposition, came forward in the character of a financial inquisitor.

How was it, asked Grenville, that the late King, spending like a king, could pay his way and leave a hundred and seventy thousand pounds as a nestegg for his successor, while his present Majesty, though practising a personal frugality that would be most laudable if the taxpayer had benefited by it, had already, in the tenth year of his reign, been reduced to apply to Parliament for the means of discharging a debt of half a million? . . . Lord North, an adept in all the more shallow and showy arts of parliamentary leadership, parried the attack by congratulating Grenville on having taken so kindly to the trade of an apostle of purity, for which his previous life had been but a queer apprenticeship; and when other members, whose antecedents were such that their mouths could not be closed by an epigram, pressed the Prime Minister for a more courteous and adequate explanation, the dependants of the Government drowned any further discussion by clamouring like a chorus of foxhounds who suspect that somebody has designs upon their porridge.'

The motion, negatived in the Commons, was repeated in the Lords by the Earl of Chatham, with even greater boldness of language. 'The jackals of the Treasury' demanded that his words should be taken down; 'but to take down Chatham's words was like binding over Cromwell to keep the peace on the morning of Naseby.' He declared that 'he, for one, would trust no sovereign in the world with the means of buying up the liberties of his people.' How, he demanded, had the money been spent? Not in the purchase of State secrets, not on the vices of the King, not in building palaces, not in encouraging arts, not in rewarding veterans starving on paltry pensions. How then? There could be no reason, but the most dishonourable, for refusing an inquiry. This was, at any rate, looking the evil fairly in the face, and may be said to have been the beginning of that process which will, we may hope, end by rendering the constituencies as pure as it has already rendered the House. But such an end was then not even foreshadowed; and when the City, roused by Lord Chatham's speech, petitioned the King—directly, in accordance with their ancient privilege—to dissolve the corrupt Parliament, and to put away from him the corrupt Ministers, the King rated the deputation soundly, and the House, by a large majority, pronounced the conduct of the City highly unwarrantable and tending to disturb the peace of the kingdom.

Such a vote, and the address which followed it, were highly pleasing to the King; but the country was on the verge of rebellion: that it did not pass that verge was mainly due to the moderation of Wilkes. If he, on being released from prison, had advocated violent measures, violent measures would have been taken, and the King's threat of appealing to

the sword would not have been vain. Seven years of war had, however, somewhat cooled Wilkes's love of fighting, and he refused to have anything to do with illegal or unconstitutional proceedings. But as a popular favourite, alderman, sheriff, and Lord Mayor, he had great constitutional power in the City, and was able to be a blister on the back of the Ministry, not only through this Parliament, but through the next, and to the end of Lord North's administration. Nor was it healed until the Marquis of Rockingham held the reins of government, when, by order of the House, 'all the declarations, orders, and resolutions respecting the Middlesex election were expunged from the journals, as being subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this kingdom.'

With this latter date, however, we are not now concerned. During the period of Wilkes's exclusion Charles Fox sat on the ministerial benches, and in the debates arising directly or indirectly out of the Middlesex election—debates which occupied the greater part of the six years through which that Parliament lasted—Fox took the ministerial side; and his speeches, preserved in a very imperfect and fragmentary form, are said to have been powerful and convincing. Whatever we may think of his judgment, which as yet had scarcely any existence, his oratorical strength was early developed, and when he spoke he held the attention of his hearers. It was thus that in the debate on the law of libel, when it was argued on the part of the Opposition that the decision as to the libel must rest with the jury, Fox plunged into the controversy, and against a crowd of legal talent maintained that to refuse the judges the power claimed for them was contrary to common sense and an insult to the ermine. The cause which he supported was both unjust and bad, and his speech was, as a matter of necessity, faulty in reasoning and weak in argument. But this he knew how to conceal in a torrent of invective more or less personal. His youth and vivacity were pleasing, his effrontery was amusing, and the sleepy, overfed squires, dozing away the memory of a midday dinner, wakened up to envy or to chuckle over the liveliness of the young debater, without caring a straw for the unsoundness of an argument which they could not be troubled to scrutinise. The ministerial view was affirmed by a large majority, and continued to be the interpretation of the law for more than twenty years, when it was corrected by a bill brought into Parliament by that same Fox who now so warmly opposed it.

But this was not the only case in which wrong now committed was afterwards repented of and undone. On December 8,

1770, some part of a speech which the Duke of Grafton had delivered in the House of Lords was given by the 'Public Advertiser' in its primitive nudity. The object was, avowedly, to hold the Duke up to ridicule; and the repetitions, the hesitations, the words without meaning, the mispronunciations, the false emphasis, all were unsparingly indicated. The style, added the reporter, who signed himself 'Domitian,' and might perhaps have signed himself 'Junius'—'the style is what the learned Scriblerus calls *rigmarole* in logic, *riddlemeree* among schoolboys, and, in vulgar acceptance, *three blue beans in a blue bladder*. It is the perpetual parturience of a mountain, and the never-failing delivery of a mouse.' The Lords—and in 1770 not unnaturally—objected to have their speeches so reported, or so commented on; and three days later Lord Gower, interrupting a discussion on the state of the navy, desired that the House might be cleared of strangers. There was some demur, but the advocates of secrecy were not to be denied, and a free fight ended in the victory of the strongest body and the forcible ejection of the visitors, several of whom happened to be members of the Lower House. The indignation which these carried back with them to their own benches was excessive, and would probably have resulted in some embarrassing motion, had not Charles Fox come boldly to the front, and, pouring oil on the troubled sea, pointed out that 'the blow which, by an unlucky accident, had fallen upon members of their honourable body, was meant for the common enemies of political mankind—the printers.'

In the course of the debate Lord George Germain, who had recently cast the slough of the name of Sackville, brought forward an elaborate scheme for—as he declared—maintaining the honour of the nation. A certain notorious George Johnstone, a quarrelsome, foul-tongued, and ignorant man—governor of a colony from which he carefully absented himself, captain in the navy without being either officer or seaman, and at this time member for Sir James Lowther's borough of Cockermouth—rudely expressed his wonder that the noble lord 'should take so much care of the honour of the nation, seeing that he had hitherto been so regardless of his own.' Between Lord George Germain and Governor Johnstone* there was not much to choose; and the thing perhaps

* Mr. Trevelyan erroneously writes these names Germaine and Johnston, following (we presume) the King's letter to Lord North of December 17, 1770. George III. is, however, no safer guide in spelling than in grammar, in politics, or in constitutional history. We also

most to be regretted in the whole affair is that, in the duel which followed, the pistols were discharged in vain. Had they both taken effect, and rid the country of both the combatants, the military or naval history of the next twelve years might have been very different: the disasters at Saratoga and York might not have been suffered, an English commissioner might not have been formally pronounced a creature unfit for the American Congress to hold intercourse with, and our navy might have been spared the ignominious encounter in Praya Bay.

But whilst Germain and Johnstone were firing, or preparing to fire, harmless squibs at each other in Hyde Park, the question as to the right of the press to publish reports of the debates went on. It was complained that the reports were incorrect and insulting; that, not being permitted to name the speakers, they intimated them by some ridiculous or contemptuous nickname; that Colonel Onslow, the member for Guildford, was pointed out as 'little cocking George,' or the 'sorry motion-maker;' and that Mr. Dyson, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and member for Weymouth, was called 'the damnation of the country.' The House was righteously indignant at such unheard-of impertinence, and ordered the printers to be called to the bar. But neither printers nor printers' devils appeared. 'You are like Glendower,' said Charles Fox, who could see the absurdity of his friends' position, and was not above a joke at his friends' expense; 'you can call spirits from the vasty deep, but the question is will the spirits come when you call them?' So the Deputy Serjeant was directed to apprehend them. Eight times in one day he called at the office of one, and each time was told that 'Master had just stepped out; would be back in a minute,' only as long as the Serjeant waited he did not come back. The King, as puzzled as the House, and constitutionally unable to refrain from interfering in a business that was none of his, recommended that 'every care be used to prevent its becoming a serious affair;' but adding, 'it is highly necessary that this strange and lawless method of publishing debates should be put a stop to,' could suggest no better caution than the bringing 'such miscreants before the House of Lords, which can fine as well as imprison,' and besides 'the Lords

remark that Mr. Trevelyan (p. 311) speaks of a Duke of *Havre* as the nephew of the Prince de Croy. The French nobleman referred to was the Duc de Havré, who afterwards sat in the National Assembly as Deputy of the city of Amiens. There never was any Duke of Havre.

‘have broader shoulders to support any odium that this salutary measure may occasion in the minds of the vulgar.’ The whole affair, if honestly looked at, was ridiculous, and Mr. Seymour said:—

‘The French Court, issuing forth with their jackboots and gilt coaches to hunt a little hare, was an august and rational spectacle compared with the aspect of a senate bribing shopboys to peach upon their employer.’

The simile was not inapt, for even by their persecutors the printers were counted as game; and on the 12th of March Colonel Onslow announced that he had got ‘three brace’ which he could bring before the House. The question accordingly came on, and was discussed during the then almost unheard-of period of seventeen hours. From noon to five o’clock the next morning the debate dragged along, interspersed with motions for adjournment and silly or ludicrous amendments, such as of late years we have been more familiar with. On the motion that the publisher of the ‘London Packet’ be summoned to the bar, one amendment was to interpolate the words ‘together with all his compositors, pressmen, correctors, blackers, and devils.’ Mr. Burke seconded this; he had been, he said, much struck with the argument by which it was introduced, and thought that the printer’s attendance would be incomplete unless his train accompanied him. Alderman Townsend moved to omit ‘devils.’ On the contrary, said Mr. Burke, the devil is the most material personage in the whole business. Some one would appear to have said that this was turning it into ridicule, to which Burke answered that he was not unwilling that it should be seen how ridiculous the matter was. Colonel Barré gravely moved that ‘Mr. Constantine Lincoln’ and ‘Jeremiah Weymouth, Esq., the damnation of this country,’ were not members of the House, and that whatever had been said of them did not concern the question of privilege. Twenty-three divisions were taken before the final one at five in the morning, when Charles Fox acted as teller ‘with the jovial energy of one whose usual bedtime was only just approaching.’

The next day a number of the printers were brought up and reprimanded; but of those who did not appear, John Wheble, for whom a reward of 50*l.* was offered, was arrested by a man named Carpenter, and taken before the sitting magistrate at the Guildhall. This—probably by pre-arrangement—happened to be Wilkes, who dismissed the case, bound over Carpenter to appear in answer to a charge of assault, and sent him

off to Whitehall with a certificate enabling him to claim the reward. This, however, he did not get; the Solicitor-General arguing that, as Carpenter was Wheble's familiar or devil, the case was undoubtedly one of collusion, and they might settle it between themselves: there was the devil to pay, but the House had nothing to do with it. A day or two later John Miller, another of the offending printers, was arrested by a messenger of the House of Commons. Miller sent for a constable and gave the messenger into custody as having committed an assault. The man was taken before the Lord Mayor, Crosby, who, with two aldermen, Wilkes and Oliver, was waiting for him.

'The City dignitaries, who had no intention that the thing should be done in a corner, gave time for the news to reach Westminster; and the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms came in state to rescue his subordinate and to claim his prisoner. The Lord Mayor replied by asking the Speaker's messenger whether he was a peace officer, legally qualified to make an arrest within the City bounds, and whether his warrant was backed by a City magistrate; and, when the man gave the only answer in his power, an order was drawn up committing him for trial on the charge of assault and false imprisonment. Crosby, whose courage was his best quality, though his character was otherwise not respectable, begged his colleagues to leave him the entire responsibility of a step the consequences of which could not fail to be perilous; and, turning to Wilkes, he said in the hearing of the Court, "You, I think, have "enough on your hands already." But Wilkes, who never cared how much paper was flying about the world under his signature, insisted on putting his name to the order of commitment; and an instrument, which was nothing less than a declaration of war against the House of Commons, went forth under the unanimous sanction of the magistrates who were in attendance to represent the City.'

Lord North would have been glad to let the matter drop, but the King wrote that 'the authority of the House of Commons is totally annihilated if it is not in an exemplary manner supported by instantly committing the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver to the Tower. As to Wilkes, he is below the notice of the House,' which last clause might perhaps be interpreted—'too dangerous to meddle with.' The House was by no means ardent in the quarrel. The feeling, as the subject was introduced by the Speaker, is described in Mr. Trevelyan's happiest manner:—

'His story met with a cold reception from a Parliament which, having hitherto spent the whole of its corporate existence in fighting the people, was not impatient to embark in a new contest that seemed likely to last until a general election reversed, most probably for ever, the position of the combatants. After a fresh series of county meetings,

petitions, and remonstrances had animated the nation and disheartened the Court; after the Liberty of the Press had been drunk with three times three in every assize town in the kingdom, and another score of letters by Junius, on the most fertile and stirring of themes, had been thumbed to pieces in all the coffee-houses;—to go then to the country, on the question of preventing the country from hearing what was said, and knowing what was done, by the representatives of the country, would be to provide Chatham with a devoted and irresistible majority, to be used at will for the accomplishment of the purpose which he had nearest at heart. And what that purpose was, no one who had an insight into his mind, or a hint of the subject on which he most frequently and earnestly corresponded with the statesmen who enjoyed and deserved his confidence, could for a moment doubt. With Chatham once more dictator, and Shelburne or Barré his master of the knights, the very first session would usher in an era of such searching and sweeping economical and parliamentary reform that few indeed of those gentlemen whose seats were now so secure and so remunerative would ever handle a Treasury bank-bill or see the inside of St. Stephen's again.'

But the King's commands were too positive to be trifled with by his stipendiaries, and the two offenders that his Majesty thought might be punished were ordered to attend in their places. When the case came on for a final hearing, the Lord Mayor was attended to Westminster both by a select committee and by the great London mob, which mustered round the House. The soldiers were ready, but so dense was the crowd there was no standing room for them. The constables were there in full force, but they were speedily disarmed, and their staves used to break Lord North's carriage windows. The carriage itself was smashed, and for an awful moment there seemed imminent danger that Lord North would be torn to pieces. He was happily rescued by Sir William Meredith, 'who, from the exclamations which he heard around him in the scuffle, gathered that the treatment experienced by the First Lord of the Treasury was intended for the Junior Lord of the Admiralty,' whom, in corporal bulk, he somewhat resembled. Notwithstanding this first mistake, Charles Fox, when he did appear, did not get off scot free. His coach was wrecked, and he himself, after being pelted with mud, was rolled in the kennel. Inside the House, business was at a standstill. The afternoon was passed in recrimination, each party accusing the other of causing the riot; and foremost in upbraiding the Opposition was Wedderburn, who had sold his wares—a silver tongue, a brazen forehead, and an elastic conscience—to Lord North, and was now as vehement in supporting the Government as he had erstwhile been in withstanding

it. The third quarter of last century, and other quarters of centuries before and since, have witnessed many examples of mercenary and unscrupulous rattling, but none so palpably mercenary, so carefully calculated and prepared for, so utterly unscrupulous, as that of Wedderburn, just then appointed Solicitor-General, and destined, at a later period, to be Lord Chancellor, as Lord Loughborough, and afterwards Earl of Rosslyn; or, as Churchill, even ten years earlier, had prophetically sung, to 'reach the heights which honest men despise.' 'Tis an honest vocation to be a scavenger,' wrote 'Horace Walpole, 'but I would not be Solicitor-General.' Public indignation and mob violence were, however, alike powerless against the purpose of the King, expounded by Elliot and emphasised by Charles Fox, to whom the opportunity for a row was too tempting to be lightly let pass; and the Lord Mayor, together with Mr. Oliver, was committed to the Tower, where the two were entertained, at the cost of the City, in a truly civic manner, until the end of the session put an end also to their imprisonment.

'To avoid a popular demonstration, the Ministry purposely kept the day of prorogation secret; but, by the time that the Park guns began to fire and the Tower gates were opened, a cavalcade was already in waiting to conduct Crosby and Oliver to the Mansion House, more imposing by far than that which attended the King from the Palace to the House of Lords. The aldermen in their scarlet gowns, and the Artillery Company in full uniform, escorted the Lord Mayor in his state coach through roaring streets, which, as soon as night fell, honoured the champions of the City and the press with an illumination so general and spontaneous that the very apprentices of Paternoster Row had no excuse for breaking windows.'

Parliament had nominally gained a victory over the people and the press, but in reality it had suffered a decisive defeat, the result of which was that the pretence of keeping the debates secret was shortly afterwards dropped, and has never been renewed; for it came to be understood that—in the words of Charles Fox, spoken a few years later—'the only method of preventing misrepresentation was by giving more publicity than ever to the debates and decisions of the House, since the surest recipe for killing a lie was to multiply the witnesses to the truth.'

But Fox had by that time seen the error of his young ways, and had formed his mature opinion on the conduct of men and things. In 1771 he was still at the disposal of the Government; and never more effectively than on February 20, in the debate on Sir William Meredith's motion to strike out a

limiting clause in the Nullum Tempus Act, as passed in the session of 1769. This amendment, like the original bill, was due to the grasping and overbearing action of Sir James Lowther, first, or—as, in his own country at least, he is more commonly known—the bad Earl of Lonsdale. Of the numerous deeds of cruelty, tyranny, and crime which his heart suggested, his head planned, his will carried out, and to which his enormous wealth gave impunity, it is as unnecessary as impossible for us to speak at length. Mr. Trevelyan has shortly summed up the total:—

‘His countrymen hated him so heartily, and with so much cause, that, even if the worst half of the tales which they related and printed about him are to be accounted as mythical, enough remain authentic and undisputed to prove that in boorishness, caprice, insolence, rapacity, lawlessness, and above all in the practice of cruelty for cruelty’s sake, he was three centuries behind the least estimable of his own generation.’

His raid against the Duke of Portland, being matter of public history, is perhaps the most widely known of his misdeeds: but though marked by the same greed and rapacity which distinguished all his conduct, it is really the least blameable action of his life. It was not tyrannical, for it was attempted against a man of equal power and higher rank; and it was not illegal, for it was supported by the law officers of the Crown, and a special Act of Parliament was necessary to forbid it. That it was unjust, and contrary to the spirit of English law, or the feelings of English gentlemen, was another matter, with which neither the Duke of Grafton nor Sir James Lowther concerned themselves. In a few words, the case was this: Lowther had discovered that in the grant of crown lands in Cumberland and Westmoreland, which had been made to the first Duke of Portland by William the Third, the Forest of Inglewood had not been distinctly and formally included. This was probably due to the ignorance of the lawyers who drew up the title-deeds; for there is no room to doubt that it was included by intention and understanding; and it is quite certain that, from the date of the grant, the Dukes of Portland had assumed to themselves as much right to it as to any part of the territory. But in 1767, after they had held undisputed possession for nearly seventy years, Sir James Lowther, representing that the property had long been withheld from the Crown, and by virtue of the obsolete maxim *Nullum tempus occurrit regi et ecclesiæ*, obtained a lease of it at the modest quit-rent of 13s. 4d. *per annum*. The sympathy and support of all honest men were with the Duke of Port-

land; and throughout the whole country, the nobility and landed gentry were uneasily conscious that, if this maxim should be recognised as actual law, it might go hard with themselves, of whom many held lands acquired long years before in some manner that might not bear too close a scrutiny. And thus, even against the Government, Sir George Savile's Nullum Tempus Bill, limiting reclamation, on the part of the Crown, to sixty years, was carried by a great majority. Unfortunately, however, it was provided that the grantees of the Crown should have a twelvemonth to prosecute their claims; and Sir James Lowther, furious at seeing his prey torn from his grasp, availed himself of this clause to waste and destroy what he could not hold. He evicted the Duke's tenants without scruple or pity. On one day he served writs of ejectment upon four hundred freeholders.

'Fifteen bills in equity, and two hundred and twenty-five actions at common law, were simultaneously in course of prosecution against men whose ideas of litigation had hitherto never risen above a controversy with the parson about the tenth sack of peat, or a wrangle with a brother commoner over the parentage of a gosling.'

It was to put an end to this cruel and tyrannical proceeding that Sir William Meredith's bill was brought in. The current of popular feeling ran so strong against him that even Sir James Lowther quailed. He commissioned his very fitting spokesman, Governor Johnstone, to state that he should prosecute none of the suits except that against the Duke of Portland. The concession, far from staying Sir William Meredith, rather stimulated him. The principle of the bill, he urged, was of greater consequence to the rich than to the poor: it was the rich who were most obnoxious to the evil complained of; their wealth was a mark which pointed them out to the informer. The Ministry, he concluded, could have no grounds for any course but to support the bill. It was now Fox's turn. 'It was never safe,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'to challenge the Treasury Bench for a reason with regard to any question which filled a space in the mind of Charles Fox. Reasons in that luxuriant soil were plentiful as blackberries, and changed their colour at least as often.' His reasons, such as they were, he now stated in a manner that was everywhere spoken of as most able: and though, knowing the number of votes which Lowther could command, and the obedience of the paid Government majority, we may think Mr. Trevelyan has rather overstated the case in saying that Fox 'talked the House of Commons fairly round the compass,' it must be

acknowledged that his lively and audacious attack, on the promoters of the bill rendered the Government course of action both less difficult and less displeasing. Sir William Meredith's bill was thrown out: but Sir James Lowther gained nothing by it, for when the case came on for trial he was nonsuited. This was not, however, for some months, during which Fox's share in the debate was much canvassed, in no complimentary tone: and a writer in the 'Public Advertiser,' addressing himself to Lord North, said:—

'It was reserved for Mr. Charles Fox at the opening of his life to prove how easy and irreproachable it is, under your Lordship's administration, to betray his first, his nearest, and his dearest friend; to sacrifice the interests and the honour of a young nobleman, the companion and the confidant of his private hours, at the dishonourable shrine of ministerial influence.'

This letter was signed 'Ulysses,' which Mr. Trevelyan—following in this Mr. Merivale, and on grounds which do not seem quite convincing—interprets as Junius.* But whether by Ulysses, or Junius, or anybody else, Fox, at the age of twenty-two, was not the man quietly to allow himself to be taxed with treachery and dishonour. His pistols were as ready as his tongue; and he wrote to the publisher asking for the name of his correspondent, with whom he was anxious to have some conversation upon the subject of the letter. 'If the author,' he added, 'either is or professes to be a gentleman, he can scarcely refuse me this request.' It may be doubted whether the invitation ever reached the person for whom it was meant; for the letter itself was found amongst Mr. Woodfall's papers: but, at any rate, it was not accepted; and Charles Fox had not the pleasure of shooting or being shot by his pseudonymous calumniator.

The Nullum Tempus Bill was scarcely out of the way before the attention of the House was occupied by the petition of a number of clergymen and others, graduates of the universities, who wished to be relieved from the burden of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. The debate ran almost entirely on the case of the clergymen; but the agitation was so far unreal, that though the promoters of it were very much in earnest, their utmost exertions could not procure more than two

* Mr. Herman Merivale thinks the style is that of Junius: but style, especially in a short extract, is very doubtful evidence; and there would be here a natural, even if unconscious, tendency to imitation. The letter was not included in Woodfall's edition, which does not strike us as erring on the side of incredulity.

hundred and fifty signatures to their petition. Mr. Trevelyan, arguing, it appears to us, from a more modern tone of thought, and with a thinly veiled objection to an Establishment, implies that even these two hundred and fifty ought to have been relieved from the obligation that pressed heavily on their consciences; as also the many others who, he assumes, agreed with them in principle, but were too timid or too cautious to sign. This seems to us founded on a misconception: for the question raised was not whether there should be an Established Church; that, no one disputed: it was merely whether the clergy of the Established Church should be left free to interpret Scripture, each man as he thought fit; and the leading parties to the movement were almost avowedly Unitarians. The question was not one of liberty of conscience; for there was never any necessity to subscribe: it was rather whether a man voluntarily undertaking to perform certain duties should perform them according to his contract; or whether the State should support and enforce doctrines which were repugnant to the vast majority of the people; whether the people should be compelled to pay tithes to a preacher they abhorred: and it really was argued out on these grounds, and rejected by a large majority, independent of party: for though introduced by a Whig and objected to by a Tory, Burke spoke very strongly against it; and Charles Fox, a member of the Government—after a grand debauch of drinking and dicing for four days, during which he was only once in bed—washed his face and went down to the House, to speak, however weakly, in favour of it. In the following year the question was again raised, and again rejected; when Lindsey, vicar of Catterick in Yorkshire, the originator of the petition, resigned his living and went into an honest poverty; from which he saw four of his fellows, staying in the Church,—that Church whose tenets they had gone out of their way to proclaim contrary to their mature judgment,—successively raised to the episcopal bench. We may not agree with the doctrinal opinions of Mr. Lindsey: but what must we think of the morality of the four bishops?

It was on February 6, 1772, that this petition was rejected: on the 17th, only eleven days later, came on a discussion on a Church Nullum Tempus Bill, the complement of that which now limited the claims of the Crown. Mr. Seymour, in bringing forward the motion, referred to the case of a gentleman, a member of the House, whose family he said was 'at this instant £20,000*l.* the worse by the claim of a bishop upon his

'lands, after the quiet possession for above a hundred years.' Lord North, at the instigation of the bishops—whose votes in the House of Lords were very precious—warmly opposed the motion; and to his surprise was, for so doing, attacked by Charles Fox, with what Mr. Trevelyan calls 'rollicking audacity.' Lord North was at least consistent: he had upheld the royal doctrine of *Nullum Tempus*, as he now upheld that of the Church. The same could scarcely be said of Fox, to whose eloquence it was largely owing that the latest amendment to the King's *Nullum Tempus* had been rejected. Naturally enough, Fox resigned his seat at the Admiralty: but the question which most interested the curious was, Why had he opposed the Government?—for no one supposed that the interests of the Church or of the holders of Church property had influenced him. Possibly enough it had occurred to him that more fun was to be got out of opposing the bishops, whom perhaps he regarded with an undergraduate's aversion to dons: possibly too he was tickled by the joke of opposing Lord North, against whom he felt some trivial pique: but the true reason of his conduct seems to be that he was not prepared to support the Government on the Royal Marriage Bill, as to which he really had convictions—the first, so far as we know, that had ever troubled his jovial temperament.

In the previous October, the Duke of Cumberland—who had passed his adolescence in criminally conversing with other men's wives, or in being tried for the same—fell into what he was pleased to call love with a fascinating widow, Mrs. Horton, the sister of that Colonel Luttrell whom the Government had nominated member for Middlesex. The Duke was an ardent lover: but Mrs. Horton, less passionate or more prudent than her predecessors, would grant no favours till the Church had rendered them lawful. The Duke, therefore, married her. That the Court should be 'hoist with its own petard;' that, as it had forced one Luttrell on the county of Middlesex, another should be forced on the Royal Family, was to the amusement and delight of the Wilkites: and Junius, dipping his pen into fresh gall, wrote:—

'The divine justice of retribution seems now to have begun its progress. Deliberate treachery entails punishment upon the traitor. There is no possibility of escaping it, even in the highest rank to which the consent of society can exalt the meanest and worst of men. The forced, unnatural union of Luttrell and Middlesex was an omen of another unnatural union, by which indefeasible infamy is attached to the House of Brunswick. If one of those acts was virtuous and

honourable, the best of princes, I thank God, is happily rewarded for it by the other.' *

Scarcely was it known that Mrs. Horton had been made Duchess of Cumberland, when the Duke of Gloucester, emboldened by his brother's example, publicly announced his marriage, five years before, with the dowager Countess of Waldegrave, the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. Neither Mrs. Horton nor Lady Waldegrave were sisters-in-law to the King's taste; and as the head of the English aristocracy, he may be fairly excused for being angry at his nearest relations having contracted marriages which would not have been considered desirable by any man of family in the kingdom. Lady Waldegrave is indeed described—though by her own uncle—as a most modest and accomplished lady; but whatever her personal qualifications, the illegitimate daughter of a private gentleman was certainly not, from a social point of view, a suitable wife for a prince of the blood. As to Mrs. Horton, we know of no evil concerning her; but her warmest champion, Mr. Massey, who on one page speaks of her as 'fitted to adorn any station,' on another styles her 'an Irish adventuress;'[†] and in any case, her brother was Colonel Luttrell, her father was Lord Iruham.

In accordance with the wish of George II., the members of the Royal Family had been specially exempted from the restrictions of the Marriage Act of 1753; so that a prince or princess could still get married with as little difficulty as in the days of Keith, and without the necessity of a journey across the Scottish border. George the Second's grandson by no means approved of the way in which the exemption worked; and accordingly, on February 20, 1772, a message from the King to the Houses of Parliament required them to pass a law placing the marriages of the Royal Family under the control of the sovereign. There can be little doubt that it was the knowledge of this design that impelled Charles Fox to oppose the Government on the Church Nullum Tempus, and to throw up his office. In preparing to defend free trade in matrimony, Charles Fox was only behaving as a dutiful son, whose father had, in marriage as in many other things, set social conventionalities at defiance. Whatever blame attached to Mrs. Horton or Lady Waldegrave for marrying brothers of the King, must, by implication, attach also to Lord Holland for,

* Junius to his Grace the Duke of Grafton, November 28, 1771.

† *History of England during the Reign of George III.*, vol. ii. pp. 148, 140.

royalty was despotism, and who was ignorant alike of the duties and responsibilities which lay before him—

‘she willingly allowed his strong mind to remain uncultivated by study and overgrown with prejudices. As far as any knowledge of the duties and the position which were before him was concerned, she kept him in the nursery till within two years of the time that he mounted the throne. All that bedchamber women and pages of the backstairs could tell him about royal prerogative and popular rights she took care that he should learn; but at that point his political education ended.’

Of all that related to international law, commerce, or navigation he was left utterly ignorant; of religion he knew only to hate and suspect all forms except those to which he was accustomed; his political principles he had learned from a Jacobite, and his knowledge of English history from a Jesuit.

‘He possessed all the accomplishments which are required for doing business, as business is done by kings. He talked foreign languages like a modern prince of the blood, and he wrote like the master of everyone with whom he corresponded. The meaning of the brief and blunt confidential notes in which he made known his wishes to an absent Minister never failed to stand clearly out through all his indifferent spelling and careless grammar. Those notes are dated at almost every minute from eight in the morning to eleven at night; for, as long as work remained on hand, all hours were working hours with the King. Punctual, patient, self-willed, and self-possessed; intruding into every department; inquiring greedily into every detail; making everybody’s duty his own, and then doing it conscientiously, indefatigably, and as badly as it could possibly be done; he had almost all the qualities which enable a man to use, or misuse, an exalted station, with hardly any of the talents by means of which such a station can be reached from below.’

Thus, when George III. mounted the throne, determined to rule wholly and by himself, no honest and capable Minister could remain in his service. Those of whom he did not get rid voluntarily retired, and after a few years the nominal conduct of affairs fell into the hands of men whose weakness or whose infamy rendered them willing slaves. And withal, the King, serenely satisfied with his success,

‘felt it an insult to himself that his subjects should murmur when they saw honest and patriotic statesmen forbidden to devote their talents to the service of the public, while the prosperity and honour of the country were committed to the charge of men not one of whom any private person in his senses would choose as a steward, or receive as a son-in-law. According to his Majesty’s theory, his favour was a testimonial which the world was bound to accept. The royal confidence could turn Sir Francis Dashwood into a sage, and Lord George

Sackville into a hero; could make a Cato the Censor of the Earl of Sandwich, and a Scipio of the Duke of Grafton. Among the innumerable evil results of George the Third's policy, not the least disastrous was that the supporters of that policy considered themselves bound to maintain that men like Lord Weymouth and Rigby were no worse than men like the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Rockingham. Personal morality became a party question; the standard of virtue was lowered to meet the convenience of the Court; and whoever was desirous of evincing his attachment to the King was in a hurry to assure mankind that he condoned the vices of the Minister.'

What the moral standing of the Ministers was, Mr. Trevelyan has admirably told. Rigby, the Paymaster of the Forces, was 'a man of whom it may literally be said that the 'only merit he possessed, or cared to claim, was that he drank 'fair.' Lord Weymouth, whilst Secretary of State, 'boozed 'till daylight, and dozed into the afternoon;' and yet

'it would have been well for him if his nights had been consumed exclusively in drinking, for he was an ardent and most unlucky gambler, and, by the age of one-and-thirty, he had played away his fortune, his credit, and his honour. His house swarmed with bailiffs; and, when he sought refuge at the Club, he found himself among people whose money he had tried to win without having any of his own to lose, and who had told him their opinion of his conduct in terms which he was not in a position, and (as some suspected) not of a nature to resent.'

His successor, till then Postmaster-General, was Lord Sandwich, 'possibly the most disreputable member of the 'Bedford connexion,' and described by Churchill as spared by fate

'Only to show, on mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.'

'He shocked,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'even his own generation by the immorality of his private life, if such a term can be applied to the undisguised and unabashed libertinism that he carried to the very verge of a tomb which did not close on him until he mispent three quarters of a century. He survived a whole succession of scandals, the least flagrant of which would have been fatal to anyone but him. Nothing substantially injured him in the estimation of his countrymen, because no possible revelation could make them think worse of him than they thought already. When he was advanced in age, and at the head of what was just then the most important branch of the public service, he was involved in one of those tragedies of the police court by means of which the retribution of publicity sometimes overtakes the voluptuary who imagines that his wealth has fenced him securely from the consequences of his sin. But no coroner's inquest, or cross-examination at the Old Bailey, could elicit anything which would add a shade to such a character. . . . Corrupt, tyrannical, and brazen-faced

as a politician, and destitute, as was seen in his conduct to Wilkes, of that last relic of virtue, fidelity towards the partners of his secret and pleasant vices,—political satire itself tried in vain to exaggerate the turpitude of Sandwich.

If we may believe the poets and the painters—the latter of whom, at least, had no wish to misrepresent him—his visage was no fairer than his morality or honour. Churchill describes him as looking ‘half-hanged,’ and hints that either the rope broke or he was cut down by mistake. His portrait by Gainsborough, now in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, does not rebut the charge; and a picture by some unknown artist, in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington, is, if possible, still more repulsive. The Duke of Grafton, the head and chief of this select Ministry, was apparently the best of the lot. He was still young, and in mind younger than in years. His faults were those of a silly youth rather than of a vicious man; but as a Minister he was alike weak and incapable, and was thus the ready tool for the pretensions of the King. His high post exposed him to a fuller measure of obloquy than was meted out to his subordinates, and the invectives of Junius became still more violent when Grafton was their object. In after-life his conduct was harmless, and might have been approved; but

‘the portrait which had been bitten into the national memory by the acid of Junius has never been obliterated. . . . Doing penance for the accumulated sins and scandals of his colleagues, Grafton while English is read, will continue to stand in his white sheet beneath the very centre of the dome in the temple of history.’

With a Government in which men like Sandwich, Weymouth, or Rigby served under a chief like Grafton, the will of the King was the sole moving power: his commands impelled the Ministry; his cash or favour hired a majority; and during the life of the Parliament which was elected in 1768, and was dissolved in 1774, the King was practically as despotic as a northern Tsar or an eastern Sultan. Not, of course, in theory. Although the constitution was set at naught, the constitutional forms were not violated. A small party, too honest, too proud, too patriotic to sell their consciences for money or for place, formed a permanent Opposition, and on every opportunity mustered in defence of freedom: but in every case the votes of the Court carried the day. The composition of the Parliament, more than usually corrupt, gave especial power to the Government. The country was crowded with men who had risen from nothing to great wealth. Nabobs who had

followed in the wake of Clive, army contractors, the humble imitators of Lord Holland, were anxious to push their way to the front; and bribery had been higher, more open, more shameless than ever before. A large proportion of the members had bought their seats in public market, at prices hitherto unheard of; and, in some way or other, according to their respective needs, they now wished to recoup the outlay: the poor wanted money or place; the rich wanted social recognition, rank, or title; and from the Court alone could they expect these things. Others again were of the Court party from mere association; and of these was Charles James Fox, who sat in this Parliament as one of the members for Midhurst, the other being his cousin, Lord Stavordale.

Fox, at the time of his election in March 1768, was just turned nineteen, and was passing part of a dissipated youth in Italy. He had been educated, in a desultory way, at Eton, where his almost unlimited command of money did himself great moral harm, and fixed a tone of vulgar extravagance on the school. Boys, even more than men, are prone to imitation: it is a sincere form of hero-worship; and Fox was adored by all his acquaintance. From Eton he went to Oxford; and between the two, in the intervals of much precocious dissipation, he laid the foundation of a stock of classical knowledge the extent of which, under the circumstances, seems astonishing. He left Oxford, however, without taking a degree, and joined his father in Italy, where the cheery old sinner was living a pleasant and domestic life. From his son Lord Holland required nothing but affection and frankness: anything approaching to obedience or restraint seems never to have been hinted at. Even during his Eton days, Charles had been familiarised with the dice-box; and in Italy he devoted much time to improving the acquaintance. To one whose wealth was practically boundless, who had money at will, just as much as if he had held Fortunatus's purse, it is difficult to understand what charm there could be in calling the main: but, whatever it was, it was as irresistible as his luck—assisted probably by the art of his opponents—was bad. During the winter at Naples, he ran through about 16,000*l.*; a sum which to him was absolutely nothing, and to his father a mere trifle. The old man paid it without remark, certainly without censure.

But notwithstanding the lad's passion for the board of green cloth, for drinking and other more or less disreputable ways of getting through a fortune, his studies were curiously persistent. French he had learnt as a child, and practised

as a boy. He now acquired a mastery of Italian, which he read with the exactness of a scholar and the feeling of a poet. Ariosto he gloated over; he was a willing thrall to Dante; Davila he read; he even worked through the proverbial dulness of Guicciardini. But then, and throughout his life, in play or in earnest, whatever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. In this lay the secret of his future excellence; as he himself, in after-years, briefly explained to a bystander who questioned him about his skill as a tennis player. 'It is,' he said, 'because I am a very painstaking man:' and this painstaking he carried into all the business of life.

'There are some,' writes Mr. Trevelyan, 'who apparently study the histories of distinguished men in order to find illustrations of the theory that fame in after-life does not necessarily depend upon habits of work, formed betimes, and persistently maintained. Readers of this class will derive even less than their usual consolation and encouragement from the career of Fox. The third Lord Holland, who knew his uncle far better than all other people together who have recorded their impressions of his character, tells us that the most marked and enduring feature in his disposition was his invincible propensity "to labour at excellence." His rule in small things, as in great, was the homely proverb that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. His verses of society were polished with a care which their merit not unfrequently repaid. He ranked high among chess-players, and was constantly and eagerly extending his researches into the science of the game. When Secretary of State, he did something to improve his hand by taking lessons and writing copies like a schoolboy. At the head of his own table, he helped the turbot and the fowls according to the directions of a treatise on carving which lay beside him on the cloth. As soon as he had finally determined to settle in the country, he devoted himself to the art of gardening with a success to which St. Anne's Hill still bears agreeable testimony.'

In later years, during the period of his comparative retirement from public life, he still brought the same exactness, the same loving industry, to bear on his studies of the great classics, whether of Greece or Rome or modern Europe.

'His vast and varied mass of erudition, far exceeding that of many men who have been famous for nothing else, was all aglow with the intense vitality of his eager and brilliant intellect. He trod with a sure step through the treasure-house of antiquity, guided by a keenness of insight into the sentiments and the circumstances of the remote past which amounted to little short of positive inspiration. . . . "Euripides," he would say, "is the most precious thing left us,—the most like "Shakespeare;" and he knew him as Shakespeare was known to Charles Lamb and to Coleridge. "Read him," he enjoined on young Lord Holland, "till you love his very faults." He went through the

Iliad and the Odyssey more than once a year; and, while he counted every omitted digamma, and was always ready to cover four sides of letter-paper with a disquisition on Homeric prosody or chronology, there is ample proof that, as far as feeling and observation were concerned, he had anticipated that exquisite vein of criticism which is the special charm of the most charming portion of Mr. Ruskin's writings.'

But this was at a more mature age. Amongst the occupations of his youth, acting filled a prominent place. He was not the first of his family who yielded to the fascinations of the theatre; and for a few bright years he seems to have valued his acquaintances chiefly for their use on the stage. 'Your sister,' he wrote to Fitzpatrick, 'is a very good actress. Lady Sarah's fame is well known. Stephen acted extremely well in the comedy. In the tragedy he did not know his part. Carlisle is not an excellent actor, but will make a very useful one. Peter Brodie is the best manager prompter in the world. We want another actor or two, but much more another actress.' When the serious business of his life began, play-acting was dropped: after 1773 he concerned himself no more with it: but, as Mr. Trevelyan has pointed out, the training which he underwent during this stage-struck period was of great advantage to him as a speaker. His memory and his voice were under absolute control.

'That laborious discipline in the theory and practice of elocution, through which he was carried by his disinterested passion for the drama, had gained him a command of accent and gesture which, as is always the case with the highest art, gave his marvellous rhetoric the strength and the simplicity of nature. The pains which he had bestowed upon learning to speak the words of others, enabled him to concentrate his undivided attention upon the arduous task of improvising his own. If only he could find the thing which required to be said, he was sure to say it in the way that would produce the greatest possible effect. His variety of manner, we are told, was quite as remarkable as the richness of his matter. The modulations of his voice responded exactly to the nature of his subject and the emotions of his mind. When he was piling up his arguments, so correct in their sequence, and, as we read them now with cool and impartial judgments, for the most part so irresistible in their weight, every one of his massive sentences "came rolling like a wave of the Atlantic, three thousand miles long."

This, then, was Charles James Fox at his entry into Parliament and during his first five years; but of political principle he had little or none. He has commonly been spoken of as, at this time, a Tory. Undoubtedly he sat on what were called the Tory benches; and for some years held office under the Government, with which he, of course, generally voted.

Nor was his vote by any means a silent one: on the contrary, he spoke on almost every opportunity, frequently with power and effect. Nevertheless, we do not think it strictly correct to speak of him as a Tory. We think rather that his opinions were quite unformed; that precocious as his intellect was in many things, he had not directed it to politics; occupying it with the much more important matters of gaming, drinking, love-making, and acting, to which any parliamentary business was quite subservient. Occasionally, indeed, in a more sober mood, he joined his father and mother at King's Gate, a narrow gorge running down to the sea just beneath the North Foreland Light, in which Lord Holland had built 'an ugly, comfortable mansion which now lodges a party of coast-guardsmen and their officer.' Here,

'pacing up and down that strip of gravel, or seated on the sills of those unsightly but hospitable windows, lounged and chatted, a hundred years ago and more, a group of friends and cousins as merry, as affectionate, as easily and, it may be, as inexcusably contented with each other and themselves, as ever were gathered together for Christmas sports and summer idleness;—a group of which the leader and the idol was the lad who already bade fair to be the greatest known master of the art in which, of all arts, an Englishman covets to excel.'

But in town, Charles Fox and his friend Fitzpatrick took lodgings in the house of one Mackie, an Italian warehouseman in Piccadilly, where the irregularity of their lives caused their friends at Brooks's to say they would be the ruin of the shop. Not at all, said George Selwyn; they will make Mackie's fortune: he will have the finest pickles in London.

We think, then, that in taking part with the Government, Charles Fox was, to a very great extent, guided by the wishes of his father, expressed or understood. Lord Holland's political principles were simple and entirely personal: patriotism, in any form, he had long looked on as an empty name, or a shallow pretence: the greatest good, not to the greatest number, but to his own pocket, had been the rule of his conduct. From his point of view, to support the Government and to hold a place, as lucrative as possible, was the only correct line for a young politician: and so, doubtless, he had taught his sons; not perhaps by actual advice so much as by vague precept and innuendo. But more even than this hereditary idea of making the Government profitable to the governors was the boyish idea of making it amusing. On his entry into Parliament, Charles Fox would seem to have considered the House very much as a debating society, and to have spoken, from the impulse of the moment, in whatever

manner was most likely to cause confusion. In the exuberance of his spirits, a row seemed the most enjoyable part of his parliamentary life; and the surest way of provoking one was to irritate the Opposition, which, though small in numbers, had a large preponderance not only of virtue and honesty, but of energy, of talent, and, above all, of popular approval.

Almost the first measure which engaged the attention of the Parliament was one which the angry passions it aroused rendered dangerous, and the constitutional principles it involved rendered important. It was the exclusion or expulsion of the member for Middlesex. John Wilkes, the son of a wealthy distiller, had by a course of drunken and obscene debauchery run through the handsome fortunes which he had inherited from his father and received with his wife. A man of good education, of pleasant manners, of conversational talent and ready wit, he had been, some six years before, the chosen companion of Sandwich, Dashwood, Weymouth, March, and a score of others, notorious evil and profane livers. In his more sober minutes he had written or edited a paper under the name of the 'North Briton,' which every week poured forth pages of scurrilous abuse of the Ministers collectively, of the Dowager Princess of Wales, of Lord Bute, and of Lord Bute's country and countrymen. The popular feeling against Lord Bute was so intense that what was scurrilous passed as wit, and what was abusive passed as argument. The 'North Briton'—stupid rubbish as it now seems—was a power in the State, and a terrible thorn in the side of the Minister, whose determination to resign it confirmed, if it did not originate. Lord Bute's successor, a man of a very different type, resolved at once to stamp out the nuisance; and on the publication of the first number after Mr. Grenville became head of the Government, everybody connected or supposed to be connected with the paper was arrested. It was notorious enough that Wilkes was the chief offender: but public repute was not legal evidence, which was not immediately forthcoming. The difficulty was got over by his pleasant companion, Lord Sandwich, who procured proof of his handwriting, and, further, brought to the notice of the House of Lords a grossly indecent poem, a few copies of which had lately been printed by Wilkes for private circulation. The poem pretended to be annotated by the Bishop of Gloucester; a disrespectful use of his lordship's name, which was held to be an insult to the whole House, and a breach of privilege. At the same time the House of Commons decided that No. 45 of the 'North Briton' was 'a false, scandalous,

‘and seditious libel,’ and ordered it to be publicly burned by the common hangman. Wilkes, though badly wounded in a duel, made good his escape to Paris, and remained there, being outlawed on his refusal to return and stand his trial. He did, however, return in 1768, and was elected member for the county of Middlesex. The circumstances of the election; of the canvassing and tactics of ‘Parson’ Horne, the Vicar of Brentford; of the blockade of the Oxford Road by 6,000 Spitalfields weavers; of the subsequent illumination, enforced by measures most profitable to the glaziers; of the riots, the train-bands, and the difficulties of the Lord Mayor,—all are admirably told by Mr. Trevelyan; but they must here be summed up in three words: Wilkes was elected. A few days later he surrendered to his outlawry, proclaimed four years before: but now that the courts had hold of him, it was two months ere they could decide on his punishment, and condemn him to pay 1,000*l.* as a fine and to undergo an imprisonment of twenty-two months. However irregular the original prosecution, and however dilatory the present condemnation, this was still, in itself, in ordinary course of law. If the King, recognising the absurdity and at the same time the difficulty of the whole affair, had sent Wilkes a free pardon, there would have been an end of it. Wilkes’s popularity would have faded at once and for ever: the touch of contempt would have undone him.

The King, however, would do nothing of the kind. Junius accused the Duke of Grafton of ‘degrading the royal dignity ‘into a base and dishonourable competition with Mr. Wilkes.’ The result is correctly stated, but the cause of it was not the Duke of Grafton; it was the King himself, who urged it on his Ministers. He complained warmly that a man in the position of the Duke of Grafton should think of proposing a pardon; and as early as April 25, 1768, he wrote to Lord North, the leader of the House of Commons: ‘I think it highly proper ‘to apprise you that the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes appears to be ‘very essential, and must be effected. . . . If there is any man ‘capable of forgetting his criminal writings, I think his speech ‘in the Court of King’s Bench, on Wednesday last, reason ‘enough for to go as far as possible to expel him; for he ‘declared “No. 45” a paper that the author ought to *glory in*, ‘and the blasphemous poem a mere *ludicrous production*.’ Accordingly, on the meeting of the House in May, the affair was brought forward, but it was talked about rather than discussed. Men of sense, even in the Government, were loth to interfere. The fighting element of the party, as represented

by Granby, Hawke, and Conway, was all for peace. Wilkes was in the King's Bench prison; he was likely to remain there, and nothing further need be done about it—at any rate, till November. But in November Wilkes himself opened the campaign, representing, by petition to the Commons, that his imprisonment was the harsh and arbitrary treatment of one of themselves. He succeeded in persuading them

‘to request the attendance of Lord Sandwich and Lord March, in order to give evidence about the intrigue by which the proof-sheets of the *Essay on Woman* had come into the hands of the authorities; and those two noblemen, who knew Wilkes quite well enough to be aware that, if he once got them at the bar, he would set a mark on them that would outlast their lifetime, in an agony of apprehension prevailed upon the Lords to reject the application. The Commons, always forward to stand upon their rights, persisted in their demand; and the relations between the Houses were already at a deadlock, when an event occurred which encouraged the Ministry to assume the offensive, and deprived the world of an entertainment which would have surpassed anything of the sort that had taken place since Cicero's cross-examination of Clodius.’

During the popular excitement in the preceding spring Lord Weymouth had written to the magistrates, urging strong measures. They had accordingly called out the military, and in the riot which took place on Wilkes's committal to prison, some half-dozen of the rioters had been shot. Wilkes now published Lord Weymouth's letter, with a commentary; and, ‘when taxed with the authorship at the bar of the Commons, told the Speaker that there was no need to call witnesses—that he avowed the act, that he gloried in it, and that he had other rods in pickle for any Secretary of State who should again indite so bloody a scroll.’ This, in the eyes of the majority, filled up the measure of Wilkes's iniquity. The commentary was held to be an impudent libel on the Secretary of State; and on February 3, 1769, it was moved that Mr. Wilkes be expelled the House. On this a long and violent debate followed. ‘Each man,’ wrote Lord Temple, ‘dwelt upon the crime he most detested: the various flowers of their eloquence composed a most delightful nosegay.’ George Grenville, who was assuredly no partisan of Wilkes, and Edmund Burke argued ably against the ‘flowers of eloquence,’ and the profane platitudes of the place-hunters and parasites: but the royal edict had gone forth, and the motion was affirmed; Burke comparing the whole business to ‘a representation of a *tragi-comedy*, performed by his Majesty's servants, by desire of several persons of distinction, for the

‘benefit of Mr. Wilkes, and at the expense of the constitution.’ ‘The piece,’ adds Mr. Trevelyan, ‘was fated to run till both the author and the company were tired of it.’

At two o'clock on the morning of February 4, Wilkes was expelled the House of Commons. On the 16th he was re-elected. On the 17th it was moved and affirmed that Mr. Wilkes, having been expelled the House, was incapable of serving in Parliament. The Ministry hinted, and pretty plainly, that if anyone opposing Wilkes could get twenty votes he should be declared duly elected. A man, whom Junius has gibbeted to all time as ‘the miserable Dingley,’ came forward accordingly, but he could get no one even to nominate him. He was hooted from the hustings, and, as a climax to the indignity, was knocked down by an attorney. Wilkes was returned without opposition, and again, the next day, the election was declared null and void. It now became an object with the Ministers to find a candidate who could, at least, get two electors to propose and second him. Their choice fell on Colonel Luttrell, then member for Bossiney, a comfortable little borough in Cornwall, with eleven electors, ten of whom were revenue officers. This quiet seat he threw up, in order to contest the county of Middlesex—of course on the understanding that it was to be worth his while; and though—as a Luttrell, as a retainer of Lord Bute, and as now ostentatiously supported by Lord Holland—he was in every way hateful to the electors, he did obtain a few votes. Wilkes, however, was returned by an overwhelming majority, and on the very next day, April 13, the return was reversed. On the 14th Colonel Luttrell was declared duly elected. It was on this occasion that Charles Fox first spoke at any length, and with a fluent ease that carried conviction with it, when he assured the House ‘that the contest lay between all that was respectable on the one side, and the lowest scum of Billingsgate and Wapping on the other.’

Against the decision of the House the county petitioned, and a second debate began on May 8. Wedderburn, a Scotch lawyer rising fast into notice, sprang at one bound into notoriety by his barefaced ratting. He had already disgusted the bar by practice ‘sharper than sharp’ on the northern circuit. He now astonished the public. He was known as a follower of Bute, he was member for a ministerial borough, and he spoke eloquently and forcibly in favour of the electors. Burke followed, and ‘in a magnificent declamation, woven close with new thoughts and old facts, he urged the House to reflect upon the perils that would ensue if members were

'to be expelled and nominated by the majority of the day.' To them rose Charles Fox. The speech which he made had a rare success. The most formal of reporters commends it, and old Lord Holland wrote:—

'I am told, and I willingly believe it, that Charles Fox spoke extremely well. It was all offhand, all argumentative, in reply to Mr. Burke and Mr. Wedderburn, and excessively well indeed. I hear it spoke of by everybody as a most extraordinary thing, and I am, you see, not a little pleased with it.'

Mr. Trevelyan's estimate, however, is that

'The two or three sentences, which oblivion has permitted to stand in judgment against him, have a flavour of boyishness about them, for which nothing could have compensated except rare and premature excellence in the outward accomplishments of the orator.'

Outside the House of Commons public feeling ran very high. Riotous demonstrations in favour of freedom of election were the order of the day; and a number of so-called merchants, who were induced to get up a counter address to the King, and who duly set out to present it, were very roughly handled by the mob. A few only reached Westminster, and those in 'such a pickle as disturbed the Presence Chamber out of its 'proprieties.' Fifteen of the rioters were arrested, but the Grand Jury threw out the bills. The King was naturally indignant, and wrote to Lord North:—

'If there is no means by law to quell riots, and if juries forget they are on their oath to be guided by facts, not faction, this constitution must be overthrown, and anarchy (the most terrible of all evils) must ensue; it therefore behoves every honest man with vigour to stand forth, and by such methods as may seem most effectual to give elasticity to the springs of government. I am ready to take any forward path that the present crisis may require, and I trust that every man not absorbed in faction will now firmly unite to crush this party that aim at the very vitals of all government.' *

But no measures which the King or his Ministers could devise were likely to pull down the idol which the people had set up. To the popular mind Wilkes was perfection, not only in his political principles but in his very vices. Debauchery could not be wrong, since Wilkes held it to be right; and the name of Wilkes was as good an excuse for the glass as that of any maiden of bashful fifteen. Even his appearance, which was grotesque, was to be imitated. Enthusiastic young ladies gave the preference to lovers with a cast in their eyes; and—as Gilly Williams wrote to Selwyn—it was

dangerous for anyone who had not an obliquity in his vision to go east of Temple Bar. And meantime Wilkes in prison was undergoing no very harsh penalty. Everywhere through the country and in the colonies subscriptions were raised for him. Newcastle-on-Tyne contributed handsomely. South Carolina sent 1,500*l*. It was computed that during the two years the money came in at the rate of about 1,000*l*. a month, without counting all the donations in kind, wine, game, fruit, and poultry. Whatever his admirers had to give they gave: those who had nothing else placed their suffrages at his disposal, and enabled him to nominate 'Members of Parliament, sheriffs and recorders of London, and mayors of county towns, at his pleasure.' 'If,' said Horace Walpole, the Parliament is dissolved, Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham may separately flatter themselves, but the next Parliament will be Wilkes's.'

To bring about the dissolution was, however, for the time, the main object of the popular party. The existing Parliament was so notoriously corrupt that a change might be for the better, and could not possibly be for the worse. Petitions praying the King to dissolve, to redress grievances, to discard the Ministers, came in from the majority of the counties.

'Middlesex led the way, helping herself in order that she might be helped by others. Wiltshire, and Worcestershire, and Surrey were not slow to follow her example. The Kentish petition bore the signatures of two thousand seven hundred freeholders; though three skins of parchment, which had been going the round of the hop-districts, were not forthcoming. Wedderburn drafted the Yorkshire address, and made a progress through the three Ridings, declaiming against placemen and turncoats with a success which is said to have inspired Wilkes with a short-sighted and most superfluous jealousy. Burke undertook the county which he had honoured by choosing for his home, and arranged that the voice of Buckinghamshire should declare itself by the good old-fashioned process which had been familiar to Hampden.'

The Ministers, on their part, endeavoured to counteract the agitation. Rigby 'made a summer tour through the east of England, and, by the admission of his opponents, checkmated 'the party of action in at least three counties.' The Duke of Bedford was less fortunate. Whether by mere fault of manner, as Mr. Trevelyan thinks probable, or by equivocal actions—the stories of which, as dished up by Junius, Mr. Trevelyan thinks malicious and unfounded—it is impossible now to determine; but in some way or other he 'had contrived to monopolise a share of the public hatred, which, if apportioned among his

‘followers, would have given each of them almost as much as ‘he deserved.’ But, whatever was the cause of this, it is quite certain that his chosen partisans and companions were famous among the infamous, and that satire could devise no bitterer name for them than ‘the Bloomsbury gang.’ These were now especially alarmed at the prospect of losing their seats or their places, and called on their chief for help.

‘The Duke, always ready, at any cost, to oblige adherents who gave him nothing in return except rollicking company, which he should have been ashamed of enjoying, and periodical news-letters containing more impudence than wit, went down to the west of England, and with difficulty got back alive. He was safe as long as he stayed in Tavistock, where his meat was in every mouth, and cloth of his ordering on every loom; but he was stoned in the High Street of Honiton, and literally hunted out of the town with a pack of bull-dogs; and at Exeter the vergers tried in vain to keep the mob out of the cathedral when it was known that he was seated in the stalls.

In the large towns public opinion was still more unanimously pronounced. Bristol, Westminster, and the City were urgent in the great cause; and while the agitation was at its height it was backed up by one ‘whose person was as sacred ‘as royalty itself.’ Lord Chatham, who in 1765 had accepted the Privy Seal and the conduct of the Ministry, had been, almost from the first, incapacitated by illness, of the nature, it would seem, of melancholia, induced by suppressed gout. He had taken no part in the Government, and had formally resigned his office in the autumn of 1768. His doing so threatened to break up the Ministry, which was originally of his formation; but Lord Camden was prevailed on by the King to remain Lord Chancellor, and, supported by him, the Duke of Grafton continued as First Lord of the Treasury, in which office, under the despotic influence of the King, he heaped up for himself that eternal pile of obloquy and ill-will to which we have already referred. But within a few months after Lord Chatham’s resignation, his illness took a favourable though painful turn. The gout, in a series of most violent attacks, relieved his head.

‘It left him at last, happy, hopeful, and serene; young, with the imperishable youth of genius, as when he broke his first lance by the side of Pulteney; his ambition satiated, but his patriotism more ardent, and more enlightened, than ever. Chastened by suffering, and taught by his own errors, he was a humbler but a far nobler man than during the period when his immense success, too recent even for him to bear wisely, had made him wilful, captious, and exacting. In different quarters, and with very different feelings, it was recognised that he was no longer the Chatham of 1765. The first use which he made of

his recovered faculties was to appear at St. James's, where the King learned, in the course of twenty minutes' conversation, that the most punctiliously loyal of his subjects was no longer the most obsequious. George the Third could scarcely believe his ears when a statesman who had hitherto approached him with a subservience which would have been almost too pronounced for his royal brother of France, told him plainly that his Majesty had been badly counselled in the matter of the Middlesex election, and begged that justice might be done to his own disinterestedness in case he should find himself bound in conscience to oppose the ministerial measures.'

And his opposition was no mere empty phrase. He was the bond of union amongst the scattered Whigs; he was reconciled with Temple, with Grenville, and with Rockingham. During the autumn of 1769 he let it be well understood what his line of action would be; and when Parliament met on the 9th of January, 1770, he moved an amendment to the address, and called on the Peers 'to inform the mind of their sovereign 'and pacify the just irritation of his people by declaring that 'the House of Commons, in proceeding of its own authority to 'incapacitate Wilkes from serving in Parliament, had usurped 'a power which belonged to all the three branches of the 'Legislature.' The Lord Chancellor followed, not, as might have been expected, to defend the proceedings of the Ministry, but to express his contrition for the support which, silent and disapproving though it was, he had, as a member of the Government, given to its measures. Notwithstanding, however, all that Chatham, backed up by Camden, could urge, the Court party was too strong even in the House of Lords, and the address was carried by a large majority. But none the less did the debate break up the Government. The Marquis of Granby, then Commander-in-Chief of the army and Master-General of the Ordnance—whose memory has been preserved by his popular apotheosis in front of half the village inns of England, rather than by any military or political eminence—threw up his appointments, which, in his case, meant also the greater part of his income. Lord Camden's resignation was merely a question of manner. For more than a year past he had been at variance with his colleagues in respect both to the Middlesex election and to the taxing of the colonies; but being, at the same time, unwilling to break up the Ministry, for which he saw no available substitute, and being entreated or even commanded by the King, he had veiled the disagreement from the public, and had continued to hold office. He had now, however, spoken out, and within a few days he received the King's commands to return the Great Seal.

As a measure of anticipation the Opposition had not spared anyone who should accept it. Lord Temple had denounced him as 'an obsequious hireling.' Shelburne had spoken of him as 'a base and mean-spirited wretch.' No one was willing to accept the curse; and it was difficult to find a capable lawyer who would undertake to defend the illegal measures in which the King and his Government delighted. The high office went a-begging. Lord Mansfield would have nothing to do with it. It was vainly offered to Sir Eardley Wilmot, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, on any terms he chose to name; and, far from laying himself out for such promotion, Dunning, the Solicitor-General, resigned the office he held. Only one qualified man remained, and he was bound, both by principle and association, to the Rockingham party, had been Attorney-General in the Rockingham administration, and had followed it into retirement and opposition. But the Duke of Grafton's experience had taught him to consider principle as another name for political coquetry, and association as a mercenary form of coyness. He had faith in neither, and offered the Great Seal to Charles Yorke. To be the guardian of this symbol had long been Yorke's ambition. He had won success at such an early age that, though now only forty-seven, he seemed to have been waiting an unreasonable time for it. He wanted strength firmly to repel the proposal, which he felt to be dishonourable. He wished both to refuse and to accept, and dallied with it in the way proverbially fatal to fortress or to woman. He allowed himself to be pressed by the King and to be persuaded. The result is admirably told by Mr. Trevelyan:—

'Having yielded to the flattering violence which he had wantonly courted, Yorke left the palace undone. The Jane Shore of politics, his frailty aroused no harsher sentiment than compassion in those who, men themselves, could make allowance for his feminine nature. But the consternation with which Lord Hardwicke, who had spent the morning, by his express desire, in telling everybody that he had declined the Seal, received the announcement that he had accepted it, did more than could have been done by the most poignant reproaches to disclose to him the aspect which his conduct must present to all whose good opinion he treasured. He foresaw what Barré would say, what Burke would write, and what Savile would feel, when a brother who had always evinced a more than fraternal interest in his career, and who was conversant enough with established proprieties to know the gravity of the advice that he was giving, adjured him to return forthwith to St. James's and entreat his Majesty to release him from an engagement which he ought never to have undertaken. But such an effort was far beyond Charles Yorke's courage. He could not, he

and mendacious placards, in attorneys' bills, in extortionate rents, in drink, in noise, in carriages to convey to the poll men who walk to their daily work, in purchased influence, and in possible corruption. This appears to us to be a discreditable and scandalous fact. No doubt direct personal bribery has to a great extent been abolished by severe repressive measures, and especially by the penalty attached to it—that it defeats its object and unseats the member. But direct personal bribery affected only the lowest class of voters. The modern system of electoral expense operates as bribery on a wider scale. It has been well said by a leading journal:—

‘Usages, of which election trials offer numberless illustrations, and which notoriously prevail in scores of constituencies, demonstrate that party managers everywhere are inclined to regard statutory safeguards of electoral purity as artificial barriers which it is not more immoral to circumvent than it is for a conveyancer to elude, for instance, a provision against perpetuities. The Legislature is always labouring to devise how seats in Parliament shall not be bought and sold. It seems, on the contrary, to be the one aim of electioneering agents, of high and low degree, to discover secret conduit-pipes which will irrigate constituencies with their representatives' money without offending against the letter of the law. The subjects of expenditure infinitely vary, from alms of a shilling to a broken-down workman to the profuse feasting of wealthy tradesmen. It may, again, be a cricket club which has to be raised up from insolvency, or a town library to be stocked. Whether the recipient be worthy or unworthy matters apparently little or nothing to these electioneering trustees of a candidate's or member's purse, provided only money be extracted from him.’

Elections so conducted cannot fail to be extremely demoralising to the entire population of the kingdom. The whole system of electoral agencies is vicious, and no one suffers more from it than the candidate who is plumed by these harpies. We know one or two instances in Scotland and in the North of England in which some young and active Liberal candidates repudiated these base instruments, and resolved to win the game by their own exertions. They were told it was impossible, but the result showed that the people backed their manly resolution; they saved their pockets and their character, and won their seats. It deserves to be mentioned to the honour of the borough of Hackney that Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Holms were returned for the small cost of 350*l.*; but this rare exception only proves the iniquity of the abuses prevalent elsewhere.

The practice of voting by ballot has now taken its place in the legislation of this country. No doubt a bill to renew the Ballot Act will be introduced and will pass in the course of the

present session, perhaps as an act of a temporary character, for some details of the measure, which should be amended before the law assumes a permanent shape, require more time and attention than can now be given to them. We ourselves, and the statesmen whose opinions this Journal habitually seeks to express, have never been advocates of the ballot, and experience has not lessened our objections to it. No doubt elections are now conducted with greater order and decency, which might have been accomplished by other means, such as voting by signed papers; and we are glad that the protection of secrecy has been accorded to that small minority of electors who really desire to conceal their votes and their opinions. But these advantages are dearly purchased. The vast majority of electors here, as in America, repudiate secrecy altogether; they join party associations, they attend party meetings, they wear party colours, they take every opportunity to proclaim their party allegiance. For them the ballot does not exist at all. If secret voting had really penetrated into our political habits, personal canvassing must cease. We think it would be a very good thing if it did cease. It is an anomaly and an impertinence to ask a man how he intends to exercise a trust which the law declares to be secret, and to surround the formality of voting with infinite precautions, when every individual elector has been openly solicited, and in most cases pledged, to vote in a particular manner. Experience shows how deceptive these pledges are. No such promises should be asked for when they are so easily broken. It is unpleasant to say 'No;' it is awkward to resist importunity; a promise can even be given on both sides, or given with a mental reservation. At the polling-booth the voter follows the bent of his own fancy and dares the devil. Hence it has been shown in numerous instances that it is now impossible to calculate beforehand on the result of an election. In many cases it has turned on the secret whim or treachery of a dozen people. Moreover, the power of rejecting votes given to the returning officers, and the loss or invalidation of votes honestly given through the inexperience or blundering of voters, are very serious evils when the numbers are nearly equal; and in some remarkable instances the returns have been falsified by no other cause. The President of the United States, Mr. Hayes, owed the supreme power he has exercised for four years in that country to illicit practices with the ballot-boxes, which it was impossible thoroughly to investigate or to correct. The American people wisely submitted to a temporary evil rather than kindle another civil war. But a mechanical ap-

paratus for voting must be dangerous which changes and falsifies the will of a nation. Secret voting is obviously favourable to those sudden fluctuations of opinion which have marked the last two elections. It has shaken the stability of parties, and carried the day by the rush of a popular impulse. That is hardly a sound or a safe basis of government; and in troubled times or periods of strong excitement, such as would arise from severe distress or from the pressure of war, it might lead to very serious consequences. The movement is just as likely to be in one direction as in another. It would probably be always fatal to the Government then in existence. No one can foretell it, no one can foresee it; it is blind and irresponsible. The cardinal maxim which ought to govern elections by an enlightened people is that the exercise of the franchise is a public duty, to be honourably and manfully discharged, under the guidance of principle and conviction. But we are far from so high a standard of political morality.

It is too early to form any definite conclusion as to the character and capacity of the new House of Commons, the product of the recent election; but some facts are already known which deserve to be noted. The number of new members or of members not having had seats in the last Parliament is unusually large, for it amounts to 241 persons—more than one-third of the whole assembly. Mr. Saunders informs us that the class of merchants and manufacturers has largely increased, from 91 in the last Parliament to 199 in the present one. The class of country gentlemen and of members of the aristocracy has diminished in almost as large a proportion, from 200 to 126. This is doubtless chiefly due to the large and unexpected losses sustained by the Conservatives in the English and Welsh counties, which had previously been their stronghold. In no former elections has there been so marked a change in the agricultural vote, and Mr. Gladstone's Government has lost no time in acknowledging its debt to this class of electors by the bill for the destruction of ground game and by the repeal of the malt tax. The number of lawyers has not, as is commonly supposed, augmented; the figure, 127, probably includes all those who belong even nominally to the legal profession; journalists have increased from 5 to 15. The army and navy have lost a good many representatives; in other professions no important change has occurred. The impression produced upon those who have closely attended to the first proceedings of the new House and studied its constitution is that in point of intelligence it is considerably in advance of its predecessor, and that it contains a large number of

men not far advanced in life, of whom good expectations may be formed. Probably the most judicious of these persons have as yet refrained from speaking, and are waiting their opportunity; for at the time at which we are writing there has not been what can be called a political debate or a real party division. The angels fear to tread where the fools rush in. But having said this, and feeling a strong desire to put a favourable construction on an assembly from which so much is expected, we are bound in candour to acknowledge that the novelty of the situation, the inexperience of members, and the modern tendency to the disintegration of parties, have disclosed some less encouraging symptoms.

It is beyond dispute that the House of Commons in the last Parliament forfeited to a considerable extent the respect and confidence of the country, not so much from the political opinions which were represented by the majority, as by the apparent failure of that branch of the Legislature to conduct its own proceedings with dignity and despatch. The causes which led to this deplorable result are well known. They were, mainly, the want of authority and order in the conduct of debate, the factious obstruction of a certain class of members who continued to turn the technical rules and orders of the House into obstacles, the excessive loquacity of some foolish persons, the tendency to waste the time of Parliament upon abstract propositions and impracticable measures, and generally the want of discipline in parties without which the proceedings of a numerous popular assembly become intolerably confused and ineffective. The consequence was that, with an unexampled expenditure of time and talk, very little was done; and it became a question whether a Legislature, giving way to these aberrations, could transact the business of an empire. We revert to this subject, not for the purpose of dwelling on the shortcomings of the past, but as a warning for the future. The present House of Commons is, as Sir William Harcourt declared the other day, in its infancy. Far be it from us to suppose that this assembly will imitate the faults of its predecessor. The House, we doubt not, will cordially support the firm authority of the chair, and applaud the determination of the Speaker (who is, after all, the representative of its own collective will) to enforce a stricter observance of the rules of debate. There is probably no assembly in the world in which such large discretionary powers are reserved to individual members, by questions, resolutions, addresses, and adjournments; but these powers exist on condition that they be not abused. It is important that the rights of a minority be re-

spected ; but a minority must accept the fact that it is a minority, and that the voice of the majority is the determination of law.

The origin of the debates which have most strongly interested the House in this short session hardly merited much attention as far as the persons affected by them were concerned, but in the course of the discussion points of great moment arose. Nothing could be more unbecoming than Major O'Donnell's questions with reference to the antecedents of a gentleman who has been selected by the Government of the French Republic to fill the post of Ambassador of France at this Court, and who has been accepted in that official capacity by the Ministers of the Crown. It is clearly a matter with which the House of Commons has no concern, since it is the act of a foreign Government, and it must be assumed (to borrow the well-known compliment of Mr. Hugh Elliot to Frederic the Great upon a similar occasion) that this gentleman is a worthy representative of the present Government of France. The Speaker might therefore have done in the first instance what he did at last, namely, refuse to allow questions touching the honour of a foreign ambassador to be put or answered in the House of Commons. But Mr. Gladstone raised another point of far greater gravity by the motion he abruptly submitted to the House—that the author of the question, which had been answered by the Government, should ‘not be heard,’ when he proceeded to move an adjournment as an excuse for a speech. No such motion had been made, we were told, for 200 years ; but on looking into the precedents it is doubtful whether any such motion was ever made before.* It seems to be inconsistent

* Sir Erskine May has collected in a valuable paper, which he submitted to the Select Committee, all that can be found in the nature of a precedent for such a motion in the journals of the House of Commons. But in 1677 an attempt was made in the House of Lords to stop a debate ‘that might create distraction in the subjects’ minds ‘concerning the legality of Parliament.’ Indeed that debate was stopped, and the Lords opposing were ordered to ask pardon as delinquents, failing which the Earl of Salisbury, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord Wharton were sent to the Tower. On this arbitrary proceeding of the majority, Bishop Burnet records the arguments against it in the following terms, which contain the true Whig principle on the question : ‘They said, if an idle motion ‘was made, and checked at first, he that made it might be censured for ‘it, tho’ it was seldom, if ever, to be practised in a free Council, ‘where every man was not bound to be wise, nor to make no impertinent motion : But when the motion was entertained, and a debate ‘followed, and a question was put upon it, it was destructive to the

with the first principles of free speech and a free Parliament. Motions have undoubtedly been made that one member be heard in preference to another member, by which the second member is indirectly and temporarily debarred from the right of speech. But we are surprised that it did not occur to the memory of the leader of the House, with his great parliamentary and historical experience, that on some such occasion Lord North sprang to his feet, exclaiming, 'Then, Sir, I will speak *'to that motion.'*' A similar story is related of Sir Robert Peel and Sir Francis Burdett. The moment a motion was made that 'a member be not heard,' we apprehend that every member of the House, including the inculpated member himself, had an undoubted right to speak to that motion. Something of the kind actually took place; and in the process of reducing Major O'Donnell to total silence, that honourable gentleman delivered himself of two or three speeches, and reduced the whole proceeding to a demonstrated absurdity. Mr. Gladstone then wisely dropped the motion he had made.

Such an incident is not a creditable symptom of the tact, self-possession, or judgment of the new Parliament. We hear more than we like of the disintegration of parties, and the want of order and discipline. A House containing 241 new members must necessarily be somewhat deficient in tactical experience; but it is the more necessary that the old and experienced members of the House should afford to their colleagues an unfailing example of temper, regularity, and just notions for the transaction of business. Singularly enough, in an assembly in which it is admitted that the ministerial party has a large majority, Ministers have found themselves voting with the minority on several occasions, such as Sir Wilfrid Lawson's and Mr. Pease's resolutions on the sale of liquors, and the first resolution to exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from taking the oath. Indeed it is remarkable that all the debates and divisions that have taken place are on questions of a social rather than a political character, and are not questions governed by political principles at all, but by the rules of political economy or of parliamentary procedure.

The contention of a member-elect of the new Parliament, who claimed to make a simple declaration in place of the oath

'freedom of publick Councils to call any one to an account for it: They might with the same justice call them to an account for their debates and votes: So that no man was safe, unless he could know where the majority would be: Here would be a precedent to tip down so many Lords at a time, and to garboil the House, as often as any party should have a great majority.'

of allegiance required by statute, raised a point of constitutional importance. The Committee to which the question of the oath as affecting the Jews was referred in 1857 refused to adopt the proposal of Lord John Russell, that the House of Commons was included in the section of the Act of William IV., which empowered all bodies now authorised to administer or receive an oath to allow a declaration to be made in lieu of any oath; and the admission of the Jews was afterwards allowed by an Act substituting the simple words, 'so help me God,' for the words, 'on the true faith of a Christian.' But the law has been modified since then by the Parliamentary Oaths Act (29 & 30 Vict. cap. 19), which enacted in the most explicit terms that the oath thereby appointed shall be solemnly and publicly made and subscribed by every member of the House of Commons at the table in the middle of the House; and the privilege of substituting an affirmation or declaration for the oath is confined to Quakers, and every other person for the time being by law permitted to make such substitution. It was contended that the member for Northampton is not one of the persons included by law in this exception; and that the Act did not contemplate the case of a person ready to take the oath whilst he disclaims and denies the meaning implied by the words of it. Mr. Gladstone, in moving the resolution which was carried on July 1, intimated that he did not himself believe in the jurisdiction of the House to settle this question, which must be determined by the judicial construction of the statute, and that he regarded an oath taken by a person who does not respect its religious character as a profanation. In allowing Mr. Bradlaugh to enter the House upon a simple affirmation, at his own risk and peril of an action at law, the House virtually adopted the recommendation of the second Select Committee. The case will therefore now probably be transferred to a court of law, and if Mr. Bradlaugh is in the wrong he will incur penalties and his seat will be void. So the matter stands at present. Of the opinions and conduct of Mr. Bradlaugh we shall say nothing; nor do we propose to discuss the intricate proceedings to which he has given rise. But although we regret these circumstances, they serve to illustrate a very important truth, namely, that promissory oaths, imposed solely for the purpose of binding the conscience of men to perform a public duty, are misapplied, and should be abolished altogether.

The Promissory Oaths Act of 1868 (31 & 32 Vict. cap. 72) was a great step in the direction of the abolition of these engagements; for in a vast number of cases simple declarations

of fidelity and secrecy were substituted for oaths; but the oaths of bishops and of the clergy, Parliamentary oaths, the oaths of Privy Councillors and great officers of State, and of the army, are not included within this Act. To illustrate our argument it is sufficient to point to the qualified observance of the oath of canonical obedience by the clergy. Nay, the Coronation Oath of the Sovereign, which bound her to maintain the United Protestant Church of England and Ireland, was not held to be any bar to the disestablishment of the Irish branch of it. The plain truth is that promissory oaths have not any effect whatever on political conduct, and it is in the highest degree objectionable to invoke the sanction of that Being from whom no secrets are hid upon an engagement to which no one attaches an indissoluble authority.

Allegiance to the sovereign is a duty incumbent alike on all the Queen's subjects, whether they have taken an oath to that effect or not. If a man harbours treasonable designs or commits a breach of that allegiance, he is guilty of a crime greater than that of perjury, and may be punished, not for his perjury, but for his treason. Oaths taken by members of Parliament were introduced as a test at the worst period of our history; and the form of the oath was so constructed as to exclude Papists and others, who were obnoxious to the dominant party in the State. But the principle of the Test Act has been abandoned and abolished for half a century. The discharge of civil duties should be detached from all distinctions of religious opinions or religious obligation. A man does his duty in a civil office because he wishes to retain the office, and because he would be punished for misconduct in it. If he is a man capable of a gross dereliction of duty, on such a man the terms of an oath have little power. The true test of the value of an oath as regulating conduct is whether perjury can be assigned, and punishment inflicted by law for a breach of it. It would be difficult or impossible to support an indictment for perjury solely on the ground that a member of Parliament has forsworn himself by breaking his oath of allegiance. In courts of justice the case is different. There it is necessary to impose on witnesses, and often on unwilling witnesses, the strongest possible obligation to speak the truth. A judicial oath operates powerfully on the consciences of men; but, in addition to this religious sanction, it is enforced by the penalties awarded by the law to perjury; and if it can be proved in a court of justice that a witness has committed the positive offence of violating his oath, he himself becomes a criminal. Yet even in courts of justice a declaration may now be substi-

tuted for an oath by permission of the presiding judge, and this declaration has the same sanction, namely, a prosecution for perjury. Where no such prosecution can be instituted, no oath ought to be imposed, and the appropriate form of obligation is a solemn declaration that the person assuming a civil office will perform the duties appertaining to it. The number of official oaths which used to be administered has of late years been largely diminished. We think all oaths of a civil and political character, not having reference to the administration of justice, should have the same fate; and we should be glad if this painful incident led to the establishment of the great principle, that the sanctity of an oath is not to be lightly invoked for the mere performance of a public duty.

The late Government left to their successors a vast inheritance of arduous duties to be discharged and perplexing questions to be settled; the foreign policy of the country to be reviewed, continued, or modified; the agitation, disaffection, and distress of Ireland to be assuaged by wise measures of relief; the peculiar distress now affecting agricultural owners and tenants to be considered; commercial treaties with France and some other States to be renewed; a budget at home to be reconstructed so as to fill up accumulating deficiencies; the finances of India to be rescued from enormous maladministration and inconceivable blunders; a war to be terminated in Afghanistan; a confederation to be organised in South Africa; and these great affairs must be dealt with, in addition to the minor domestic matters which engross so large a portion of the time of the House of Commons, such as the Game Laws, the Water Supply of London, the Licensing system, and fifty others. We say nothing of larger measures, looming in the distance, such as the County Boards Bill and the Extension of the Franchise, which the Government are pledged to bring forward hereafter. We shall not attempt at this moment to enter upon so vast and varied a field of controversy. Some of these questions have already been discussed at length in this Journal; * for the rest, we wait to learn what

* In the course of some political remarks in our last number, it was stated with reference to Mr. Clare Read, whose absence from the present Parliament is universally regretted, that this gentleman had sat in the last Parliament as 'the salaried agent' of the agriculturists. Mr. Read informs us that this statement is wholly unfounded. His income while he sat in Parliament was exclusively derived from his own resources after he withdrew from office; and we regret that we should have given currency to a report which rested on erroneous information.

may be proposed, and what the future may bring forth. But on behalf of the Government it must be said that no time has been lost in applying their newly-acquired power with energy to the work.

The basis of a wise foreign policy is the confidence and respect of foreign nations. No statesman of our time is better qualified than Lord Granville to obtain at once these indispensable conditions. He is known to the Cabinets of Europe to be a man of experience in diplomacy, of moderate opinions, singularly discreet and judicious in the expression of them, both in Parliament and in his official correspondence, not given to promiscuous oratory, exact in all his engagements and declarations, and a sincere friend of peace. Accordingly the Foreign Secretary received from all quarters encouraging proofs of the favour with which he was regarded abroad, and he proceeded at once to deal with the most pressing question of the day—the complete execution of the Treaty of Berlin, with the concurrence of all the Great Powers of Europe. It was already a great step to revive the active concert of all the parties to that instrument. The proposal of a Conference at Berlin, in which the British Government took the lead, was well received, and within a few weeks the Conference met. The cession of territory by Turkey to Greece contemplated by the treaty has now been defined by the Powers, and it remains to be seen in what manner and by what influence effect can be given to it. But we fear that the surrender of Janina to Greece will cost the world something more than the ink of a protocol. At the same time Mr. Goschen was despatched on a special embassy to Constantinople to exert a friendly pressure on the Porte for the fulfilment of its engagements—engagements, be it remembered, which were the conditions on which alone it was rescued from the crushing terms of the treaty of San Stefano. We sincerely trust that the representations the Queen's special ambassador is authorised to address to the Sultan may not fail of their effect. But the publication of his instructions and of the remarkable despatch of Sir Henry Layard of April 27 demonstrates that no time or opportunity had been lost in urging the Sultan to enter upon the reforms he had promised to make. Nothing had been left unsaid or undone by that eminent diplomatist, the ambassador in ordinary, to convince the Porte of the urgent necessity of some great change in the administration of the empire, and Sir Henry Layard had the advantage of a long personal intimacy with the Sultan, and an intimate acquaintance with his advisers and with the Ottoman Empire. The inference to be

drawn from these remarkable papers is that much must be read between the lines, and that much remains behind. Whilst the policy of England is to prolong the existence of the Ottoman Empire by improving the condition of its subject provinces, that of Russia is to accelerate a catastrophe she deems inevitable by lending her support to the obstructive party. The more the pashas and the Sultan himself are urged by the representatives of England to enter on the path of reform, the more they look to Russia to perpetuate the abuses of their present rule. The result is that they are more tempted to rely on their arch-enemy than on the unwelcome counsels of an honest friend. This we take to be the actual state of affairs at Constantinople, and it is one fraught with danger and difficulty not only to Turkey, but to Europe.

The great questions affecting the state of Ireland and the agricultural depression prevailing in this country, which it is the fashion of the day to connect with the tenure of land, although that has remained the same in prosperous and in adverse times, have been so fully discussed by us in the January number of this Journal that we have nothing at present to add upon these subjects until we know more fully how the Government proposes to deal with them. But we shall make one remark applicable to both cases. The population of some parts of Ireland and the agricultural proprietors of many parts of England are suffering from natural and social causes—bad seasons, low markets, increased habits of expenditure, and debt. These are social evils, and they are not to be cured by political remedies. They are not to be cured or alleviated by any remedies which depart from sound principles of political economy, or from the strict rules of law and justice. To lavish external relief on a distressed population is to pauperise it, and to dry up the natural sources of support and supply it must look to. To shake the rights of property is infallibly to drive capital out of the country, which is the thing most needed to improve its resources. To yield in the slightest degree to political agitation, when the consequences of it would in the end be injurious to the community, is to consign future generations to pauperism, famine, and anarchy. It is by scientific deductions from known facts and established laws that the value of any measure affecting the internal economy of a people must be measured; otherwise changes introduced from excellent motives may lead to calamitous results. We say with confidence that the only effectual mode of relieving distress in the West of Ireland is to enable the population to emigrate. The money spent in useless works or mischievous doles would have

been far better employed in removing a portion of the people to other and more fertile lands. Every measure which tends to unite them more closely to the soil only increases the evil.

The appointment of Mr. Forster to the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland was hailed with peculiar satisfaction, because he was known to be a humane and enlightened statesman and also a firm one. On his arrival in Ireland he found, we believe, that the local executive was already engaged in some measures which on strict principles could hardly be defended ; but these it was not within the power of the present Government to change. We especially regret the appropriation of a large portion of the fund in the hands of the Irish Church Commissioners to eleemosynary purposes and the relief of temporary distress ; and we are gratified by the declaration of Mr. Forster that he relies mainly on the operation of the Poor Law to meet the present emergency. We think, however, that it was the duty of the new Government to arrest as soon as possible the measures of a very dangerous tendency which had originated in the weakness of the late Administration ; and we learn with astonishment and alarm that Mr. Forster has, since his first visit to Ireland, adopted and conceded some of the most questionable views of his predecessors as to the extent and remedies for the prevailing distress. We think he has been greatly deceived and misled. For we have read a declaration reported to be made by this Minister, for whom we entertain the highest respect, that ‘ there are some circumstances ‘ in Ireland as affecting landlords and tenants which put them ‘ in such difficulty that the rules of political economy as between buyer and seller do not apply.’ We abstain from discussing the details of measures now before Parliament, which may be modified while we write, and which are much better treated in the House of Commons and the daily press. But on behalf of the principles which ought to govern all legislation we must raise our humble voice. If the rules of political economy as between buyer and seller do not absolutely apply in that strange and anomalous island called Ireland, it is because they have been already forgotten. As much might be said of the rules of morality. A starving man who steals a loaf may excite our compassion ; but we do not pass laws to enable starving men, or men who profess to be starving, to steal loaves with impunity. Hard cases, the judges say, make bad law. The temporary distress prevailing in some parts of Ireland may, it seems, be held to justify false principles of political economy, which will be infinitely more injurious to the country in the long run than the eviction of a thousand

pauper tenants. Society itself rests upon contracts—upon contracts freely entered into between landlord and tenant, between buyer and seller, between lender and borrower, between creditor and debtor—but contracts which, when once entered into, are armed with the sanction and authority of law to enforce them. How is a man to fulfil his own engagements and pay his own debts who has not received what is due to himself? An Irish landlord whose tenants are released from payment of rent ought in common fairness to be released from the payment of his taxes and his monthly bills; but in Ireland a landlord actually pays income-tax direct to the State on rents he has never received, and never will receive. Who shall say that a debtor is to be released from one class of liabilities in order that he may meet other liabilities, not more cogent or sacred? How is the mortgagee to receive his interest when the mortgagor receives no rent? Is it not a direct premium on the mendacity of the Irish peasant to release him from a debt because he says he cannot pay it? How is the distinction to be drawn between those who would pay but cannot, and those who could pay but will not? If the rules of political economy cease to govern the relations of buyer and seller in some districts of Ireland, and for a limited time, how is their authority to be restored hereafter, or maintained in other places? Can anything be more absurd than a schedule to an Act of Parliament declaring that within certain lines on a map the rules of political economy do not apply? It is not in the power of Parliaments or Ministers to suspend their operation. If violated, they will infallibly produce calamitous results. These are economical and not political questions. The welfare of the people, now and hereafter, and not the clamour or exigencies of party, must be the rule and object of a wise Government, and they can never be departed from with impunity. The resignation of the Marquis of Lansdowne, one of the ablest and most consistent representatives of Whig principles, by character and by descent, is a striking confirmation of these remarks, and it occurs at the moment when we close these pages.

leaves it to General Primrose's discretion whether he shall attempt to carry out those wishes or not. Caution is, moreover, implicitly urged. In his despatches General Primrose accepts the responsibility for despatching General Burrows's force, and admits that he was aware that there would be difficulty in pushing on troops from the Reserve Division. He says that 'by the 28th of July' two regiments of native infantry had reached Candahar, but that the garrison was not thereby sufficiently strengthened to enable him to spare more than 230 men as a reinforcement for General Burrows. Before, too, the party could set out, the battle had been fought.

It would appear from the above that the two regiments arrived some days before the 28th. We should be glad to know how many days, for no time need have been lost in preparation. We should have imagined that he could have managed to despatch 1,000 men of all arms with a couple of guns. Had such a detachment arrived during the fight, it might have changed the fortune of the day. Had it even only crossed the Helmund on the 27th, it would have served as a valuable rallying-point for the fugitives. We gather from General Primrose's despatch that the two regiments arrived at latest on July 27. Surely, when they were within one march of Candahar, a detachment from the original garrison might have been despatched without risk. Sir Frederick Haines expresses an opinion that explanation is required as to the delay in sending off even the small reinforcement which was being prepared.

It would seem that General Primrose, whatever his instructions, should have taken on himself the responsibility of refusing to allow General Burrows to remain with so small a force at such a distance from Candahar as soon as the mutiny of the Wali's troops had taken place. He ought either to have recalled or strengthened the brigade. He had some 3,000 men at Candahar towards the end of July, and 1,000 men thrown into the citadel would have sufficed to keep the population of the city quiet as long as we maintained a bold attitude towards the Helmund. Neither General Primrose nor the Government of India seem, however, as we have before observed, to have appreciated the position, or to have been capable of taking a decided line. Want of forethought and false economy had so denuded General Phayre of transport that he could not push up any large force to Candahar. He should, however, have been directed by the Government to send on reinforcements by a regiment at a time, without delaying a moment, after it became certain that Ayooob was approaching the Helmund in force. No orders from Simla,

however, were given for such vigorous action. General Phayre, indeed, was not to send up reinforcements till the necessity arose, and as a matter of fact the garrison of Candahar was only strengthened by two regiments of native infantry, which did not arrive till the end of July. On the 1st of that month it was known that Ayooob had commenced his march, and on the 16th that the Wali's troops had mutinied. Now Quetta is only 148 miles from Candahar, and a single infantry regiment could have accomplished the distance, in case of urgency, in ten days, and cavalry could have done so in six days. On the line of communications between Candahar and Quetta there were 2,108 men with six guns. These could have been pushed on at once to Candahar, being replaced from the rear, thus minimising the amount of transport needed. Both the Government and General Primrose, however, seemed, as we have said, to have failed to appreciate the position.

General Burrows was, we think, wise to fall back to Khushk-i-Nakhud when the Wali's troops mutinied, for the line of the Helmund was defensible. It would have been wiser perhaps had he, when he found that Ayooob had crossed the river, fallen back some twenty miles further, but his instructions would hardly have allowed him to take that step; at all events, the responsibility for its not having been taken rests rather with General Primrose than General Burrows. Having resolved, however, to assume a defensive attitude, General Burrows should have adhered to it. The original position at Khushk-i-Nakhud was capable, by judicious arrangements and the use of fortifications, of being made very strong. The spade was, however, but slightly used, and important points were left unoccupied. Indeed, it is evident that General Burrows had no fixed plan. His information seems to have been bad, and his vigilance and power of insight into the enemy's designs poor, for strategically he was, on the morning of July 27, surprised. To the north of General Burrows's camp was a range, under cover of which Ayooob brought up his army unseen and unsuspected. Why were not the reverse and crest of that ridge searched? Coming to the tactical errors, why did General Burrows, quitting a position which, even without entrenchments, was a reasonably good one, advance down a funnel-shaped valley, leaving the ridges bounding it neither occupied nor searched? Why did he advance on to ground where undulations afforded the enemy cover from his fire? By so doing he deprived his numerically weak artillery of the advantages of their superior range and accuracy. By distributing his guns he also erred. If

whilst plain Mr. Henry Fox, the son of Stephen Fox, secretly marrying the daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

But apart from such personal motives, it is difficult to understand the abuse which was lavished on the bill, not only then by the Opposition, but even since* by numerous writers of high repute, amongst whom we must now include Mr. Trevelyan. On this point we are obliged to differ from him. We share, to some extent, Junius's repugnance to the Luttrell blood; we have no wish that any member of a family similarly obnoxious to opprobrium should come even near to the throne. And knowing that at least three of the sons of George III. formed unbecoming connexions, which, but for this Act, would have been marriages, we are disposed to consider it fortunate for the country and the constitution that the King did, in 1772, resolutely carry through this bill. For it does not—as is commonly supposed, as Mr. Massey has argued, as Mr. Trevelyan has implied—prohibit marriage between a member of the Royal Family and a subject, but it does prohibit and annul secret marriages, all marriages contracted under the age of twenty-five without the sovereign's consent, and afterwards, without the, at least, tacit approval of Parliament. But with the sovereign's goodwill a prince may marry the daughter of a blind beggar, as freely now as in the days of King Cophetua; and we have had, in our own time, very exact proof that a British Princess may marry the son of an English peer; or even a German gentleman.

Mr. Trevelyan thinks that the necessary control over royal marriages might have been obtained by a law less stringent and less sweeping; he would have had its action limited to those who come 'within a reasonable distance of the throne.' But he has not defined what a 'reasonable distance' is: and for our part, when we remember that Henry VII. claimed the throne by descent from Edward III.; that George I. inherited from James I.; or when we recall the apparent state of the succession on the death of the Princess Charlotte in 1817, we cannot admit that any scope is theoretically too wide, too comprehensive; whilst the practical relaxation of it remains always at the discretion of the sovereign, as head of the family, and of Parliament, as the effective government of the country.

Fox, having his liberty, was in no hurry to surrender it, and took the opportunity to further the family sentiment by bringing in a bill for the repeal of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, against Burke on the one side and Lord North on the other. But having gone so far, he could not give up to his bill the time and labour which might have carried it through;

and on May 19 he arrived from Newmarket just in time for the division which finally extinguished it. Notwithstanding this independence, there was, however, no actual breach between Fox and the Government, and Lord North was too sensible of his value as a debater not to wish to retain him as an ally. On the 21st of the following December, a new writ was issued for Midhurst, Fox having been appointed a Junior Lord of the Treasury, in which capacity he acted during the whole of the year 1773. But this year in Parliament was a quiet one, for the King and the Government had, for the time being, crushed the life out of the Opposition; no opportunity offered for goading it to new struggles; and the trial of Clive, which was the parliamentary event of the year, and one of great national importance, was fortunately not made a party question, but was decided on its merits in a manner at once just and honourable.

But quiet as the year was in Parliament, to the private life of Charles Fox it was one of very serious business. The reckless dicing in which, or in horse-racing and drinking, most of his time was passed, had swallowed up the wealth which Lord Holland freely bestowed upon him, and as much more as he could raise from the Jews. These had been to him no difficult creditors: his acquaintances pretended to believe them victims to his powers of persuasion; they were rather trusting to Lord Holland's riches, to which Charles Fox was the probable heir. But his debts accumulated, his creditors were uneasy, and the birth of a son to his elder brother, Stephen, brought matters to a crisis. Stephen's delicate constitution had given little prospect of his living to inherit the title, but this new life totally altered the conditions. The creditors, —tradesmen, Jews, usurers, on the one hand; friends who had guaranteed the debts, on the other—were obliged to bring the state of Charles's affairs to the knowledge of Lord Holland. The old man faced the difficulty honourably and courageously. 'High or low, exacting or considerate, grasping Jew or good Samaritan, no one was a penny the worse for having helped and trusted his favourite boy;' but 'by the time that all was clear, the Fox property was less by 140,000*l.*, as the consequence of three years of childish giddiness and misbehaviour.'

The following spring was destined to see no less marked a change in the political life of Charles Fox. He thought fit to force Lord North, very unwillingly, into a line of action against their old enemies the printers; whether he was instigated by some grudge against Woodfall, which is not likely; or by

some pique against Lord North, which is more probable; or whether, as the Irishman of fiction, he was 'spoiling for a beating,' is uncertain; but the course which he took was so offensive to Lord North that he acquiesced in the dislike which the King had entertained towards the young Lord of the Treasury ever since the debate on the Marriage Bill. 'That young man,' wrote his Majesty, 'has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honour and honesty that he must become as contemptible as he is odious.' And within a few days Lord North, in a curt note, conveyed to the 'young man' the King's will that he should no longer hold office. The dismissal happened fortunately for Fox's fair fame. 'If,' says Mr. Trevelyan, in a remarkable sentence, 'at an age when his character was still malleable, his premature ambition had been tempted by the offer of the highest place in the State, he might have gone down to the execration of posterity as the Wentworth of the eighteenth century.' Had he continued longer a member of the Government, he would probably have been led on to support the King's measures, which were fast driving the colonies into revolt, and which did, in little more than two years, compel them to proclaim their independence. From implication in these Fox was saved. The temporary feeling which had led him, in the first instance, to oppose Lord North, gave way to happier and firmer principles, teaching him to wage war no longer for the mere love of the strife, but for devotion to the cause of freedom, for hatred to the very name of oppression. It was thus that 'he dissolved his partnership with Sandwich and Wedderburn, and united himself to Burke and Chatham and Savile, in their crusade against the tyranny which was trampling out the English liberty in the colonies, and the corruption which was undermining it at home.' These are Mr. Trevelyan's closing words. To tell how ably, and, against great odds, how manfully, that crusade was fought out, would lead us far beyond the early history of Charles James Fox.

ART. IX.—*Papers relating to the Advance of Ayoob Khan on Candahar.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty: 1880.

IT is not unusual that we should begin a campaign badly and finish it brilliantly. This has been the case with the series of operations in the neighbourhood of Candahar. The explanation of failure at first is to be found in our overweening confidence and want of foresight; the cause of subsequent success lies in the national character, which is braced by misfortunes that would demoralise other races. Relying upon our vast resources, we are apt to defer making them available for military purposes till the last moment. Hence we maintain armies which, from want of stores and transport, are incapable of moving in any large numbers a mile from the railway terminus or place of disembarkation on the sea coast. In fact we have in India no army properly so called, but only an aggregate of battalions, batteries, and squadrons distributed among various peace stations according either to purely political or rather police considerations, or to military reasons valid many years ago, but no longer applicable. Our confidence is at once a source of strength and weakness. It is the fond but erroneous belief of the large majority of our countrymen that a British army has never been beaten. With regard to Orientals, this notion of our superiority to them as warriors was to a great extent justified by the extraordinary feats of our troops during the Indian Mutiny, and, recalling these facts and inflated by conceit in our discipline and weapons, we have included the Afghans among the Eastern foes whom it is for an English force mere child's play to beat. At the same time it must be admitted that with soldiers a fancied often gives a real superiority. An army which deems itself invincible generally is so; and the proverbial ignorance of the British soldier as to when he is—or rather, according to the rules of the bloody game of war, ought to be—beaten, has stood us in good stead on many a hardly contested field. This military conceit is not to be discouraged as long as it is confined to the men and regimental officers; but when it extends to generals it becomes dangerous, and has proved the cause of many disasters. The preceding observations serve to throw some light on the recent events near Candahar. Our information concerning them is in certain details incomplete, but with the main facts we are already sufficiently acquainted to justify both a narrative and a criticism.

As soon as it became known that the Indian Government had resolved not to replace Yakoob Khan on the *musnud* of Cabul, Ayoob Khan, his brother and Governor of Herat, began making preparations to assert by force of arms his own claim to the Amirship. During several months he occupied himself in making arrangements for an advance on Candahar, and on June 9 he formed his camp outside the walls of Herat preparatory to an advance. It is believed, however, that he did not commence his march till several days later, viz. about June 18. His army consisted, at starting, of 2,500 cavalry, of whom only 900 were regulars, the remainder being Khazadars or mounted militia, 10 regiments of infantry varying in strength from 350 to 500 men, and five batteries—including one mule battery—with 30 guns. Altogether he had between 7,000 and 8,000 men. Some of the infantry regiments were composed of Cabulis, between whom and the Heratis there was no very cordial feeling. Indeed, during the preparations for the march there had been a sharp fight between the two portions of the army. It would seem as if the Heratis were not very eager for the expedition, while the Cabulis were induced to undertake it in the belief, encouraged by Ayoob Khan, that they would eventually proceed to their native district. This surmise receives some colour from the fact that the Cabuli regiments were accompanied by their families. We are, however, disposed to think that originally Ayoob Khan had no intention of risking a battle with the British, or even with their nominee the Wali of Candahar, as long as the former remained in Candahar. His plan was probably to gather revenue from the northern districts of the Candahar province, and to hang about the Helmund fomenting intrigues till the departure of the British, which he had reason to expect would shortly take place, should afford him an opening for more vigorous action. Possibly, indeed, he entertained a hope that when he had shown the weakness of the Wali he might not be indisposed to negotiate with him as we had negotiated with Abdurrahman Khan, and that he might eventually thus obtain peaceful possession of Candahar. Let us now pass from political speculations to military facts.

The Indian Government was at first somewhat sceptical as to Ayoob's success in marching an army over the difficult 367 miles of country intervening between Herat and Candahar, believing that if he did appear on the Helmund he would be easily disposed of by the Wali alone. At length, however, the Viceroy and his advisers began to awake to a feeling that there was real danger in the air. On June 27, i.e. nine days

after Ayooob's departure from Herat, the Viceroy telegraphed to the Secretary for India that a telegram from our Minister at Teheran stated that Ayooob was marching against Candahar with a large force. Lord Ripon expressed an opinion that Sheré Ali (the Wali) should be left to defend himself beyond the Helmund, but that, after consultation with Sir Donald Stewart, he had arrived at the conviction that a British force should be employed to defend the passage of that river. This was an error of judgment, for the appearance of a brigade of cavalry with a troop of horse artillery even one march beyond the Helmund would have caused Ayooob to hesitate, and have checked the disaffected tribesmen. A force so mobile would not have been compromised by the possible disaffection of the Wali's troops, and the moral effect of its advance would have been great. It is evident, however, that the Indian Government did not appreciate the position, for Lord Ripon in the telegram above quoted goes on to say: 'I propose, therefore, to instruct Primrose, if Ayooob reaches Furrah, to advance towards Girishk with sufficient force to prevent passage of Helmund. This would necessitate moving up reinforcement from Phayre's reserve. No troops would be moved until necessity actually arose.' Thus it will be seen that General Primrose was not to advance till he heard that Ayooob Khan had actually reached Furrah, which is 160 miles from Girishk and 235 miles from Candahar. Now, by the time that the intelligence of Ayooob's arrival at Furrah had been brought to Candahar, the Herat army would have had time to get as far as a point 60 miles from the Helmund, which river is at Girishk, 75 miles from Candahar. Quetta is from the latter city 148 miles; consequently, even if everything in the shape of transport, &c., were ready, no considerable portion of General Phayre's reserve could have joined General Primrose under fifteen days. As we shall see presently, General Phayre's division was not in such a condition that it could advance without long preparation. In fact it was not a mobile force at all.

On June 30 the Viceroy received information that Ayooob's advanced guard of 800 horsemen had arrived at Furrah, and at once ordered General Primrose to send a force to the Helmund, and General Phayre to push on reinforcements to Candahar. On July 1 the Resident at Candahar telegraphs to Simla that the Wali, 1,500 of whose cavalry are at Washir, 66 miles in advance of Girishk, is beginning to be uneasy, and that it is calculated that Ayooob with the main body of his army had arrived at Furrah about June 26, i.e. five days

before the Viceroy had ordered General Primrose to advance. Everywhere, however, there seems to have been delay and want of foresight, for it was not till July 4 that the 3rd Bombay Cavalry and 3rd Sind Horse, E Battery B Brigade Royal Horse Artillery, 45 native sappers, and two companies of Sepoys, started as an advanced guard to Brigadier-General Burrows's brigade, which followed on the 5th. His force consisted, besides the troops above mentioned, of six companies of the 66th Regiment, the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, and the 30th Bombay Native Infantry, Jacob's Rifles; in all about 2,600 men of all ranks. Lieutenant-Colonel St. John, the Resident, accompanied General Burrows. On the 7th the Wali's sartip or commander of cavalry, and cousin, Nur Muhammad Khan, and Habibulla, son of an influential sirdar, tried to incite the cavalry in advance at Washir to mutiny and join Ayoob. Failing, he rode off accompanied by about 80 horsemen. On July 11 General Burrows reached a point on the Helmund opposite Girishk. The river was found at that season to be fordable anywhere, and to present only an imaginary obstacle to the progress of an army. The Wali's advanced guard of cavalry was about twenty miles to the north-east of Girishk. On the 12th news arrived that the son of another of the Wali's sirdars had deserted from the advanced guard with twenty men. It was reported that on the 10th Ayoob Khan was near Washir, with his advanced guard in the place itself. On the same day Colonel St. John had arrived at the Helmund, and at once learned that the Wali had no confidence in the loyalty of his troops which were quartered on the further bank of the river at Girishk. In the evening the Wali visited the Resident, and, stating his misgivings, expressed a desire that General Burrows should cross the river and hold his soldiers in check. Colonel St. John gave him no decided answer, hoping that General Burrows, who was to arrive on the morrow, would bring orders enabling him to act on his own discretion. No such authorisation being in General Burrows's possession, Colonel St. John on the 11th told the Wali that under no circumstances would the British force cross the Helmund. He was greatly depressed at the intelligence, said that it would be impossible for him to oppose Ayoob's advance, and intimated an intention of concentrating his troops at Girishk.

On the 12th, Colonel St. John, finding that the disaffection among the troops of the Wali was more serious than he had been led to believe, sent a message suggesting that he should disarm either a part or the whole of his army, or, if unable

to do so, that he should authorise General Burrows to take that step. He eagerly assented, and appointed the next morning for an interview, at which the matter could be discussed. At this interview he said that there was only one really disaffected corps—a regiment which had been sent him from Cabul; that he could not disarm it himself, but wished General Burrows to do so. The General replied that the very stringent orders which he had received prevented him from crossing the river, but that he would act if the Wali's troops were brought over to the left bank. The Wali left, promising that his army should cross the next morning. Later in the day General Burrows resolved to pass the river if necessary, but the original programme was to hold good. The next morning—i.e. the morning of the 13th—Colonel St. John, who was watching the opposite bank, received information that the infantry had mutinied, seized the guns, and driven the Wali with his cavalry and principal officers across the river. Uncertain as to whether the mutineers intended to hold the high ground about Girishk or march towards Herat, the Horse Artillery, the Sappers, the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, four companies of the 66th, and four companies of Jacob's Rifles, moved across the river at 9.30 A.M. The mutineers were at that time seen streaming along the opposite bank, about two miles distant. A few minutes before 11 A.M. our advanced guard of cavalry brought them to bay at a spot about four miles from the camp. At 11.30 they retired to a second position a mile further on, and opened on the cavalry with six-pounders. At 12.30 our horse artillery, whose progress had been delayed by irrigation channels and rough ground, came into action. After a time the infantry arrived, and the enemy fled, with the exception of a desperate handful who resisted stoutly in some enclosures. The guns which the mutineers had captured were recovered, and the mutineers lost in killed alone at least forty-six men, for that number of corpses was buried by the villagers. Our loss was only one man killed and two men wounded.

On July 16 Ayoob Khan was reported at Lar, two marches distant, the river being everywhere fordable; and as it was stated that the Herat army intended to cross higher up the river, and supplies were scarce, General Burrows resolved to fall back on Khushk-i-Nakhud, some thirty-three miles nearer Candahar. He commenced the movement on the 16th, and completed it on the following day. Supplies were abundant at the new camp, and it was situated at a point where several roads from the Helmund to Candahar meet. It is, therefore, a good strategical position, but the line of the river

ought to have been watched by cavalry outposts until the enemy showed where they intended to cross. Unfortunately General Burrows had only some 580 sabres available, for the Wali's 500 remaining cavalry could not be depended on. Evidently, too, none of our six guns could be spared to support the cavalry at so great a distance from the main body. The moral effect of the withdrawal to Khushk-i-Nakhud was decidedly bad. To Ayoob and the inhabitants of the district it indicated a sense of weakness, and caused the hitherto hesitating Herat army to advance with confidence. On the 17th 200 of Ayoob's horsemen reached Girishk, and on the 19th some 1,500 or 2,000 of them arrived, the main body remaining from sixteen to twenty miles in the rear. On the 19th General Burrows moved his camp three miles back towards Girishk, for what reason is not stated. The next day Ayoob's main body reached the Helmund at a place called Haidarabad, some twelve miles above Girishk, having been joined by a considerable number of tribal horsemen, mutineers from the Wali's army, and Ghazis. It was stated to be Ayoob's intention to attack General Burrows at Khushk-i-Nakhud, moving by the Sungbar road, which runs from Haidarabad through the hills into the main road from Candahar to Girishk, about nine miles short of Khushk-i-Nakhud. On the 22nd spies reported that Ayoob had crossed the Helmund at Haidarabad, a party of his cavalry having on the previous day patrolled as far as Sungbar, fourteen miles from the British camp. Apprehensive of a night attack by the enemy's numerous horsemen, General Burrows shifted his camp to a new position, where the stores, sick, and baggage animals were placed in an enclosure. On the 23rd a reconnoitring party of British cavalry met some four hundred of the enemy's sowars moving towards Maiwand, three miles from camp. They were supported by two guns and 2,000 infantry. On our cavalry and horse artillery showing themselves, however, the enemy, who evidently was only feeling us, retired steadily, firing as they went. On the 24th a cavalry reconnaissance sent out to Maiwand and Sungbar saw no signs of the enemy; yet they were, all unknown to us, pushing steadily forward under cover of a screen of hills which interposed between our camp and them.

Let us now attempt to describe the position of that camp, a difficult task without the aid of a plan. The village of Khushk-i-Nakhud lies on the main road from Girishk to Candahar, about thirty miles from the former, and $43\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the latter place. It stands upon a plain much cut up with watercourses, vineyards, and stone walls. It is masked and

commanded on the north, west, and east by spurs running from the main range. In the north chain towards its eastern extremity, there is an opening which leads from the village and plain of Maiwand. The British camp had in front of it the ruined village of Khushk-i-Nakhud, to the right were some slight eminences, to the right again a ruined Afghan fort, which was commanded by the range of hills forming the eastern boundary of the valley. On the left the ground sloped down westward into the plain to another village, whose name has not been given. On the extreme left the ground, though here and there stony, is not unsuitable to cavalry. In rear of the centre of the position is an abandoned Afghan outpost building, which would have served as a citadel and place of security for sick and baggage. A few earthworks had been constructed by the sappers, and the engineer officer was anxious, we are told, to complete them, but apparently was not allowed to do so. Against small arms and light field artillery Khushk-i-Nakhud could have been effectively fortified in twelve hours.

General Burrows, an excellent office-man, who had spent the best years of his life on the staff, was, though brave as a lion, incapable of appreciating the rôle which he had to play. Clearly what was suggested to him by circumstances was, as Ayooob was obliged to assume the offensive, to take up a strong position on the enemy's line of advance, strengthen that position artificially, and await the enemy's attack. By so doing he would have combined the tactical defensive with the strategical offensive. As Ayooob sought to debouch on to the plain through the opening above mentioned, some of our horse artillery guns, escorted by cavalry, should have pounded the head of his column, retiring, however, before being committed to a serious action. When the Afghans had exhausted themselves in fruitless attempts to carry our strong position, then, and not till then, should General Burrows have assumed the offensive. In fact, what he should have aimed at was the defensive offensive. Clearly, too, he should have occupied with a strong detachment the summit of the easterly ridge above mentioned. He seems, however, to have had no definite plan save that of fighting the enemy whenever he got the opportunity. His reconnaissances must have been far from complete, and his spies have served him badly; above all, he does not appear to have carefully watched the opening leading to Maiwand. In fact we gather that he expected the enemy to advance towards his left along the main road from Girishk to Candahar, while, on the contrary, Ayooob was

screened by the northern spurs, stealing up so as to fall on General Burrows's right and outflank it.

In his recently published despatches, of which we have as yet only received a telegraphic summary, General Burrows admits that up to July 26 he had no reliable information. It is true that the whole district was hostile, but money judiciously expended can always buy intelligence, and the Afghans are perhaps the most venal race under the sun. Under far more unfavourable circumstances our commanders during the Indian Mutiny were always well informed. Besides, General Burrows had nearly 600 cavalry, led by daring and able officers, acquainted with the country and the people. They ought to have kept constant touch of the enemy. Finally, the Wali was in our camp, and could, one should have thought, have been able to ascertain the enemy's movements. At all events, it was not till the 26th that anything was known of Ayoob's intentions. On that day General Burrows learned that Ayoob's advanced guard had arrived at Garunav and Maiwand, and that the main body was following. General Burrows on this resolved to assume the offensive. At 6.30 A.M. on July 27, he accordingly marched with a force of 2,556 men, of whom little more than a fourth were Europeans. Of artillery he had with him six horse artillery rifled guns, and six smooth-bore guns, belonging to the Wali, which had been recovered from his mutinous troops. These six guns were manned by a detachment of the 66th Regiment. His force was too weak to permit of his leaving a baggage guard at Khushk-i-Nakhud, so he marched encumbered with a large train. After proceeding about eight miles General Burrows sighted the enemy, then some four miles distant. He determined to halt and give battle. He drew up his small force as follows:—The baggage he placed in a village, assigning for a guard a company from each infantry regiment. The infantry were deployed on higher ground in front; Jacob's Rifles, under Colonel Mainwaring, being on the left, the 66th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Galbraith, in the centre, and the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, under Colonel Anderson, on the right. The guns were in the centre, and the cavalry, under General Nuttall, on the left. To cover this movement Lieutenant Maclaine, with two horse artillery guns and a troop of the Scinde Horse, was sent to the front. We should have imagined that it would have been more in conformity with the rules of war to send forward the whole of the cavalry brigade with at least four of the cavalry guns, to feel the enemy, make him display his force, and discover his dispositions, with orders, however, not to engage in

close action. Lieutenant Maclaine's detachment could only be considered a reconnoitring party, and should have received distinct directions not to compromise itself.

What orders were given to that unfortunate officer, so basely murdered six weeks later, we shall probably never exactly know. According to General Nuttall, Lieutenant Maclaine came into action without authority and sooner than was intended. Indeed, by implication, he lays part of the responsibility for the defeat on that officer's impetuosity, for he says it compelled him to open fire at once with the remaining guns. How the issue of the day was affected by this circumstance we fail to see. We should have thought that it was desirable to commence firing on the enemy's masses as soon as possible, in order to derive advantage from the superior range and accuracy of our artillery. At all events, if Lieutenant Maclaine violated or exceeded his orders, why does not General Nuttall say what those orders were? There is, however, throughout all the despatches relating to the battle of Maiwand, a great want of clearness, and their meagreness renders it difficult to follow the course of events. General Burrows says that he estimates the strength of the enemy at 25,000 men, with thirty guns. We suspect that this estimate is incorrect, and that, even including the villagers who joined Ayooob for the occasion, the Herat army did not exceed 12,000 or 13,000 men.

Ayooob drew up his army in the following order:—Seven infantry regiments in first line, supported by three in second line, constituted the centre. Two thousand cavalry were on the right, 400 cavalry with 2,000 Ghazis and irregular infantry were on the left, while a force—strength unknown—of cavalry and infantry was in reserve. His thirty guns—General Burrows speaks of no more—were distributed along the front and on every commanding spot on the flanks. It is very difficult to ascertain exactly what followed.

The action commenced about 11.45 A.M., and at first our guns told with deadly effect on the Afghan cavalry. Gradually, however, the Afghan artillery unlimbered and opened fire. Their guns were well served and fairly accurate, so much so, indeed, as to suggest the presence of Europeans. When all the thirty guns were in action they gradually asserted a superiority over our twelve pieces—a superiority which became more marked as the Afghans, advancing their guns, reduced the range to 1,000 yards. A long row of dead horses, however, showed those who visited the field six weeks later how terrible the fire of our guns had been. Our cavalry suffered considerably, in spite of frequent changes of ground with a view to

baffling the enemy's aim : eventually they drew up somewhat to the rear. Our infantry lay down, but they were placed at a disadvantage in comparison with the Afghan infantry, who were partially covered from our fire by undulations, while the Afghan guns searched out every portion of the low swell occupied by our line.

About noon the enemy's infantry attempted an attack, but the fire of our guns and breech-loading rifles was too much for them, and the artillery duel continued without intermission till between 2 and 3 P.M. About this time the enemy attempted a double turning movement. Some Ghazis were sent to distract our attention in front, while a force of cavalry and infantry, screened by some rising ground, worked round till they formed a line perpendicular to and outflanking our left. According to General Burrows's despatch, the infantry, which had hitherto suffered but little, and had—with the exception of two companies of Jacob's Rifles, who had shown unsteadiness early in the action—behaved well, flinched from this attack. Jacob's Rifles were regularly rolled up from right to left. It would seem, however, that this corps resisted stoutly ; at all events, it lost about half its strength. About this time Lieutenant Maclaine's two horse artillery guns, together with their brave leader, were captured, owing, it is said, to his trying to fire one more round after he had been ordered to retire. It must have been then also that the six smooth-bore guns fell into the enemy's hands. In the rear, whether earlier or not we cannot tell, some Ghazis creeping along the ridge on the east suddenly swooped down on our baggage. The two companies of Sepoys were at first thrown into confusion, but the steadiness of the company of the 66th steadied them, and the enemy, after suffering and inflicting considerable loss, drew off. Among the slain on our side was Captain Roberts, of the 66th, who sank to his rest on a death-bed consisting of half a dozen Ghazis who had fallen to his sword or revolver. On the right the Bombay Grenadiers were shaken by the enflading fire of three guns placed on the eastern ridge, and by swarms of skirmishers constantly fed by their supports.

About the same time that Jacob's Rifles were being rolled up on the left, the Bombay Grenadiers, already shaken, were overwhelmed by a mass of Ghazis and horsemen, and regularly pushed on to the 66th. Pressed and hampered on both sides, this noble regiment, composed of comparatively veteran soldiers, and in which *esprit de corps* was strong, was rendered almost helpless to resist the surging masses of swordsmen, cavalry, and musketeers who pressed upon them from all sides. They

had already inflicted an enormous loss on the foe, and the manner in which they now strove until death in the defence of their colours extorted the admiration of the Afghans. Still they fought, still they slew, still they fell, but at length the few wearied remnants were, in spite of themselves, swept to the rear in a surging, seething mob of Sepoys and Afghans. In the meantime General Burrows endeavoured in vain to rally the panic-struck Sepoys, and was well seconded by the handful of officers which the present system gives to native regiments. All, however, was in vain. Cohesion had been lost, the ranks had been broken, the enemy were in the midst of them cutting, stabbing, and shooting, and the one thought of every man was to save his own life. There was still a resource left. If the enemy could be checked for a moment, the 66th might be relieved, the Sepoys rallied in rear of them, and at least an orderly retreat effected. General Burrows therefore rode off to the cavalry, then retiring on the left, and directed General Nuttall to form line and charge along the front of the infantry. General Nuttall gave the requisite orders, but in spite of his efforts and those of the officers only portions of the two regiments formed up. The charge was then sounded, but some men began to tail off while others edged off to the flanks, and the charge not being pushed home failed to produce any effect. One proof of the demoralisation of the cavalry is that not a single native officer was killed. General Nuttall had therefore no choice but to retreat, and did so, covering the four uncaptured guns of the Horse Artillery which, Major Blackwood having been killed, were commanded by Captain Slade. Seeing no formed body of infantry, General Nuttall fell back, according to previous orders, on Ata Karez, the artillery, with admirable steadiness, halting every now and then to fire a round or two. Not till 2 A.M. the following morning did General Nuttall rejoin General Burrows at Hauz-i-Madet.

To return to General Burrows. He, finding that nothing was to be expected from the cavalry, rode back to the hard-pressed infantry, and strove to save from absolute annihilation such as remained. A short stand was made by about 150 men in a walled enclosure, but as the enemy were rapidly outflanking them he gave the order to retreat. It is difficult to reconcile General Burrows's account of what occurred with the report of General Nuttall. The former says that, though all discipline had disappeared, he and his handful of men succeeded in making their way over a wide open plain for about three miles, when they joined the guns and the cavalry in rear of the baggage. No mention is made by General Burrows of any advance after

he had once taken up his position. It is therefore not easy to understand how it was that the baggage was so far in the rear. Again, General Nuttall says that the cavalry and guns did not rejoin General Burrows till 2 A.M. on the 28th; yet according to General Burrows the junction must have taken place not later than 6 or 7 P.M. on the 27th. General Burrows describes the subsequent retreat in the briefest manner. 'Small parties of the enemy continued to hover in the rear, but no vigorous pursuit was made. We were fired on by every village we passed after daylight until we reached Kokaran, where we met a small force under Brooke, which cleared the way into Candahar.'

From unofficial sources we gather a few additional particulars. General Burrows after a time succeeded, with the assistance of Major Oliver of the 66th, in forming a rear and advanced guard, and under cover of these the retreat was conducted with some show of order. All the remainder of the day, the whole night, and the early morning of the following day, the column plodded its weary way along the waterless road. The Afghans hung about and made frequent dashes, but failed to disperse our men, who, though maddened with thirst, worn out by hunger and fatigue, still resisted gallantly when an onset was attempted. Of our men, more probably fell from exhaustion than the weapons of the foe, and the description of that terrible retreat exceeds in horror anything recorded in our history since the disaster to the Cabul garrison in 1841. Fortunately the pursuit was abandoned at ten miles from Candahar.

In reviewing the affair we cannot but feel that the blame is not altogether due to General Burrows. He was despatched with only some 2,600 men and twelve guns to hold in check an army of about 12,000 men with 30 guns. He had no support nearer than forty-three miles, and defeat meant destruction. Who was responsible for this rash enterprise? Extracts from Sir Frederick Ilaine's telegrams show that he at all events was anxious, and inculcated caution. On July 8 the Commander-in-Chief authorises General Primrose to order up any troops from the line of communications. On the 15th he telegraphs: 'The Wali's troops having deserted, the situation has completely changed. Burrows must act according to his own judgment, reporting fully. He must act with caution on account of the distance of the support.' On the 17th he asked for General Burrows's views and intentions, and expressed his approval of the retreat to Khushk-i-Nakhud. On the following day he asked General Primrose whether he deemed Khushk-i-

Nakhud the most favourable position for covering Candahar and striking a blow at Ayob, should the latter cross the Helmund. General Primrose replied that Khushk-i-Nakhud was an important position covering the roads, that grain was plentiful, and the place within a fair supportable distance of Candahar; that the presence of a force there had the effect of keeping people quiet, and that much uneasiness prevailed at Candahar. It is evident from the above that Generals Primrose and Burrows were left free to act on their own judgment; that the former approved both of sending out General Burrows, and of the position selected by that officer. General Primrose had obviously no misgivings, for he speaks of Khushk-i-Nakhud being 'within a fair supportable distance of Candahar.' But of what value, we would ask, was that fact if at Candahar there existed no means of affording support beyond the Helmund, some thirty miles from Khushk-i-Nakhud?

On the 21st another telegram from Sir Frederick Haines exhibits a remarkable conflict in his mind. As a member of Council he was eager for the political effect which would be produced by preventing Ayob from slipping past to Ghuznee. As a servant of the Government he was bound to impress upon General Primrose the importance attached by the Viceroy and his advisers to the attainment of that object. As an experienced soldier he saw that the position was full of peril unless General Burrows kept himself well informed and acted with the greatest caution. He begins his telegram by again calling General Primrose's attention to the question whether Khushk-i-Nakhud was a suitable position for striking a blow at Ayob. He then goes on to say: 'It is of the utmost importance that Ayob should not be allowed to slip past Candahar towards Ghuzni without being attacked. As your reinforcements arrive, to what extent can you strengthen Burrows? What are that officer's views and intentions? What steps are taken by the Intelligence Department to obtain information of Ayob's movements?' You must keep the Commander-in-Chief more fully and early informed of the situation.' No reply to these questions has been published, and on the 22nd Sir Frederick Haines telegraphs to General Primrose: 'You will understand you have full liberty to attack Ayob if you consider yourself strong enough to do so. The Government considers it of the greatest political importance that his force should be dispersed, and prevented by all possible means passing to Ghuzni.' This telegram, it will be seen, only expresses the wishes of the Government, but

concentrated, their effect would have been much more decisive, and the front was so short that they could from one flank have reached any part of it. The cavalry does not seem to have been judiciously used previous to the action. There was, save the cavalry, no reserve. • The parallel order of battle is clearly the very worst which can be adopted when an inferior is engaged with a superior force, for it enables the latter to outflank the former. It cannot be denied, we fear, even by his best friends, that General Burrows committed a whole series of tactical errors of a grave nature. On the other hand, he never lost his head for a moment, and in the moment of the greatest danger and confusion exerted himself with the utmost gallantry and energy to restore order. Indeed, that any of his force escaped at all is probably due to his calm courage. He showed that if, owing to a long career of desk work, he was an unskilful general, he was, at all events, a fighting officer of whom the British army may be proud.

The behaviour of all the troops engaged, save two companies of Sepoys, seems to have been good up to 2 P.M. The native infantry regiments fought with great resolution till literally swept off their legs by the rush of overwhelming numbers of Ghazis and horsemen. Then they became panic-stricken, and even those who entered the enclosure were, notwithstanding the steadying example of the 66th, clearly demoralised. The native cavalry undoubtedly behaved badly. The comparatively small number of casualties among them may be explained by the fact that, being mounted, they did not drop from exhaustion during the retreat. The 66th and the E Battery B Brigade Royal Horse Artillery nobly sustained the reputation of the British army. The gunners, when the enemy closed on them, fought with their rammers and handspikes, and the detachment of the 66th with the smooth-bore battery showed equal courage.

On the morning of July 28 some native horsemen, flying for their lives, brought the intelligence to Candahar of the catastrophe to General Burrows's force. General Primrose did not seek to extenuate it, or to wait for full information. On the contrary, he at once made the worst of it, and telegraphed that General Burrows's force had been 'annihilated.' As that force had lost, in killed and missing, only about 1,000 out of some 2,600 men, the expression 'annihilated' was correct only in a technical sense. The first step he took was to send out General Brooke with a portion of the garrison—by that time raised to a strength of nearly 3,000 men—to bring in the shattered remains of General Burrows's brigade; the second,

to evacuate cantonments and occupy the citadel. For adopting this last measure Sir F. Haines strongly condemns him. Judging from Indian history we cannot but think that if he had marched at once to the banks of the Argandab Ayoob would have hesitated ere making an advance. Ayoob's army had suffered heavily on the 27th, and was in no humour to go through another similar fight so soon. The moral effect produced by shutting himself in the citadel was very bad; it even spread to England, and for some time the chief subject of anxiety was not that our arms should wipe out the memory of July 27, but that our troops should be safe. The news of Ayoob's victory soon spread, and at 11 A.M. on the 28th the telegraph wire between Candahar and Quetta was cut, and the country became disturbed along our entire line of communications with Scinde. Some of the posts between Candahar and Chaman retired, fighting, on the latter place, others fell back on the former.

Every exertion, now that it was too late, was made by the Government to strengthen General Phayre and hasten his advance. Already that officer had been asked, on July 28, to march at once on Candahar with what force he could collect. As a matter of fact, he did not reach that city till September 5, when it had been relieved by General Roberts. Ayoob was reported to have won his victory so dearly that he hesitated to advance from Khushk-i-Nakhud. The rumour, however, appears to have been incorrect. His army had indeed suffered heavily, and some days were required to get it in hand after the dispersal caused by the pursuit. There was, however, no want of either resolution or skill on the part of Ayoob's advisers. Ayoob himself is not supposed to be a man of much ability or force of character. He must have had, therefore, some excellent military counsellors with him, for never has an army been handled with more skill than has Ayoob's during its brief and ultimately disastrous campaign. His advance to the Helmund was conducted methodically and in accordance with all the rules of war, the cavalry being freely employed to screen his movements. He crossed the river, not where he was expected to pass, but higher up, and again carefully screening his movements with cavalry, who displayed the highest aptitude for their work, he, under cover of a range of hills, brought his army within easy striking distance of General Burrows's, and delivered his blow at once. His guns were well served and posted; every advantage was taken of the ground. All three arms were well handled and kept under control, feigned retreats being steadily conducted, and attacks

pushed home. The pursuit, too, was fiercely carried on for thirty miles; indeed, the generalship of Ayooob, and the conduct of his troops, merit the highest praises. The conviction of the natives and of our own officers is that operations were directed, and the guns worked, by Europeans. There is, however, no evidence to prove that such was the case.

During the first week in August, however, Ayooob's main body appeared in front of the city, his cavalry having several days previously invested it. Ayooob erected batteries and occupied villages and posts on every side save the north. He did not, however, venture on more than annoying the town with a distant and desultory cannonade, and the occupation, chiefly with the armed peasants and Ghazis, of a few posts near the walls. One of these, Deh-i-Kwajeh, is a village situated on the east side of the city, and close to the Cabul road. The main portion of the village is from 400 to 500 yards from the walls, but there is a chain of houses which run quite up to the ditch of the enceinte. Either to re-establish the *morale* of the garrison, or in order to check the growing boldness of the besiegers, or, as it has been asserted, because it was desirable to drive the Afghans from a position where they might, on General Roberts's approach, have impeded the communications of the garrison with him, it was decided to drive the enemy from Deh-i-Kwajeh. This village, like most of the villages round Candahar, consists of strongly-built houses, very capable of defence. The Afghans, as indeed most Orientals, are a formidable foe when behind walls. General Primrose ought therefore to have reflected well first whether the inevitable loss which such an enterprise would entail on a garrison already none too strong, and which, after General Burrows's disaster, could not well endure the discouragement of failure, was worth undertaking, and whether there were no other means of driving the enemy out of the village than by a direct attack. An easy and cheap success would no doubt have inspired the garrison and proportionately discouraged the enemy. It was not likely, however, that an attack by *vive force* would result in a cheap and easy success. The occupation of the village by the enemy caused little injury to the garrison, and it was most improbable that it would continue to be held on the approach of General Roberts, for it would then be between two fires. Any annoyance from the Afghans in the village might have been kept down by the fire of a few picked marksmen on the city walls and an occasional shell from our artillery. If, however, it was considered essential that the enemy should be driven away, a more scientific and safer mode of proceeding

might have been adopted. General Primrose had engineer officers with him, and they would have told him, had they been consulted, that by working from house to house during the night, using the flying sap when necessary, an approach up to the main group of houses could have been accomplished with a minimum of risk. Then, under cover of a cannonade from the town, powder-bags might have been used at dawn to effect an entrance to the village. In short, to dislodge the enemy from Deh-i-Kwajeh was the task of engineers. General Primrose, however, thought essentially differently. He resolved to attack with cavalry and infantry; did so, and failed with the loss of over a fifth of the troops employed. About 1,100 men, including cavalry, were employed. At the first rush our men, taking, apparently, the enemy by surprise, got into and through the village. They left behind them, however, a considerable number of the defenders in the houses and courtyards, which there was not time to clear. The enemy rallied, contingents from the adjoining villages came flocking up, and General Brooke, commanding the attacking force, deemed it only prudent to retire. It was in the retreat that our chief losses occurred, though the cavalry charged and cut up a large number of the enemy. Our loss was eight officers—including one chaplain—killed, five officers wounded, and about 180 men killed and wounded. Among the killed was the able and gallant Brigadier-General Brooke, who fell in the attempt to carry off Captain Cruickshank, R.E., who had been mortally wounded. How hardly pressed our men were may be gathered from the fact that they could not carry off the bodies of their slain comrades.

This sortie was claimed as a success by General Primrose and Colonel St. John, who, though only the Political Agent, seems to have played the leading part during the siege; at least so it would seem from his constant telegrams to the Viceroy. We can hardly regard the sortie as being as successful as it was officially represented to have been. We endeavoured to drive the enemy from the village, with the intention, no doubt, of occupying it ourselves. We *did*, in fact, drive *some* of the enemy *through* the village, but almost immediately we were driven back ourselves with a heavy loss. It is true that subsequently the Afghans evacuated Deh-i-Kwajeh, probably fearing a better organised and more successful attack, which it does not appear that we had any intention of making. We come back, however, to this, that we could have accomplished the object—which was of doubtful value—if we had employed science instead of brute force, with comparatively trifling loss.

About ten days later Ayoob Khan withdrew from the position which he had taken up to the west of the city, and virtually raised the siege. He took this step, not because of the threatened advance of General Phayre from Quetta, nor because General Primrose had begun to realise the fact that it was humiliating for his division, of some 4,000 men, to be shut up by a force of some 12,000 Afghans, of whom little more than half were regular troops. It was because tidings had arrived that General Roberts, with 10,000 men from Cabul, reinforced by the garrison of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, some 1,000 strong, was at hand.

To go back a little. On hearing of the disaster by which General Burrows's force had been virtually annihilated, and learning that General Primrose limited his aspirations to the safety of his own force, the Government of India had to bethink themselves of the speediest and best means of avoiding a repetition of the catastrophe of 1841. The general from whom the earliest relief might be expected was General Phayre. As early as June 27 the Viceroy had contemplated the probability of its being necessary to push up from General Phayre's reserve division to Candahar, and no doubt warned General Phayre to make preparations for such a movement. On June 30 the Viceroy gave distinct instructions to General Phayre to strengthen General Primrose. On July 13 took place the mutiny of the Wali's troops, an event which had been by no means unexpected. On the 22nd of the same month General Burrows learned that Ayoob Khan had crossed the Helmund. Consequently the Government of India, which was within twenty-four hours' communication of General Burrows, had been fully warned, and had ample time for preparation. The warning was not heeded. A month after it had been admitted that it might be necessary to send reinforcements from the reserve division of General Phayre to Candahar, that general was still without more transport than had enabled him to move more than two native regiments; and when in the forenoon of July 28 General Phayre received from Candahar intelligence of the disaster of the previous day, coupled with an earnest request from General Primrose to march to his assistance, he was unable to stir. He had the men, but not the means of transport, and was unable to commence his advance in earnest till after the lapse of another month.

It is very clear on whom the responsibility for this delay—which might have been fatal—rests. Clearly the Government of India was well aware that General Phayre's division

was not in a position, and would not for a long time be in a position, to fulfil its functions of a reserve to General Primrose; for though Quetta was only 148 miles distant from Candahar, while the latter city was 316 miles distant from Cabul, it was resolved that from Cabul, not from Quetta, should come the force which was to relieve General Primrose. The road from Cabul to Candahar passed through a hostile country in which not only opposition, but also scarcity of supplies, was to be anticipated. A single route was available, and an army marching from Cabul would be in this position—that it would quit a base which was being simultaneously evacuated and moving on a beleaguered fortress. It would therefore be completely in the air. Such an operation was in complete violation of all the principles of strategy, and nothing but not merely success, but rapid success without a single check, could justify it. There are occasions on which the ordinary principles of strategy may be, nay ought to be, violated, but this ought not to have been one of those occasions. Had ordinary foresight and prudence been displayed, General Phayre would have been in a position to march to the relief of General Primrose, and to reach Candahar by August 15. As a matter of fact General Phayre's division was not a mobile force, and the negligence of the Government had to be repaired by exposing a force moving from Cabul to the greatest danger. Often a commander has cast loose one base for a few days in order to connect himself with another. Such was not, however, the case with General Roberts's force. He quitted his hold of Cabul without the prospect of connecting himself with another base save by driving off the enemy at Candahar, at least three weeks distant. One or two severe actions on the road would have encumbered his columns with wounded, and have involved a delay which might have proved fatal. Scarcity of supplies would have produced the same effect; and it must be remembered that any reverse meant absolute destruction, for retreat would have been practically impossible. A more audacious march was therefore never undertaken. That it was completely, nay brilliantly successful, reflects great credit on General Roberts, but does not absolve the Government from the responsibility which it incurred by having rendered the step necessary.

The departure of General Stewart from Cabul with a view to the evacuation of Northern Afghanistan has been by many critics loudly condemned. It has been urged that he ought to have remained at Cabul to constitute a base and support to General Roberts, and that at all events, by General Stewart's

staying, General Roberts would have been afforded a valuable moral support. We do not take this view, specious though it is. As regards a base and support the argument is untenable. It would have been practically impossible for General Stewart to keep open a line of communication with General Roberts without frittering away his own army in feeble detachments, and thus weakening the central force at Cabul and endangering its safety. As a support General Stewart could have afforded no substantial aid to General Roberts, as a little reflection will show. To support General Roberts he would have been obliged himself to cast off his base. Naturally, therefore, he would not have moved more than a couple of marches on the Candahar road till he received intelligence that General Roberts was brought to a standstill or retreating. Even then, had he advanced to the succour of General Roberts, he would have been too late to do more than perhaps afford refuge to a handful of fugitives; for, as we have observed above, anything like a reverse to General Roberts would have been tantamount to that commander's destruction. From a military point of view, therefore, little was to be gained, and much would have been risked, by General Stewart's remaining at Cabul.

The political arguments in favour of a prompt evacuation of Northern Afghanistan were unanswerable. We had announced our intention of quitting Cabul as soon as a sovereign acceptable to the Afghans and friendly to ourselves could be found. We conceived that such a sovereign had presented himself in the person of Abdurrahman Khan. To remain a week after he had declared himself ready to accept our terms and occupy the *musnud* would have cast doubts on our good faith, have excited the suspicions of the Afghans, and have stimulated hostility against us. Moreover, it was our object to strengthen the hands of Abdurrahman Khan as much as possible, and if we had remained in the neighbourhood of the capital after the enthronement of the Amir, an impression would have been created on the jealous minds of the Afghans that their new sovereign was merely our nominee, and to be supported by British bayonets controlled by British politicals, as had been forty years previously Shah Shoojah. Finally, to carry out our openly announced scheme in the face of the defeat of General Burrows was to give such a proof of conscious strength as could not fail to make an impression on the Oriental mind. We conceive, therefore, that the Government of India acted wisely in making the return to the Khyber of General Stewart follow three days after the departure of General Roberts for Candahar.

On August 8 the latter officer commenced his march at the head of, in round numbers, 10,000 fighting men, of whom 2,636 were Europeans, and 8,000 camp followers. He took with him a certain amount of what are termed 'European stores,' such as rum, tea, and five days' flour, but trusted largely for other supplies to the food and forage to be obtained on the line of march. To facilitate his obtaining such supplies, the Amir sent with him several chiefs. In view of the difficulty of the road he took no wheeled vehicles with him, even his guns being mounted on mules and elephants. As the ordinary road had been exhausted by the previous passage of troops and the presence of large bodies of insurgents, General Roberts marched by the Logur valley, which had been comparatively untouched. This route, which lengthened his march by about two days, brought him into the customary road a short distance before reaching Ghuzni. At this place some opposition was anticipated, but none was experienced. In fact General Roberts accomplished his march—which must, reckoning his detour, have been little less than 370 miles—without any opposition, in twenty-four days, being an average of $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles a day. Picking up the garrison of 1,100 men at Khelat-i-Ghilzai, he arrived at Candahar on August 31, having performed a feat almost unparalleled in history, and reflecting the highest credit on both the troops and their skilful, gallant, and energetic commander. On the news of his approach Ayoob Khan endeavoured to open communications with him; but General Roberts would hear of nothing but unconditional submission and the surrender of such prisoners as had been taken at Khushk-i-Nakhud. Passing round the northern wall of Candahar, General Roberts encamped between the city and the enemy's position. Fearful of the retreat of the Afghans without fighting, and aware of the moral effect of a prompt blow, General Roberts at once sent out his cavalry to reconnoitre, being determined to give battle the next day. The result of the cavalry reconnaissance, which drew the fire of the enemy, and his own personal examination, was the plan which we will presently mention after briefly describing the position taken up by Ayoob Khan.

About three miles from the north-west angle of the city of Candahar is a range of heights running from south-west to north-east. Parallel to this range, and at a distance from its crest varying between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, flows the Argandab, almost everywhere fordable at the end of August. In the intervening valley are many villages, enclosures, gardens, and water-courses. The range is terminated rather abruptly towards the

south-west, or the enemy's right, by a hill about 1,000 feet above the level of Candahar. This hill, called the Pir Paimal, is joined to the rest of the range by a col or neck, over which passes the road leading from the north-west angle of the city to the valley of the Helmund, in which is situated, at a distance of about four miles, the village of Mazra, where Ayoo Khan's standing camp and headquarters had been established. The pass above mentioned is called the Baba Wali Pass, and led directly to the centre of the enemy's advanced position, which was on both sides of the road. The front of the pass is screened from the city by an isolated hill, lower than the range in front. In front of Pir Paimal, and to its right rear, are several villages. In rear of the position, and covering the village of Mazra from an enemy advancing up the river, is a detached hill. Guns had been mounted on the crest of the main ridge, and Ayoo Khan evidently expected a front attack.

General Roberts's plan of operations was simple, effective, and safe. He resolved to amuse the enemy by demonstrations by General Primrose with a part of the Candahar garrison against the Baba Wali Pass, to send General Gough's cavalry brigade to the river at the entrance to the valley, and to turn the enemy's right with the three infantry brigades of the Cabul-Candahar force. At nine o'clock on the morning of September 1 the battle began. General Primrose made demonstrations against the Baba Wali Pass, and fired with his heavy battery on the troops occupying it. Having thus attracted the enemy's attention, General Roberts despatched Gough's cavalry brigade to the Argandab, where it was favourably placed, either to cut off a retreat towards Girishk or to carry out a pursuit up the valley. At the same time he gave the order to the infantry commanded by General Ross to advance. The first of the brigades to come into collision with the Afghans was General Macpherson's, or the 1st brigade. In front of Macpherson and a little in advance of the right of the Pir Paimal hill was an elevated and strongly occupied village. This village, after being heavily shelled by our artillery, was stormed in the most gallant manner by the 92nd Highlanders and the 2nd Goorkhas. The 2nd or Baker's brigade, bringing up its left, then came into line with the 1st brigade, the 3rd or Macgregor's brigade being in support. These two leading brigades encountered a stubborn resistance as they advanced through orchards and enclosures to the village of Pir Paimal to the right rear of the hill of that name. Here the enemy were in great force, and fought desperately; nothing, however, could resist the onset of our men, natives and Europeans vying with each other in

courage. After the capture of Pir Paimal the infantry continued to push on, notwithstanding the desperate attempts of the enemy to hold their ground. Two small camps and several pieces of artillery fell into our hands. The enemy now began to slacken in his resistance, the alarm spread along his line, and soon the flight became general. Our infantry continued their progress, picking up guns at every step, and by noon Ayooob's standing camp at Mazra was in our hands, and the battle was over, for the enemy was completely routed, and our infantry exhausted with their morning's work. The cavalry meantime were at work. Gough, as soon as he saw his opportunity, dashed forward, crossing the river, following up the fugitives in the direction of the valley of Khakrez to the north, and sabreing between two and three hundred of them. Then making a circuit he returned to camp, joining on the way back the 3rd Bombay Cavalry and 3rd Scinde Horse under Nuttall. This officer had been with his brigade in front of the Baba Wali Pass, when General Roberts, seeing that the enemy was breaking, brought him through the pass and ordered him to carry on the pursuit for fifteen miles up the river. This he did, cutting up one hundred of the fugitives.

The losses of the enemy were very great, probably in killed alone upwards of 1,200; 650 dead bodies were found on the direct line of the infantry advance, between 300 and 400 were slain by the cavalry in the pursuit, and no doubt many corpses have not been discovered. In the action itself Ayooob lost thirty-two guns, and six others, including the two captured from General Burrows, were afterwards brought in, thus completing the total number of pieces possessed by Ayooob Khan on the morning of September 1. His army was not only dispersed in every direction, but completely cowed, while he himself—a discredited man without any political future—made the best of his way to Herat. The only drawback to the triumph achieved by General Roberts was the discovery in Ayooob's camp of the dead body of Lieutenant MacLaine, Royal Horse Artillery. That hapless young officer, captured on August 27, was murdered in cold blood by his guards ere they took to flight. This act of butchery may not have been ordered by Ayooob Khan, but he must be held directly responsible for it; and, whatever we may decide on with regard to the future of Herat, it is impossible that we can enter into any negotiations with its present ruler. The total number of casualties in General Roberts's force was a little over 200, a small price to pay for so brilliant a victory.

Brilliant, however, as this victory was, we venture to make

one criticism on General Roberts's plan of operations. Three and a half miles to the north-east of the Baba Wali Pass is another pass called the Morcha Pass, leading into the valley. It is covered by several parallel canals, which, though dry on the day of the action, were formidable obstacles. Being so far distant from the enemy's main position, this pass could not have been held in force, if indeed it was occupied at all. We are of opinion that General Roberts ought to have sent a strong detachment to seize that pass, with orders to make demonstrations from the crest, but not to descend into the valley till the enemy began to show symptoms of being shaken. Then, and not till then, it might have entered the valley, thus completely blocking the enemy's line of retreat up it. This detachment would have been perfectly safe, for it could have taken up a strong position on the crest, throwing up shelter-trenches if necessary, and the enemy would not have ventured to weaken his main line of defence by detaching a large force beyond his extreme left. It has been urged that General Roberts had no troops to spare for such an operation, and that it would have been imprudent to weaken the division employed at the Pir Paimal. It would not, however, have been necessary to weaken the Cabul-Candahar force for such a purpose. General Primrose had, including the Khelat-i-Ghilzai garrison, about 5,000 men under his command. With 1,000 he could have held the citadel, and with 2,000 skilfully disposed have made demonstrations against the Baba Wali Pass. Thus 2,000, including Nuttall's two regiments of cavalry, were available for the occupation of the Morcha Pass. Had these 2,000 men, especially the cavalry, which would there have been admirably posted for pursuit, been thus employed, the enemy would have been almost annihilated.

Passing to actual results, we find that the whole of the surrounding district has been so deeply impressed by General Roberts's victory, and we may presume also by his previous activity, that the most complete tranquillity prevails. Not an Afghan dares even scowl at us now, turbulent tribes scarcely within striking distance are sending in apologies for having sided with Ayoob, and supplies of all sorts are coming in freely. As to General Phayre, he did not effect his junction with General Roberts till four days after the battle, and, his involuntary delay having been already discussed, we need only condole with him and his eager troops for having been too late to share in the glories of September 1. According to the latest intelligence, the whole of the Bengal troops have commenced their march to India. General Roberts is also ex-

pected to reach India in a few days. Candahar and the immediate neighbourhood will then be occupied only by the divisions of Generals Primrose and Phayre, numbering close on 13,000 men. We sincerely trust that they, too, will soon follow their comrades of the Bengal army. We can indeed see no reason for any long delay.

If the Government has resolved to evacuate Southern Afghanistan, there is but one person to whom Candahar can be handed over with any prospect of establishing a strong rule and maintaining order. The Wali has clearly shown that he has neither the vigour nor popularity necessary for the post. There remains, therefore—unless we wish to try the experiment of another puppet supported by British bayonets—but Abdurrahman Khan. He has exhibited prudence, statesmanship, and general capacity. He is as likely to be true to us as any other Afghan, and as long as he is true to us it is our interest to strengthen his hands. Nothing would better accomplish that object, because nothing would render him more popular with the Northern Afghans, than restoring Candahar to the crown of Cabul. As to the Candaharis themselves, we cannot conceive that they would entertain any objection to the arrangement. They are accustomed to be subject to their more warlike fellow-countrymen of the north, and would naturally prefer the Amir of Cabul as a ruler to a second-rate nominee of the British. We should imagine, therefore, that it only remained for us to arrange with Abdurrahman that he should send a governor, with a sufficient armed force at his back, to Candahar.

Unfortunately, considerable pressure has been put upon the Ministry to induce them, under some form or another, to retain our hold of Southern Afghanistan. The reasons for adopting this strong measure are, as stated, threefold. The peaceful people of Candahar were said to rejoice in our presence, and to wish for a continuance of our rule. Recent events have shown that such an impression was illusory. Moreover, we are not called upon to sacrifice our own interests for the benefit of the Candaharis. It has been alleged that by continuing the railway to Candahar we should greatly develop the commercial prosperity of the province to the mutual advantage of ourselves and the inhabitants. It is possible that such might be the case. Sir Robert Sandeman, writing to the 'Times' before the invasion of Ayoob Khan, maintained that view, and he is no mean authority on the subject. If, however, we constructed a railway up to Candahar, we should be obliged more or less to guard it, i.e. to continue in military oc-

cupation of the province; for though the bunniah^s of Candahar and the peaceful cultivators of Southern Afghanistan might desire to see trade opened out, the chiefs and warlike tribes might view matters differently. At the best the construction of a railway, entailing a permanent garrison at Candahar and other posts on the line, would be simply a speculation involving a large immediate outlay both in a direct and indirect form.

There remains then but the military argument. According to one class of strategists, by occupying Candahar, which is situated on the natural highway from Central Asia to British India, we should render an invasion of the latter by Russia almost impossible. We grant so much; but, assuming that a Russian invasion is probable, what is our object? Evidently that we should block her advance by being in position in force at Candahar when her army arrives on the Helmund. As, however, Candahar is only 148 miles from Quetta, while it is 367 miles from Herat, we could easily anticipate a Russian commander at Candahar. We should thus enjoy all the advantages afforded by the strategic position of this point without the expense of permanently occupying it. Besides, our object is to try and win the goodwill of the Afghans through a conviction on their part that they have less to fear from our encroachments than from those of Russia. To keep open a running sore by permanently occupying half the kingdom of Afghanistan seems scarcely the best way to secure the alliance or even neutrality of its turbulent and jealous inhabitants. Experience shows us that we can, provided our arrangements on the frontier are complete, easily and quickly reach Candahar from Quetta, and Cabul *viâ* either the Khyber or the Shutargardan Pass. Common sense, therefore, points out that instead of weakening India, both as regards finance and the army, in order to retain a theoretically advantageous frontier, we should act more wisely in remaining concentrated and strong, husbanding our resources till the necessity arises—and it may never present itself—for assuming for defensive purposes a vigorous offensive. The frontier which we possessed two years ago is strong enough for all practical purposes, if we establish good depôts and bases at Quetta, Kohat, and Peshawur, connect them with the heart of India by railways, and organise an efficient system for promptly taking the field properly provided with means of transport.

The state of affairs in the East, where fresh difficulties have arisen, is so unsettled, and the state of Ireland is so disturbed by agitation, which the blessing of an abundant harvest has

not abated, that it would be premature in us to offer any remarks on these important subjects until the views and the policy of the Government have been more fully made known to the country. At present we are very imperfectly acquainted with them. We must therefore wait till the results of the recent deliberations of the Cabinet are more clearly apparent. But whatever those results may be, we trust they will be governed by the principles which are the fundamental conditions of our national policy and of the Liberal party—namely, that it is the imperative desire of Great Britain to maintain pacific and friendly relations with all foreign States, be they strong or weak; and that the first duty of Government is to enforce and maintain security for life and property, by the authority of law, in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions. To preserve peace and to repress anarchy are the two primary obligations of statesmen.

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